MONDO 2000

Number 6

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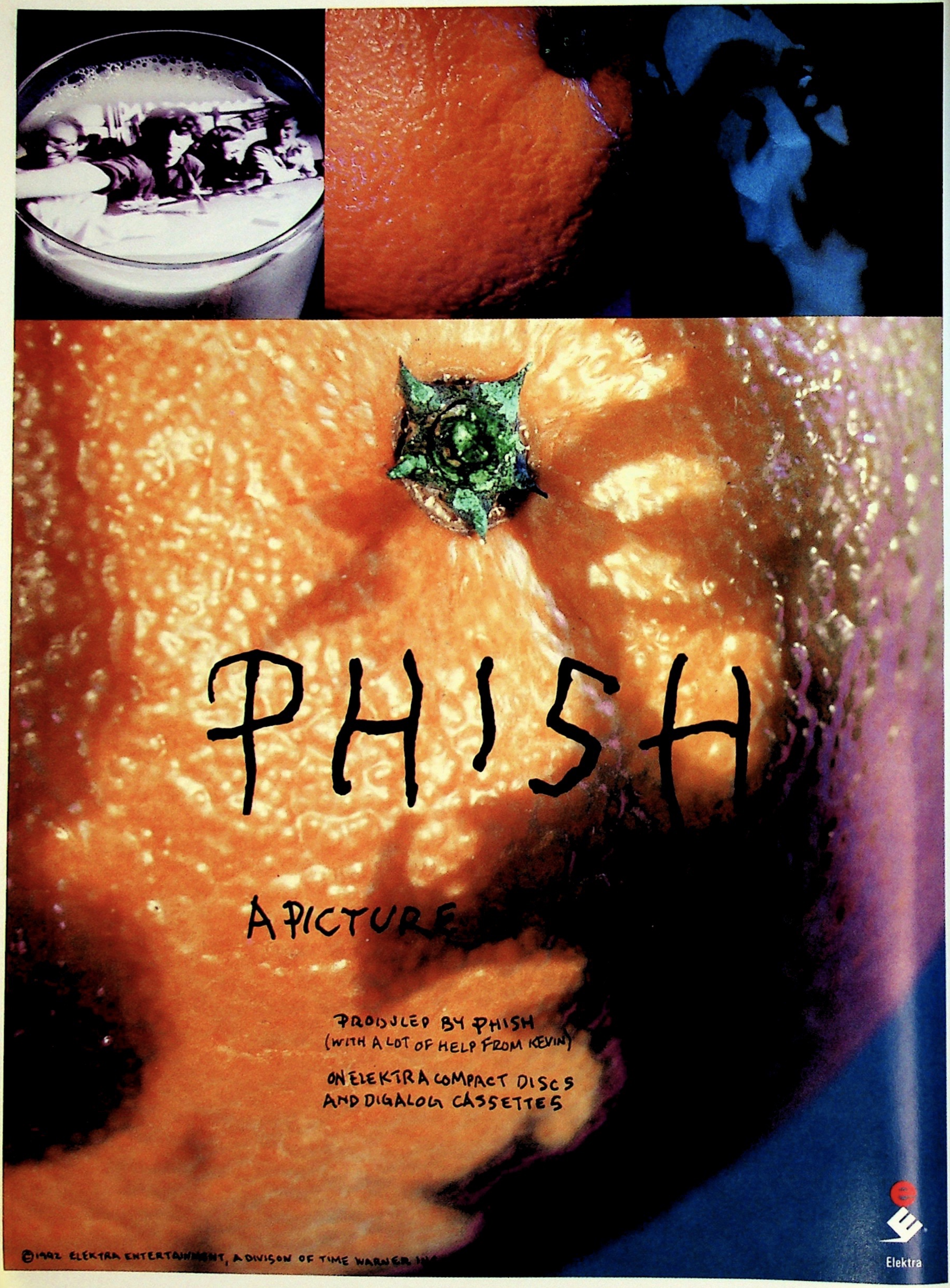

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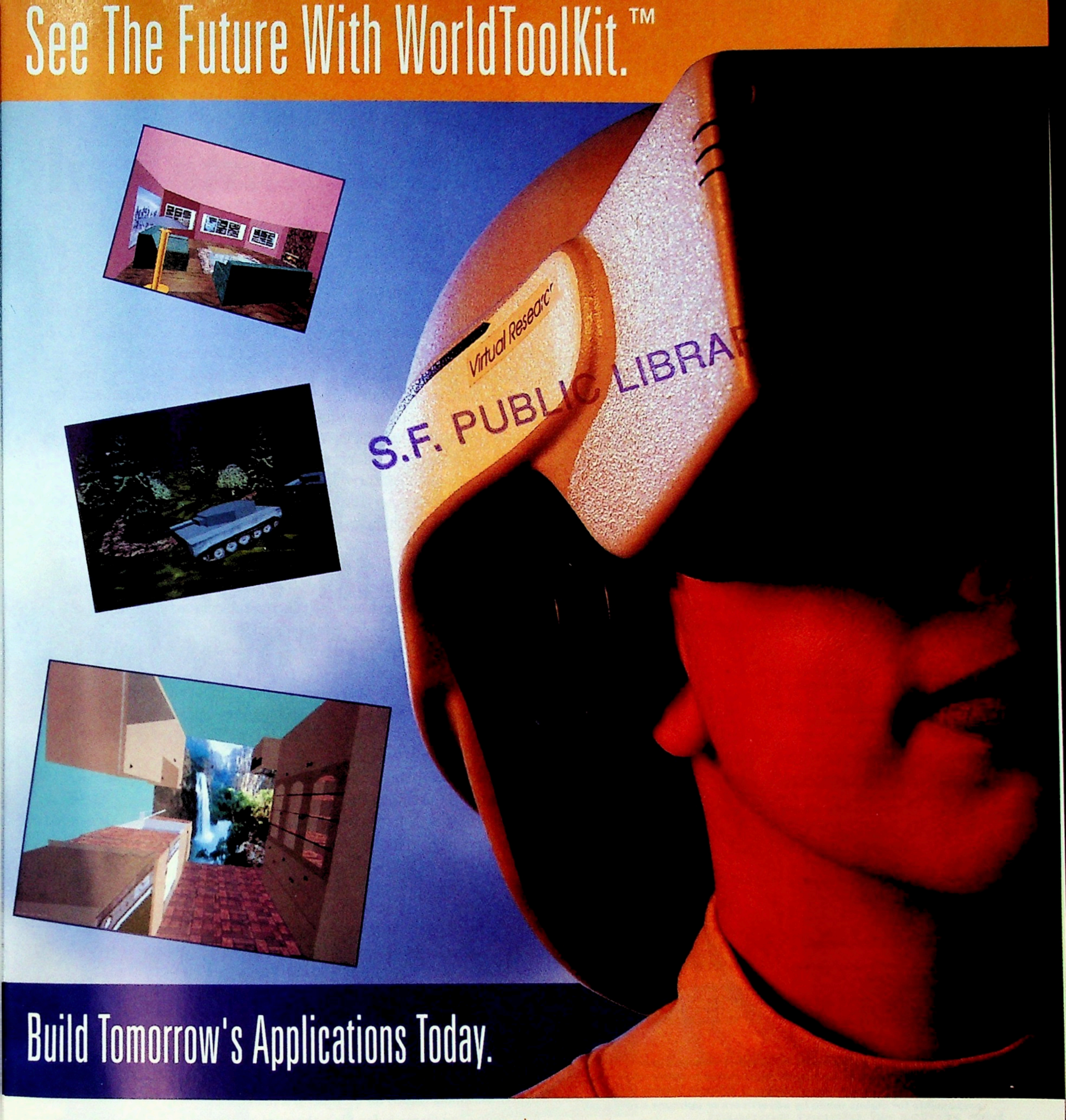
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Publisher	**Fun City MegaMedia**
Domineditrix	**Queen Mu**
Editor-in-Chief	**R. U. Sirius**
Art Director	**Bart Nagel**
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Music & Arts Editor	**Jas. Morgan**
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Proofreading	**Ellen K.** **Barbara Imhoff**
Art Department Interns	**Jacqueline Neuwirth** **Robyn Zeitler-Dean**
Lunch	**Zona Rosa**
Special Thanks To	**C. Todd Kennedy** **Wendy Peterson** **Arthur Abraham**

Publicity
Wes Thomas
CompuServe: 72737,1245 MCI Mail: 224-4194
Internet: 72737.1245@compuserv.COM

Advertising
Music & Entertainment
Media House: Miles Hurwitz
6261 Robin Hood Way, Oakland, CA 94611
TEL: 510.658.8888 FAX: 510-649-9630

High Technology
South Park Media: Nick Ramses, Coco Jones
544 Second St. #200, San Francisco, CA 94107
TEL: 415.905.0206 FAX: 415.896.1512

or MONDO 2000 Contact: Ann Venable
TEL: 510-845-9018 FAX: 510-649-9630

International Distribution

Australia Manic Ex-Poseur
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Melbourne VIC 3005, Australia
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TEL: 44.071.538.8300 FAX: 44.071.987.6744

The Netherlands Sala Communications
Postbus 43048
1009 EA Amsterdam, Holland
TEL: 31.020.6273198 FAX: 31.020.6253280

New Zealand Propaganda
C.P.O. Box 582
Auckland, New Zealand
TEL: 64.09.781.582 FAX: 64.09.781.582

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MONDO 2000
P O Box 10171
Berkeley, California 94709-5171
TEL: 510.845.9018
FAX: 510.649.9630

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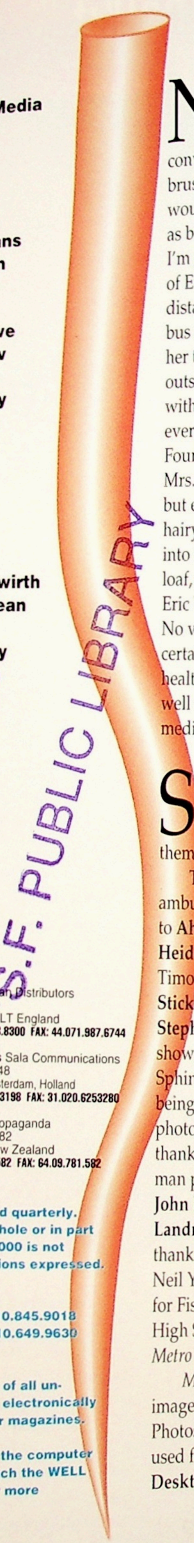


Yikes!

Now then about the cover, JFK blowing his mind—without bullets, well, it's a swell illustration by the illustrious Eric White. Eric, who's responsible for Andy Warhol's Frozen Head, Burroughs and Leary in conversation, Roger McGuinn, George Clinton and FM 2030, now takes the brush to JFK. How did Eric come to create this eye-full thing?—I mean why would a relatively normal, respectful, *modest* individual come up with an image as brain wrenching as this one. Here's the story as nearly as I can make it out—I'm guessing. It starts on a blustery summer's day circa 1968, the future mother of Eric White is coming home from shopping—or work (it's hard to tell at this distance), she takes the number 6 bus from downtown, it's rush hour and the bus is jam-packed. Eric's momma is carrying a tiny version of the human Eric in her tummy, he's mostly formed, but probably oblivious to most things going on outside of his womb. On the outside of momma a diminutive swarthy fellow with a day old baguette of french sourdough under his arm is being propelled ever rearward in the crowded bus. Soon enough the bus stops at Broward and Fourth and for the three people disembarking seven board to take their air. Mrs. White is still standing in the aisle, not pregnant enough to be offered a seat, but enough to cause some discomfort in her lower back. It's the discourteous hairy highschooler, however, who happens to push the man with the chapeau into the nurse holding her groceries who steps on the foot of the dwarf with the loaf, who, in recoiling from the bunion bruising he's receiving, spears the future Eric White's mother in the spot on her stomach where Eric's future head resides. No visible damage really, not a bruise for Mrs. White, and Eric didn't kick, and certainly the bread survived 'til the evening meal. Eric White is born. He is healthy, he grows up handsome and tall. From all outward appearances all is well with Eric—but that loaf of bread projectile touched a part of Eric's brain medical science can't reach—and we're a much better looking magazine for it.

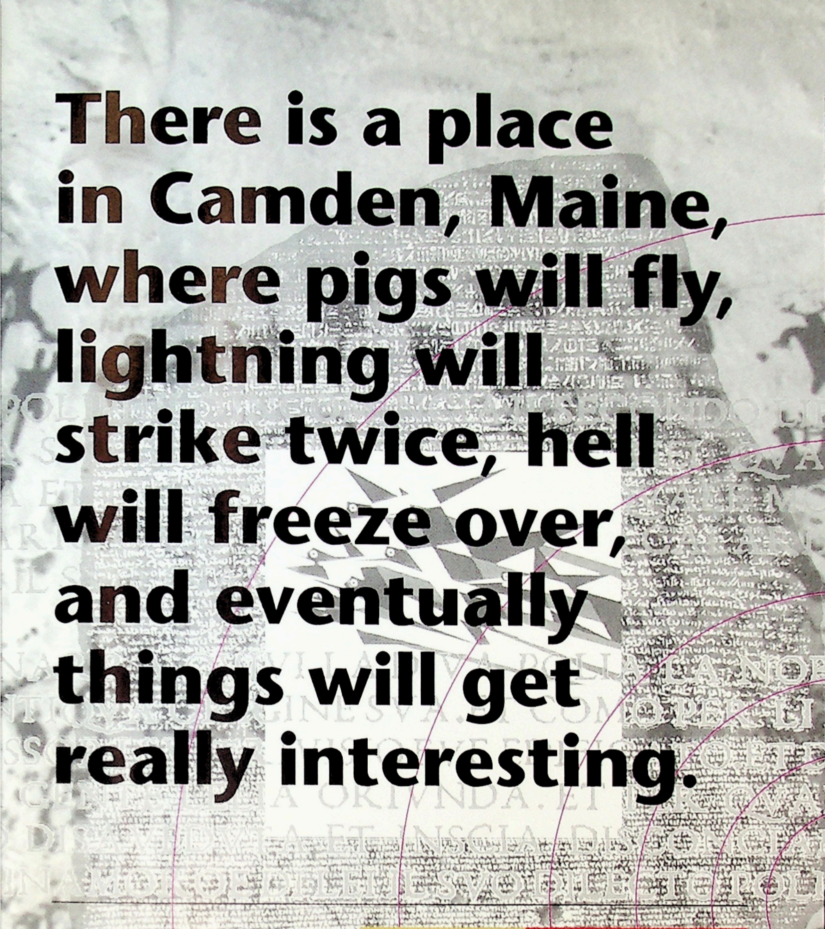
So, that's Eric's story, what about the other SUPER artists exposing their psyches on these pages?—they no doubt have similar stories, and perhaps one day we will know them, but not today, today we're just going to thank them. In no particular disorder.

Thanks to **Khyal Braun**, for the art, the phone art, the mail art and the ambulance; thanks to **John Borruso** for giving me a spine and then some; thanks to **Ahmet Sibdialsau** for the fashion photographs, and to **Josephine Grieve** and **Heide Foley** for coördinating same; thanks to **Yvette Roman** for David Byrne, Timothy Leary and Guy Kyser and Thin White Rope; thanks to **Stephen Stickler** for Henry Rollins and next issue's Red Hot Chili Peppers; thanks to **Stephanie Rausser** for Jonathan Vankin and for the invitation to your slide show; thanks to **Steve Speer** for letting me put a moustache and a patch on the Sphinx; thanks to **Kevin Evans**, **Greg Nersessian** and **Sebastian Hyde** just for being you (and for the art); thanks to **Erin Riordan** for the section heading photos (again), and if I know what's good for you—you won't move to L.A.; thanks to **Sydney Stein** (for calling); thanks to **Asa Dodsworth** for the tattoo man painting and for setting the table that time I was your roommate; thanks to **John Borruso** for the Top Ten Conspiracy illustrations; thanks to **Mark Landman** for the Shot from the Bushy Knoll and for bringing Jan to the party; thanks to **Pamela Hobbs** for the other JFK image; thanks to **Marcus Badgley** for Neil Young and thanks to **Jay Blakesberg** for Neil Young; thanks to **Erol Otus** for Fishbone; thanks to **Tim Brock** for Puttin' it on the Line (another Coronado High School grad makes good). Special thanks to **Henry Brimmer** of *Photo Metro Magazine* for the generous use of the Nikon scanner.

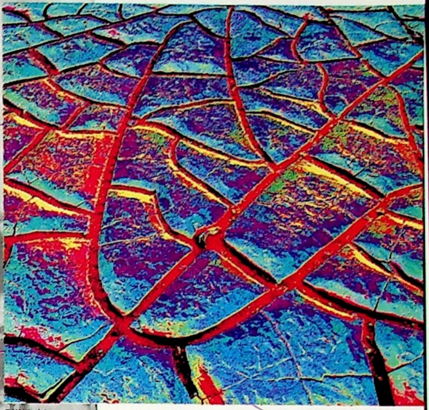
Mondo 2000 is created entirely on the desktop with Macintosh computers; images are scanned with Scitex, Nikon and Hewlett Packard equipment, Adobe Photoshop is used for retouching and creating separations, Quark Xpress is used for page layout and output is done on Agfa imagesetters at **Top Copy** and **Desktop Express**.

—Bart Nagel

There is a place in Camden, Maine, where pigs will fly, lightning will strike twice, hell will freeze over, and eventually things will get really interesting.



Philip Meggs



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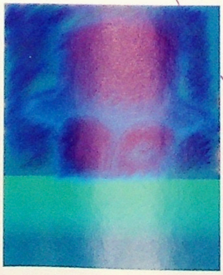
Lilla Rogers



Jean-Michel Folon

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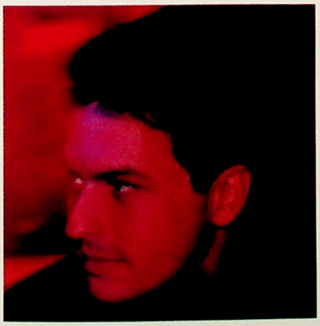

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Rootless Cosmopolitan
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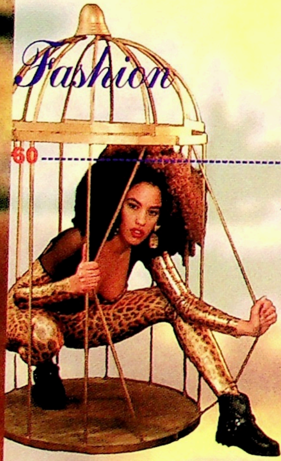

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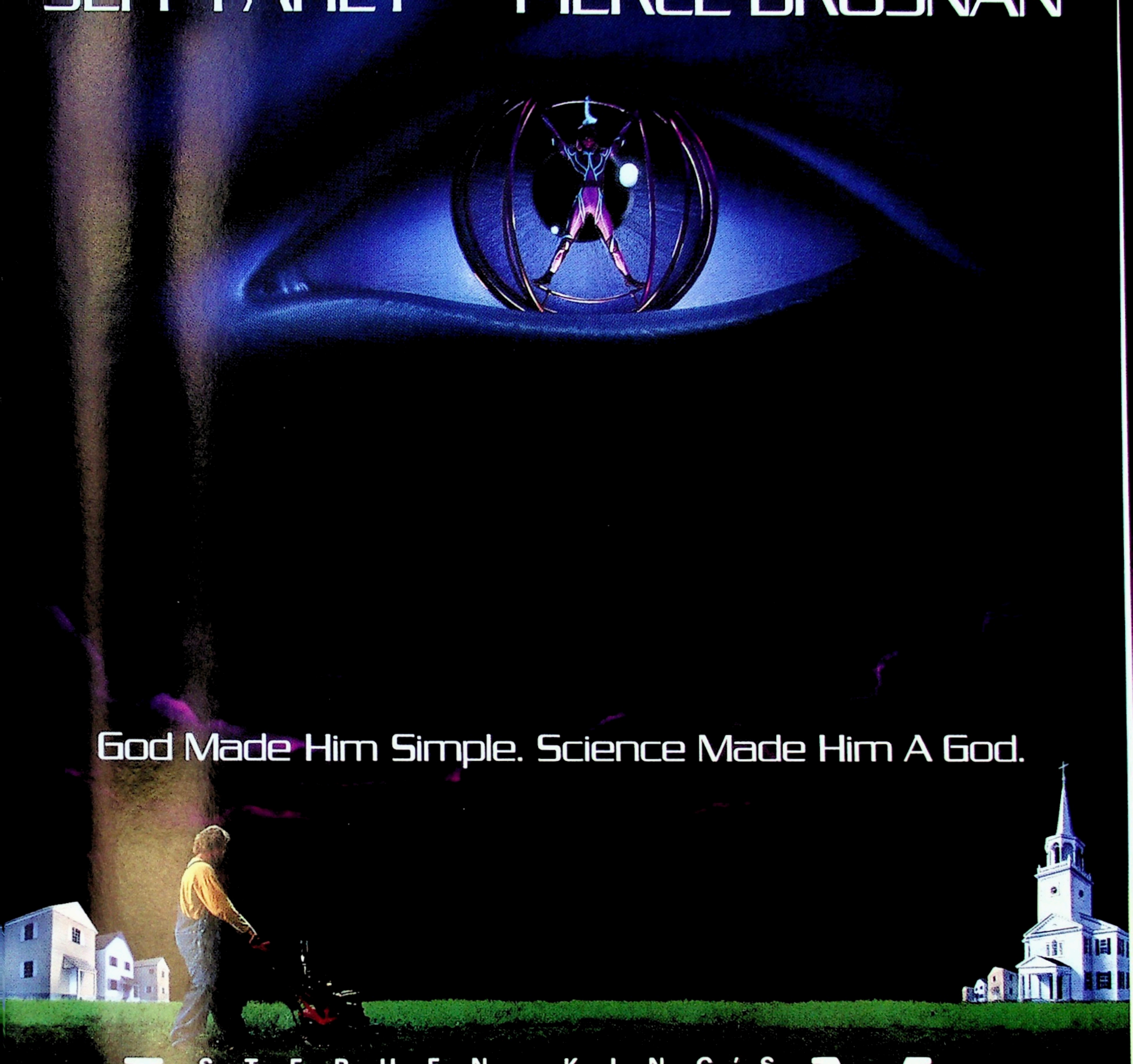
God Made Him Simple. Science Made Him A God.

STEPHEN KING'S THE LAWNMOWER MAN

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What do you say after Po-Po-Mo?

(or: Art Damage: the Manifesto)

Art Damage is Camp with a Ph.D.
Attitude with brains and a wink...

Out of the primordial tarpits where Kim Fowley meets Dada came art school graduates with transposable names and vaulting ambitions. Some aspired to avant garde musicianship and rock godhood. Others had guerrilla ontological agendas. And some were just Devo wannabes who discovered they could recycle far more than old Led Zeppelin riffs.

Art Damage was born.

Part sampling, part burlesque, Art Damage could not *exist* until now. It took a peculiar convergence of forces before it could even appear: the global village, marketing research, media sophistication, and the Borgesian Library of All Time and Space.

But there is *good* Art Damage and *bad* Art Damage—and there are people who wouldn't recognize ironic distance at two feet.

The day is past when test patterns were the only alternative to broadcast television. So plunder that library! Seize the raw materials to furnish the Playground of Ideas. Wrestle with rogue memes. Cavort with digital cut-ups. Tweak America's blue nose and tickle her self-loathing funny bone!
And don't forget to wink!

GOOD ART DAMAGE	BAD ART DAMAGE	NOT ART DAMAGE
Logitech Baby Ad	Benetton Baby Ad	Gerber Baby Ad
New Viennese School	New Wave	New Age
David Cronenberg	Brian DePalma	Jeffrey Dahmer
Madonna	Michael Jackson	Paula Abdul
Perry Farrell	Metallica	Axl Rose
Absolut Vodka Ads	Tanqueray Gin Ads	Jack Daniels Ads
Poison	Egoiste	Giorgio
MTV station breaks	MTV	VH 1
Nietzsche	Derrida	God
Public Enemy	Consolidated	Hammer
MONDO Vanilli	Devo	Milli Vanilli
MONDO 2000	*Spy*	*The New Yorker*
Laibach	Boyd Rice	Patrick Buchanan
Joey Bavaresco	Dennis Miller	Jay Leno
Hustler	*Penthouse*	*Playboy*
Negativland	Kostabi	U2
Bowie	Bowie	Tin Machine

Original 3D image by Steve Speer

Letters Fax E-mail

Dear *MONDO 2000*,

Reading your magazine caused me to have an erotic dream about the earth's core and awake to find that my penis had actually *caught fire*, necessitating rescue by several Frazetta Women with liquid nitrogen vaginas. *Cooool.*

Signal and noise have traded places? Indeed. And what sort of semiotic tidbit, unseen, can we glean from your zine, old bean? First we mask the carrier, OK, that toggles off the T&A, the plugs for Interlab and drooling over silicon-based toyforms.

Let's see, we've got Barlow's insightful, (albeit now trite) War-as-Nintendo piece, with a couple of favorable reviews for cybertank games. In there is an ad for the neat cellular automata game Sim Ant. Check. Processing...

Aha. Well, this makes the notion of a grand conspiracy, a cabal made up of "THEM," positively *comforting*. The reality (now-trite) is far more ghastly: THEM is US. Independently moving members of the hominid nest mapping our aggressions onto Robot Mud Wrestlers. Where the fuck is the reset button?

Keep it up Kids!
Quaker State Tapioca Rupture
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P.S. We're free-of-charge.

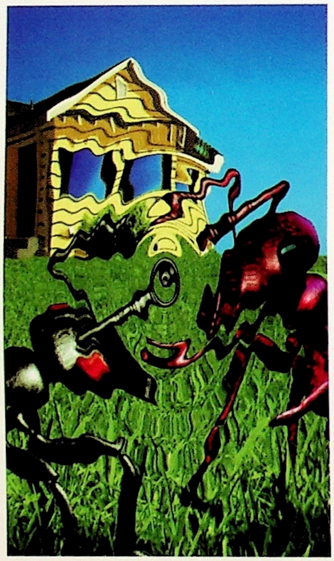
The gerbil ate the reset button. Try Vaseline.
R.U.

Dear R.U. Sirius,

1990 and 1991 proved to be a disturbing, yet exhilarating period of change for your Civilized Entertainers. Let this letter, then, serve first as an apology for any *recreational inconvenience* you may have experienced. Without our flexible schedule of theatrical events, where *can* one turn for an evening's measure of reasonably priced diversion? We rush to assure you that steps have been taken. Our absence will not be felt again.

We have dissolved our board (no mean feat in today's funding climate).

We have voted unanimously *not* to seek funding from any source (though it shall not be refused if given). Active solicitation is now *officially* frowned-upon by all of us here at Civilized Entertainments. After much thoughtful and polite discussion, we have decided to occupy that gray area between public and private sectors, not, we hope, as squatters, nor even as welcome guests, but as *gracious hosts.*



We have acquired a sponsor—Daveway. Daveway's contribution to our efforts, however, will not be financial, but attitudinal.

In that regard, let us inform you of our tentative schedule of events for the year 1992. Please keep in mind, as you peruse this list, the Daveway slogan, "Tentativity costs nothing."

1. ***Dali on Ice.*** If the Cow Palace can be borrowed for an evening, and we can determine a way to keep melting timepieces from violating the integrity of the ice, this dream could become a reality.
2. ***Spalding Gray: A Choral Interpretation.***
3. ***Heroic Poetry!***
4. ***Dogs of the Old West!*** A Musical.
5. ***Byrnemania!*** To do for David Byrne what has been done for the Beatles.
6. ***Microscope Follies.*** A cost-effective cabaret for tape and used laboratory equipment.
7. ***HO Gauge Shakespeare.*** Bring Shakespeare out of the parks, and back to the hobby shop.
8. ***An Evening of Song.*** Another evening (in our ongoing series) of song.

Finally, let us gently encourage you to support Daveway, which in return will support us. Here are some helpful guidelines.

1. Pay attention to and even memorize Daveway slogans (e.g. "There's a right way, a wrong way, and there's Daveway." "No subject, no predicate: Daveway.") whenever and wherever they occur.
2. Purchase a fine Daveway product, if you should happen to find one. We hope to see you at our next event. Until then, please remain civilized.

Very sincerely yours,
Civilized Entertainments
San Francisco, CA

R.U. Sirius:

1/14/92—Just opened my first issue of *MONDO 2000.*

In 1981, I opened my first issue of *Ms.* It opened Everydoor [sic] to me—everything I had ever felt or thought was suddenly speaking to me, when I was too young to discover where or if they existed.

But, all the feminism and psychology and books I poured into me after that only made me smart, strong and free enough to see how much I was up against.

1992—It happens again on page 9, issue #4, *MONDO 2000.*

Page 9, I'm cumming, whisper it in my ear and I'll let you lick me.

It goes like this:

If I ever had to tell anyone, "I'm probably an anarchist… probably… at least it feels the most like what I am. Everything is so fucked that if you opened your eyes to the layers of problems you'd probably want solved… you'd say a big *fuck you* too, stop reading the paper and start throwing punches."

My friends understand what is going on but cannot:

1. Stop giving 80 hours a week to a job to pay their dues to reap the rewards of a life they're supposed to have someday.
2. Deal with the Lies, the newspaper's lies, their government is unintelligent and corrupt, justice is just an idea, their teachers were idiots and never cared because they were too fucked up like the rest of us.

When you finally pull yourself out of the muck and mire to try and understand it all, you become a vigilante girl free spirit "unable to fit into the corporate structure" (excuse me for making my boss feel uncomfortable for telling titty jokes), *you stop reading the paper and start throwing punches!*

MONDO 2000, page 9, issue #4.

All right, this is gonna be fun, I'm already out there drinking Dionysus under the table and I'm glad I've found some friends to go out drinking with.

Thanks,
Shut-up Shelley
poet
performer
rock 'n' roll star
nobody

Whisper WHAT in your ear? WHAT?!!! R.U.

Dear MONDO 2000:

IN RE: John Perry Barlow's essay, "Virtual Nintendo," I hope what follows is not so much a rant, but a reasoned discourse between gentlemen who disagree. (Since I normally don't have time to write letters to the editor, you may assume, however, that parts of John's thesis really pis… uh, bothered me.)

When the events in question were going down, I was intensively working on my Virtual Reality book on a short deadline and contemplating the fact that I've never received my final discharge from the U.S. Army. (This is something that seems to happen (not happen?) to ex-spooks. Not that I thought that I would be doing anything more dangerous than sharpening pencils if I were called back. Most who labor in the vineyards of intelligence are little more than clerks… but it would have been spectacularly inconvenient.)

Bart Nagel

So as I composed thousands of words on the background, history and culture of VR, most of which subsequently went in the dumpster, and read thousands of pages of research material, I watched the war. Since I grew up an Army brat and served in Vietnam myself, I know what a war is. You might call it ultimate reality. A reality that most people in this country would prefer to avoid. Ask any Vietnam War veteran. The reward for our service was to be universally characterized as monsters who murdered children and the excuse was that we had all been seduced by drugs. Little wonder that the number of suicides among Vietnam vets now exceeds the number of "combat" casualties; that for every name on the wall at the Memorial in Washington, D.C., there is another on a suicide's death certificate.

The Gulf War was fought by the new military, the volunteer military, the racially and sexually integrated military. (BTW: The U.S. Army is the greatest engine for social change and equal opportunity in this society. There was a lot of whining about the high number of blacks in combat positions from those who would like to think otherwise, but the hard truth is that a black man has a better chance in the Army than anywhere else—ask Colin Powell—and the entire debate about women in combat was specious because there is really no such thing anymore as a non-combat position. Women get the same basic training as men. My roommate served in a Pershing missile unit in Germany. She once remarked "After the birds were gone, we would be infantry and everyone knew it." In the Gulf War you were more likely to be killed by a Scud, as it turned out, than any other way.)

Going in, with a base of knowledge kept current by reading and writing in the area, I felt the grim expectation that we would lose at least 20,000 and five to ten times that many wounded. (I also write commentaries for Defense News and often talk to people who still serve). Some of my friends in the military felt I was optimistic.

This is the grim calculus that every military officer deals with. In war, young men (and now women) will die, and there is not a damn thing you can do except to minimize the number.

Technology is one way, and as George Patton once said, the job of the American soldier is not to die for his country, but to make some other poor son-of-a-bitch die for his.

Given the orgy of defense spending during the Reagan administration, I would think that John, as a good Republican, would be glad that we got what we paid for—the capability to minimize American casualties and simultaneously inflict maximum damage upon the enemy.

While I was watching the war and writing away on my book, I was struck by how different this war was from the one in Vietnam. There was a noticeable lack of dehumanization of the enemy. We did not despise the Iraqi but rather pitied him. Saddam Hussein was as much their problem as he was ours. One of the enduring images from the war was that of a young American soldier treating a group of half-starved, supplicant enemy soldiers with grace and compassion.

The ground war was not a total walk in the park, and there was wholesale slaughter along the "highway of death." Those who died did so trying to carry loot out of Kuwait, in an orgy of excess. Given their conduct as an occupying force, it is harder to feel any greater pity than you would for a well-armed, fleeing thief and arsonist shot down by a cop.

I do not think we should be beating ourselves up for having done well. I have met people who feel that by using superior technology we failed to fight fairly. War is not conducted as a sport. It is a terrible business. If we had fought on equal terms with the Iraqi Army during the ground war, we would have had a reprise of World War I, with tens of thousands killed on a single day. Saddam Hussein was counting on that and hoping that our experience with Vietnam would rob us of our resolve.

He was about a year away from having a working nuclear warhead and undoubtedly would have used it. What then?

If there was a problem with our conduct of the war, it was that we didn't finish the job. It is axiomatic in war that to defeat an enemy you must take his capital. There is now a widespread realization that we may have to go back and do the whole thing over; that Saddam, far from being defeated, is claiming a moral victory for having survived the onslaught at all. If I were in the high councils of the Democratic Party I would be planning to attack George Bush for his half-hearted and overly cautious role as our Commander-In-Chief. The ground war lasted 100 hours. Another 50 might have settled the matter once and for all. If you're going to walk on thin ice and take such enormous risks, then you might as well dance.

During the Vietnam War, the most dedicated pacifists I knew were serving Army officers. They knew what war was; how dreadful and obscene it was, and they had to write letters home to the parents and wives of the dead. While good Republicans of my acquaintance still characterize Vietnam as a noble cause, I am here to tell you that the entire enterprise was about as noble as a mugging in an alley. More than one career officer came back convinced that the United States had lost all honor there and many quietly resigned. Vietnam veterans became the new niggers of American society. Those who stayed in, like Schwartzkopf and Powell were determined to make a change. The U.S. Army underwent a paradigm shift unlike any other.

Joel Peril

I can forgive John's characterization of the new army as "A bunch of rag-tag American kids who'd joined the military because they couldn't get a job at the 7-11" because I know it is born of ignorance. One of the things about the so-called Virtual Reality community that really irritates me is their blind prejudice towards the military and all of those who serve.

At Cyberthon, Jaron Lanier garnered some applause by declaring that his firm did not accept military contracts but only worked for NASA. Anyone who has really thought about it knows that NASA has been playing candy store to the military's bookie joint all along. The space program is a military program of vital importance predicated on the doctrine of controlling "the high ground" and the fact that, if you have a gravity well and a rock of sufficient size, you can get the same devastating impact as a nuclear weapon—without all of that highly inconvenient radiation.

At SIGGRAPH last summer, during a panel whose members included a representative of the U.S. Air Force Institute of Technology, an impassioned young man rose from the floor during the Q & A and demanded of Lanier what he was doing to keep Virtual Reality technology "out of the hands of Mr. ___ and his ilk."

Somewhat flustered and embarrassed, Lanier replied that you could not legally refuse to sell something to the military if they wanted it.

At which point I went to the mike and suggested to those present that they get a sense of their own history; that VR was based entirely upon military technology like the Super Cockpit and that much of the major research had been funded by DARPA, including Sutherland's original work with the head-mounted display. There was a flurry of shocked denial by most of the panelists. "Except possibly the Polhemus device" Lanier admitted.

Of course, without a position tracking device like Polhemus, moving through Cyberspace would not really be possible and we would be left with a very expensive version of the stereopticon.

As Sherry Epply of *CyberEdge Journal* recently observed, there has been some egregious nonsense on the part of anti-war politicos characterizing VR as a sinister technology of war. This kind of thinking fits in with Barlow's characterization of the war as "Virtual Nintendo," but ignores the fact that technology, like money, is value neutral. It has no politics and its uses are according to the intentions of the users.

And when John writes of the enemy as "Mediated Information," he falls into the easy trap of blaming the messenger for the message. There are enough alternative sources of information that we don't have to accept what is force fed by a passive medium like television. The data is available if you look for it. There is no doubt that the military shamelessly manipulated the media during the war, but that too, is a legitimate tactic. The people's right to know does not include access to information which might cause the injury or death of those who are bearing the burdens of battle.

I do not see America as wanting to kick more ass. The feeling I get is one of relief. We have not had to be too terrible this time. We have shown mercy, and thereby kept our honor and our self-respect.

Anyone who thinks of soldiers as having a stereotypical "military mind" is invited to explore the fiction of serving officers like Ed Ruggerio and Harold Coyle and to read the works of W.E.B. Griffith to understand the cultural history of our military. You might be surprised. Certainly you would no longer deny them their humanity or their rightful place as part of our national culture. War is not about machines—it is about people.

Sincerely,
Francis Hamit, Writer
North Hollywood, CA

Such silver tongued eloquence, we had to print it. Particularly disturbing is your claim that the job was only half done in the Gulf. If Bush's efforts to kick-start the economy fail, might we not expect another little skirmish before we go to the polls in November?—Queen Mu

---

Hotel Ristorante Panoramico
Castro Marina, Lecce, Italy

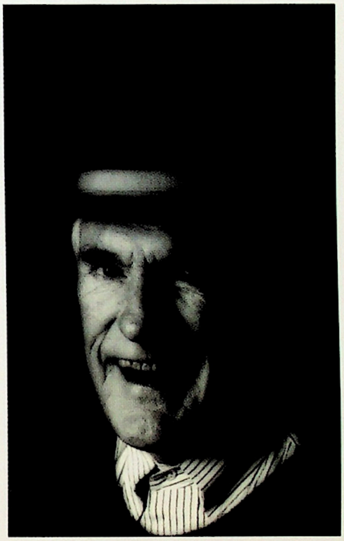
The Italians chirp like happy birds...

Dear Mu and R.U.,

Barabara and I have spent the last week here in a tiny fishing port—totally deserted in winter. Our sheet-white tile sundeck looks across the Adriatic at Dubrovnik, charming Dubrovnik, under Serb bombardment. We are with a charming film crew of young Italians—shooting this strange movie.

The original script was a B-movie erotic-suspense-killer-thriller with an old witch casting spells in a cave. The director, Andreas, and the scriptwriter, Billy da Moto, asked me to star in the film and "Leary-ize" it.

So: I play this brilliant scientist who has developed a way to convert volcanic eruption and firepower back to pure light—solving the ancient problems of pollution, warfare, poverty, etc. I also play the part of the director of the film—which allows me to "CUT" and stop the action, consult with the co-director—Barabara, of course.



Jay Blakesberg

I also rewrote the script so the witch doesn't use potions and dismembered dolls, but VR goggles, glove, telepresence, etc.—and can create hallucinations in the characters and—hopefully—in the audience!

So far it's going beautifully.

Outside of the film, we are ***stuck*** in this small village—have not seen an English newspaper in a week—no CNN. Is it true that the President of Japan vomited on Bush?

So—I have read and re-read *MONDO 2000* several times. What a boon!

My friends—MONDO 2000 is a miracle of hi-tech pagan liberation!

Your essay, "Walrus Gumbo," is a classic. A brilliant, funny bolt of revelation!

"Theme parks of the future cloak the 'living laboratories' of the Industrial War Machine dedicated to mind-control and behavior modification. Control is the program—benign, paternalist, avuncular..." Yeah!

Your comments about John Lennon awakened dormant memory banks. "Come together—Join the Party" was the campaign motto when I ran against Reagan. Our program was oddly prescient of some of the issues you discuss.

1. The basic function of government is to *protect* individuals against organized gangs and groups.
2. Decentralization: California secedes from the USSA.
3. Another basic function of govt. is to entertain/educate.
4. The government makes a profit. Instead of paying taxes, the citizen receives dividends.
5. The profits derived from licensing pleasures: Marijuana license like an auto license/registration, hard liquor, gambling; prostitutes were professionals like dentists or lawyers; LSD, etc., used in state parks or theme parks; Entry taxes—California would be like an amusement park—entrance fees and daily residence fees; Education—California specializes in education—non-Californians paid substantial fees.

The Campaign: We were developing a film documentary about how I won the election. Fictional news reports, fake debates, polls, mass political meetings. My rallies occurred in Candlestick Park, Fresno stadium. My campaign train covered the whole state—top rock groups playing, charging admission. My campaign made a profit—given to the state. The film would be a big hit—loaded with stars—and would make $ for the state.

Reality: When Democratic politicians were told by top contributors that they were donating to my campaign, my lawyers seriously warned me to stop the campaign. They were right. I couldn't file candidacy papers because I was held in jail without bail—for a small amount of grass (not my own). Your essay on the current politics of media-control brought back those funny memories. Reagan said—"Piece of cake. Walk to the tape-line and recite your lines."

Also: the essay on TAZ. In 1963 we (Harvard group) tried to set up centers in America—centers for shamanic training (I.F.I.F.). LSD was legal. But in each zone the local sheriff/DA caused trouble (Liddy, for example). We realized that there was not one square mile on earth not ruled by a local cop. Summer of 1963 I made deals with the gov. of Guerrero in Mexico, later gov. of Michoacan, the Labor party in Dominica and politicians in Antigua. I was kicked out of *all four zones* within days by Feds (U.S. CIA, etc.) even though our plans (basically to set up liberated Free-Pleasure Zones and Hedonic theme parks) were financially bonanzas!

So we took over Mellon-Hitchcock estate—3500 acres. "Ten square miles of fertile ground" Aldous Huxley whispered to me two days before he died (same day as JFK, by the way). After Liddy drove us out of N.Y., we operated a TAZ in the mountains over Palm Springs paid for by the Brotherhood of Eternal Love until Nixon-Reagan jailed me.

My problem, you see, was we were *pre*-cybernetic—trapped on the material plane. Richard Alpert compared ashrams to hotel-keeping.

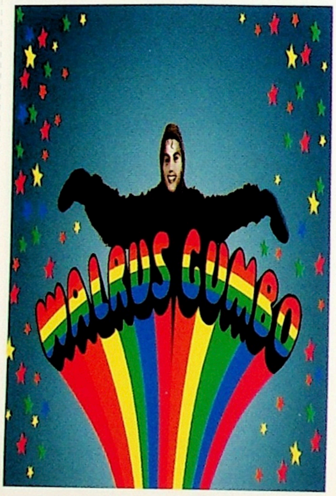
For example: After four and a half years in prison, two and a half in exile, my first dinner in a San Francisco restaurant, a guy sends his card over thanking me for saving his soul, etc.—Card: he owned and sold fleets of cars. I was *desperately* in need of a car. Guy writes card back—"My gratitude does not manifest itself on the material plane."!!! Wow! What a lesson! Welcome to the 1980s! Spiritual means Electronic-Cybernetic!

So: Who *is* Hakim Bey? I love him! Since 1983 my dabbles in software have been motivated by the Cyberspace concept of Electronic Environments—TEAZ's.

Have you seen the Japanese Program, ALICE?

Love You.
More Later,
Timothy & Barbara Leary

Hakim Bey is the poet laureate of an obscure dynasty in Northern India. He was arrested for an anarchist outrage in London and subsequently transplanted to these shores. He now lives in an Airstream trailer in the Jersey Pine Barrens. He is at work on his latest collection: Radio Sermonettes, *available later this year through A Distribution, 339 Lafayette St. #202, New York, N.Y. 10012.*



Bart Nagel

T.A.Z., *his collected essays in the realm of ontological anarchy and poetic terrorism, is truly a gem. It can be found at selected booksellers or $8 ppd. through Autonomedia, PO Box 568, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11211.*

a few days later…

Dear Queen Mu,

We are imprisoned in this hotel with no heat—and nothing to read except *MONDO 2000* and *Vanity Fair* (Ugh!).

Your essay on the Walrus is great. You write: "Our species has always had a taste for the marvelous… special effects and simulations hold us in thrall." Yeah!

You know I've been studying this issue since 1960! (Our 1963 Psychedelic Celebrations, etc.) I've been writing chapters about this recently—in light of the VR hoax.

Think of the Catholic Church—those medieval women-haters invented special effects—the jewelled robes, Gothic spires, etc. Do you remember Huxley's book *Heaven & Hell* about jewels?

From Hakim Bey:

"Thus the most repressed sector of society acquires a paradoxical power through the myth of its occult knowledge." Gibson & Burroughs & Lewis Shiner & Norman Spinrad & Bruce Sterling created the perfect term—CYBERPUNK!

"The odd occult shadow still haunts" the civilized, industrial culture. Here is the marvelous paradox of VR/Cyberpunk: Big high tech firms fighting the myth of "electronic LSD." Jaron Lanier as wizard with dreadlocks! Eric Gullichsen—student of Crowley! *MONDO 2000!* Gibson & his data rustlers!

APPLIED HEDONICS:
OVERABUNDANCE OF REALITY

"Sort of a spiritual hedonism, an actual Path of Pleasure, visions of a good life which is both noble and possible, rooted in a sense of the magnificent over-abundance of reality." !!! —Hakim Bey

"Our taste" for special effects is, of course, neurological—it's a genetic inevitability. Our brains demand multi-media stimulation. Everything I have done in the last 50 years is devoted to the issues raised by you and by Hakim Bey.

1. Free yourself.
2. Form in-groups of liberated individuals.

That's the promise of telepresence—the formation of in-groups.

I was in solitary confinement in 1974 and had nothing to do for two weeks but read *Gravity's Rainbow!* The two weeks here have been illuminated by you darling *MONDO*s.

"Walrus Gumbo" presents the problem; Hakim Bey provides the solution: The occult shadow of Telepresence/VR in the hands of cyberpunks.

Much Love,
Timothy & Barbara Leary

Anonymous Memorandum to Queen Mu
(post-marked Austin, Texas)

Charles Baudelaire said:
The Devil's best trick is to
persuade us that he does not exist.
Michael Jackson is a sick little fucker.
Michael Jackson is also a sacrificial victim.
Sometimes I see the Walrus as Terence McKenna.

Is it possible for us to reach 2012 A.D. without burning
such attractive creative males at the electronic stake?
Call it virtual: call it video: call it autocastration.
Lord Nose the stakes are high. And it may be too late.

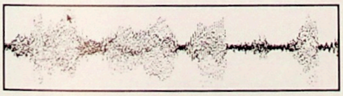
What better cloak for Evil than ambiguity?
How much sympathy for the Devil is necessary?
Go ask Alice. Go ask Emily Elizabeth Dickinson.

Lysios as lysis as unburdening analysis.
Higher and lighter. Lighten up—dire Queen!
Vulvic furor: Dangerous convulsions: nightmares.
What about convulsive laughter? Humor or abhor Her.

Something Master François Rabelais said:
For all your ills I give you laughter.

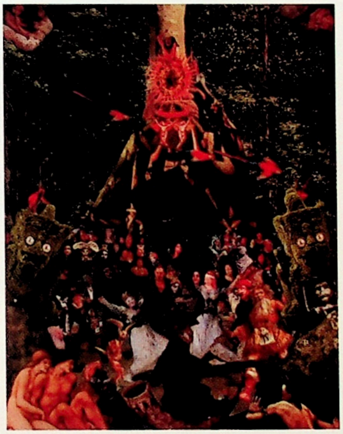
*(cf Rose*X—The Experiment at Petaluma.)*

Acting on your hot tip, we hauled out the video. The glossolalia segment at the end demanded *to be played in reverse. Fed through the Mac it revealed this hidden message: "Hold him in check in a nuclear attack."*



Dear R.U. Sirius,
I hope you can find space in your fine publication to publish my letter. In issue number 5 of Mondo 2000, I inadvertantly left off the name of artist **James Koehnline**, creator of the image that accompanied Hakim Bey's T.A.Z. article, page 124. Additionally the quality of the image was compromised by the low resolution color scan. I hereby publicly prostrate myself, and beg the forgiveness of Mr. Koehnline whose wonderful collage appears here as a Persian miniature with his name applied and the sharpness increased. R.U., I know words are *your* main deal, but there are dozens and dozens of our readers who look at the pictures and judge the magazine's quality by the art: so please, please print this letter. *I know where you live.* Thanks!

Yours sincerely,
Bart Nagel (your art director)



James Koehnline

Dear Customer,
It is both with surprise and regret that we have recently learned that our company has been placed on an import alert list in the U.S.A. by the FDA. Although in the past we have reshipped items that have been presumed "lost" in the mail, in the new light of the FDA's desire to minimize choice we have had to abandon this procedure.

We think it would be prudent for you to check and ensure that you are complying with all the relevant regulations, including having obtained the consent and supervision of your Medical Advisor/Doctor/Physician before representing your personal import order.

We have always ensured that we have complied with our local laws, and although (to our delight!) the FDA regulations do not apply to our part of the World, they certainly do apply to yours.

We cannot be held responsible for overseas customers' compliance with their own country's restrictions. All goods, as per our standard terms and conditions, are shipped at the customer's risk.

For complete guidance please contact your local FDA office or the Operations branch of the FDA in Rockville, MD (301) 443-6553. (We suggest you do this after consulting with your Doctor).

We hope you appreciate our keeping you informed of the situation, and we trust we may be of service to you in the near future.

Warmest Regards,
Health and Life Forever,
Interlab Inc.
Bucks., England

Groins, etc. Yawn.

I feel many of us have progressed beyond what's currently in *MONDO*. These moronic geeks get undressed and adorn their bodies with microchips and wires (and, oh yes, some creative "plaster dildos") and call themselves Cyberpunk. (Kinda sick cuz they take themselves so seriously.) Isn't this the kind of thing you did in Grade Two?

Then I saw something which actually DID offend me. The Logitech ad. What's their point? Isn't this a tad demented and borderline child pornography? I saw it as sick and perverse and the last thing it made me want to do was go out and buy one of their damned mice!

I think you guys burned out really fast. Glad I never subscribed.

Bill Pollack
Midland, MI

Dear Bill: Who said they were selling mice?……
We learned from Logitech's ad agency that the ad was created especially for MONDO 2000. *One wag of our acquaintance has referred to it as "The Lost Continence of Mu."*

MONDO,

I sincerely enjoy your publication, it's content quotient is very high. I believe that your magazine represents the ideal of the kind of format that information leaches like myself crave. Your interviews with the "Angry Women" (I'm really glad they didn't call it "Angry Womyn"), was delightful. I am an avid fan of *RE/Search*, but I especially liked the interview with Avital Ronell (I have a crush on her). Her description of the phone conversation as an externalized space is very interesting to me as a virtual architect. In fact, the perception of women in our social structure was particularly elevated in this issue.

That's why when I read your mail in issue #5 I was disturbed greatly by a person who implied that *MONDO* used women as objects to sell things. ***Damn I am sick of this!*** I think that we have to be compassionate with our fellow humans of the opposite gender and understand the delicate situation our culture is presenting us, but ideological censorship and gender oriented hostility are no solutions. I would like to say to Connie that to me *MONDO* does a lot to empower women and men, and show us that technology coupled with meaning is a powerful leverage for the masses, making the kind of repression she is talking about less possible. Finally her statement, "I guess you're probably too entrenched to understand" infers a philosophical entrenchment of its own.

I am on the WELL. I have started a topic under the VR forum called Virtual Architecture (s 84) for any Mondoids who wish to join the discussion.

ATTACK——DISCOVER
Clay Graham—cyber23
Knoxville, TN
internet:cyber23@well.sf.ca.us
CIS: 70571,166

Uplink to MONDOids:

Aahhh... Sitting down with *MONDO* #5, Love and Rockets' *Love and Rockets* on the ol' boom box, it doesn't get much better than this...

Hm. Queen Mu's "Walrus Gumbo" is razor (sharp). VERY razor. The ultimate morph, obviously, will be a homebrew videotape of an otherwise upright citizen morphing all over the place... without the use of any tape-retouching whatsoever. Get it? *Meta*morphs. Heh, heh.

Further through the ish... Hmmm. Something's different, here. (5Mb of comparisons w'*MONDO* #'s 1-4 deleted by Sysop.) Well, well. *MONDO* #5 is 32 pages shorter (I thought it felt thinner, lighter...) than #4, waaay too many interviews with musicians, nowhere near enough pix of Dr. Terenzi (and not word one about where to get a copy of *Music from the Galaxies* on CD), and—Sanctified Psychedelic Soft Drinks!—Durk and Sandy are GONE!

Calm, calm. Think good parts, nifty bits: "PMS w/Broken Windows" (Serious? *Shudder.*), Logitech ad for L/R/Cordless Mouses (I guess, like little girls and butterflies, baby boys need no excuse...), "Video Prestidigitation" (Idea: Fuse Lundell's system w/Video Toaster. An honest-to-Goddess Pirate TV set-up, to really show those twerps at MTV how it's done! Oh, the possibilities!), "Does She Do the Vulcan Mind Meld on the Very First Date?" *plus* "Bacchic Pleasures" (Ho, *ho!* Poetry! What's next? *Fiction?* Can't wait...), "Dressed to Thrill, etc. (Hee-YAH! Sweeet... Got anything with kevlar lining? Suggestion: Drop the sections on fashions from two of the three designers, give their pages to the remaining one & give us photos, *photos*, PHOTOS).

"Pirate Utopias." Neurons flare through the skull; ideas lighting up my whole head: multiple roving field headquarters for *MONDO* housed in minivans/transoceanic cruisers filled with enough technotoys to equip *three* of Steve Roberts' "bicycles," one for each major continent (optional second-hand Space Shuttle to check out Orbitsville), *MONDO* on-line, *MONDO TV!*

Foo-raw. Cyber-sex. Dirty virgin's mind wanders away, comes back. "The only justification for stopping at bodysuits for VR is Virtual Sex! Neural jacks and dermatrodes are so much clearer/sharper/IN-YOUR-FACE, but they leave the unprepared in for a bit of a mess." There's nothing really wrong with virtual sex, because it could act as (among SO many other things) therapy. Cheaper, cleaner, safer, lets the user examine his sexual hang-ups and decide if they're worth keeping. (Yes, I'll be the first to sign up for this service! God and one very special lady know I need it!)

Need/Want more about Lady Drew, et al. Anybody else doing this kind of thing out there? Cyber-Shinto, Hyperkinetic-Hindu, Buddha in the Matrix? Ellen Sebastian, yes; bring Lady Drew and her together over lunch? Hey *hey*, get Shiner & Leary as dinner-dates/escorts?

Too many musicians! In one issue, anyway. Pull back, MONDOoids, please. Try more articles on technicians (liked The Expert in #3), researchers (if Ted Nelson doesn't mind that designation), writers (MIKE SAENZ! How long until Donna Matrix whips us chair-ridden Mac-users into shape, Mike?), etc. (More philosophical bits like "Orpheus in the Maelstrom," Your Highness, Queen Mu. PLEASE!) "An Acid Take on Camille Paglia" was wonderful; get some more bits like that and watch *MONDO* sales go through the roof.

Rumor has it no article got more of a rise out of the *MONDO* readers than "Congressional Bill Would Suspend Constitution, Declare Martial Law." Johnny Littell said it best: "You think the Street is outside Control?... You think the shitstem just squats there like a poisoned toad and *exists*, that nothing really changes? BULLSHIT!" Maybe you need to put the word out on the Net that you're reeeal interested in word on more cyberpunk-relevant legal goings-on?

Whatever happened to "Cyber-Evolution: Montage"? The snippets and written sound-bites were quite the fastballs through the DataCloud. The format is like a cyberpunk's version of the National Inquisitor save for two things: this stuff is a great deal more readable and a hell of a lot more plausible.

And where the hell are all these books by L. Ron Hubbard coming from? The man has been dead for nigh-on four years!

Slowly dying of fatal oxidation while waiting for more chatter from Durk and Sandy (and listening to Tom Waits' *Frank's Wild Years*), I remain,

Your Loyal Servant,
Perrin Rynning
Mountain View, CA

IT'S FOR YOU...
THEY
MIGHT BE
GIANTS

THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS ARE MUSICAL AMBASSADORS FOR INTERNATIONAL SPACE YEAR.

APOLLO 18

APOLLO 18 IS THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS' BRAND NEW ALBUM. IT'S 18 OF YOUR FAVORITE SONGS THAT YOU'VE NEVER HEARD BEFORE FEA- RING "THE STATUE GOT ME HIGH." PRODUCED BY THEY MIGHT GIANTS. ON ELEKTRA COMPACT DISCS AND digalog™ CASSETTES.

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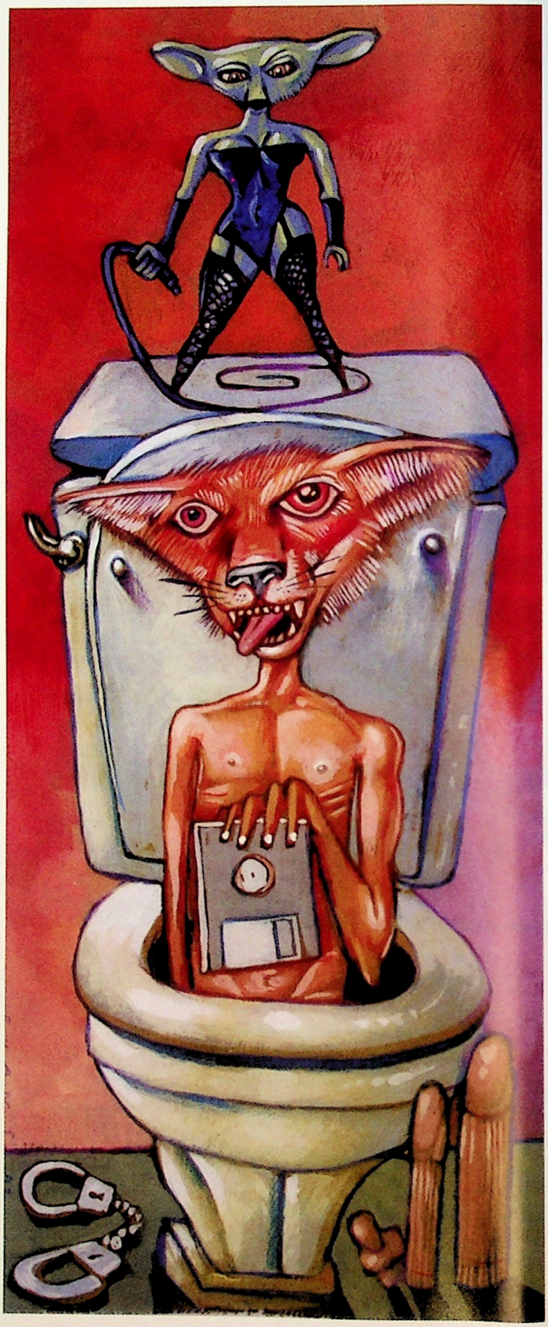
The Whoopie!™ Tutorial

Remus A. Mousemat



Kevin Evans

To begin, BOOT UP your unit and LOAD the Whoopie!™ floppies.

You should be totally NUDE and well-rested, with plenty of VASOPRESSIN and DONUTS near at hand. Keep a few WET SHEETS packed in ice and at least a quart of BABY OIL at your workstation. If you need to relieve yourself, do so now. No, not at your workstation.

Ready now? When your unit begins to HUM and BEEP...

Press CONTROL C ENTER on your KEYBOARD.

Press CONTROL C
ENTER
on your KEYBOARD

The Future Keeps on Comming with Mau Mau's Whoopie™ Software

MENU TODAY'S SPECIAL-ELVIS **MENU**

GODDESSES
APHRODITE
ERZULIE
KALI
MARILYN MONROE
BARBIE
KWAN-YIN
DEL-FU
MADONNA

GODS
PAN
ELVIS
YHVH
CTHULU
TESLA
MAU MAU
MONTANA
BOB
LONG DONG
SILVER

DEMIs
HAMA DRYAD
NYMPH
DEMI MOORE
PAULA ABDUL
IRON JOHN
IRON MIKE TYSON
LINDA HAMILTON
MICHAEL
JACKSON
CHER

IMPS & SPIRITS
TINKERBELL
PETER PAN
WILLIE WONKA
GLINDA THE GOOD
PRINCE
BEELZY
MICKEY OR MINNIE MOUSE
SNEEZY GRUMPY OR
HUMPTY
THE BRADY BUNCH

ANIMALS
WOOLY SHEEP
FLUFFY BUNNY
FUZZY KITTY
BURRO
GOJIRO
KANGAROO

INANIMATE OBJECTS
CHICKEN
TIGER
FLIPPER
SPERM WHALE
PYTHON
PIT BULL

WEEPING WILLOW
CHOPPED LIVER
VACUUM CLEANER
JACKHAMMER
CANOPENER
FLATLINER

OTHER
GEORGE OR BARBARA
MARQUIS DE SADE
GRACE JONES
TERMINATOR (I OR II)
FREDDY KRUGER
WILLIAM KENNEDY SMITH

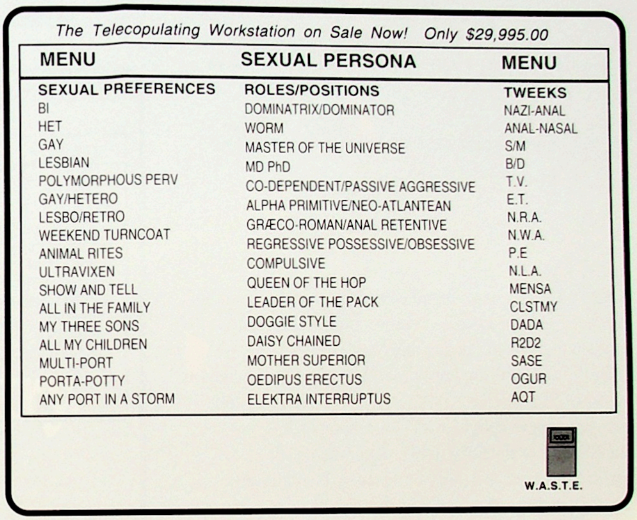
W.A.S.T.E.

For this tutorial I have chosen Del-Fu the Oracle to make Whoopie!™ with, just to show you how far you can go with the program. If you are a virgin user I suggest you choose a less challenging partner: perhaps a TREE or a serving of LIVER.

Now, to pick your persuasions and perversions…

CTL **C** **O** **ENTER**

Press CONTROL C O ENTER on your KEYBOARD



The Telecopulating Workstation on Sale Now! Only $29,995.00

MENU **SEXUAL PERSONA** **MENU**

SEXUAL PREFERENCES
- BI
- HET
- GAY
- LESBIAN
- POLYMORPHOUS PERV
- GAY/HETERO
- LESBO/RETRO
- WEEKEND TURNCOAT
- ANIMAL RITES
- ULTRAVIXEN
- SHOW AND TELL
- ALL IN THE FAMILY
- MY THREE SONS
- ALL MY CHILDREN
- MULTI-PORT
- PORTA-POTTY
- ANY PORT IN A STORM

ROLES/POSITIONS
- DOMINATRIX/DOMINATOR
- WORM
- MASTER OF THE UNIVERSE
- MD PhD
- CO-DEPENDENT/PASSIVE AGGRESSIVE
- ALPHA PRIMITIVE/NEO-ATLANTEAN
- GRÆCO-ROMAN/ANAL RETENTIVE
- REGRESSIVE POSSESSIVE/OBSESSIVE
- COMPULSIVE
- QUEEN OF THE HOP
- LEADER OF THE PACK
- DOGGIE STYLE
- DAISY CHAINED
- MOTHER SUPERIOR
- OEDIPUS ERECTUS
- ELEKTRA INTERRUPTUS

TWEEKS
- NAZI-ANAL
- ANAL-NASAL
- S/M
- B/D
- T.V.
- E.T.
- N.R.A.
- N.W.A.
- P.E
- N.L.A.
- MENSA
- CLSTMY
- DADA
- R2D2
- SASE
- OGUR
- AQT

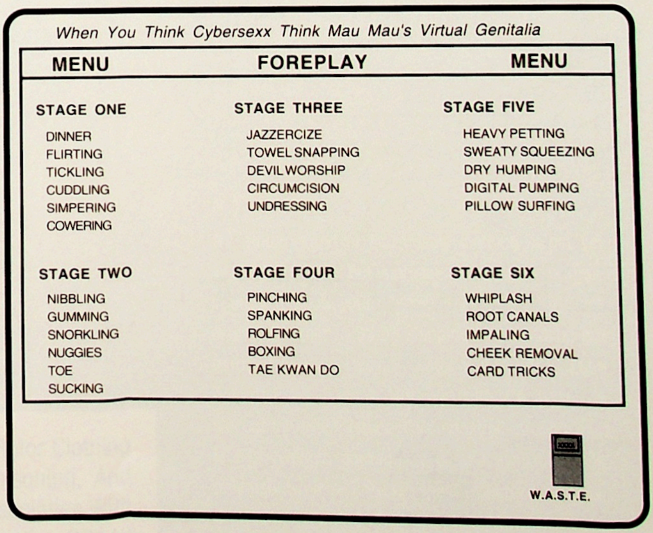
W.A.S.T.E.

With MULTI-PORT I am creating a dynamic, open-ended program. While making Whoopie!™ I can dip into the SHEEP file and/or the CHER file without shame or blame. I am the MASTER OF THE UNIVERSE!

To go to work on the ORGASM…

CTL **C** **O** **M** **ENTER**

Press CONTROL C O M ENTER on your KEYBOARD



When You Think Cybersexx Think Mau Mau's Virtual Genitalia

MENU **FOREPLAY** **MENU**

STAGE ONE
- DINNER
- FLIRTING
- TICKLING
- CUDDLING
- SIMPERING
- COWERING

STAGE TWO
- NIBBLING
- GUMMING
- SNORKLING
- NUGGIES
- TOE
- SUCKING

STAGE THREE
- JAZZERCIZE
- TOWEL SNAPPING
- DEVIL WORSHIP
- CIRCUMCISION
- UNDRESSING

STAGE FOUR
- PINCHING
- SPANKING
- ROLFING
- BOXING
- TAE KWAN DO

STAGE FIVE
- HEAVY PETTING
- SWEATY SQUEEZING
- DRY HUMPING
- DIGITAL PUMPING
- PILLOW SURFING

STAGE SIX
- WHIPLASH
- ROOT CANALS
- IMPALING
- CHEEK REMOVAL
- CARD TRICKS

W.A.S.T.E.

MY 986 sx MultiMedia platform with Mau Mau's CyberClitoris/Penis Combo allows me to run the FOREPLAY utility in the foreground and experience AROUSAL in REALTIME. You can try installing this on a slower unit but it may take you several hours to get it up.

For more personalized stimulation...

CTL C O M E ENTER

Press CONTROL
C O M E ENTER
on your KEYBOARD

Need Low-Cost Virus Protection? Try the Virtual Rubber Only $29.95

MENU **EXTRAS** **MENU**

SPECIAL FX

GOLDENSHOWERS
BEIGE SLEET
PURPLE RAIN
FLATULENCE
PLASTIC SURGERY
CHANTING
DRUM SOLO
SUBLIMINALS
MOANS

ACCESSORIES

WHIPS AND HANDCUFFS
TRAPEZE
TRAMPOLINE
UNICYCLE
4-WAY DILDO
LAPTOP VIBRATOR
PIRACETAM PATCH
ANTI-GRAVITY ROOM
LEATHER PUNCH
LSD-XTC-PCP-DMT-2CB

ORGASM INDEX

10 - FULL CIRCUIT TANTRIC BLOWOUT
9 - MULTIPHASIC QUANTUM BLISSBOMB
8 - HEADBANGER WITH AFTERGLO
7 - FIREWORKS WITH TOECURLING
6 - MOLTEN LOINS ERUPTING
5 - QUIVERING AND DROOLING
4 - SUBTLE RIPPLINGS
3 - TICKLISH SENSATIONS
2 - WARM FEELINGS
1 - NADA

W.A.S.T.E.

Note: I no longer recommend GOLDEN SHOWERS at the Workstation, ever since I witnessed a freak electrical accident that wiped out a whole NETWORK of CYBERPUNKS during one of Mau Mau's product demos at a local USERS GROUP. Two were killed outright—and were later resuscitated—while four reported IQ INCREASES in the three digits. Remarkably, all participants said they would do it again if conditions could be replicated.

So there you have it: a quicky test drive of the state of the art in user-friendly HardCore Software. After a few sessions with Whoopie!™ you should be easily working out your own sexxual metascripts and laying the groundwork for FUTURE SEXX ACTS of your own design.

One final word of warning:
Be cautious with the INDUSTRIAL FILES. Don't be a show-off. If you've programmed an S/M script that's becoming too much for you, and you feel you are about to lose consciousness...

HELP ESC HOME

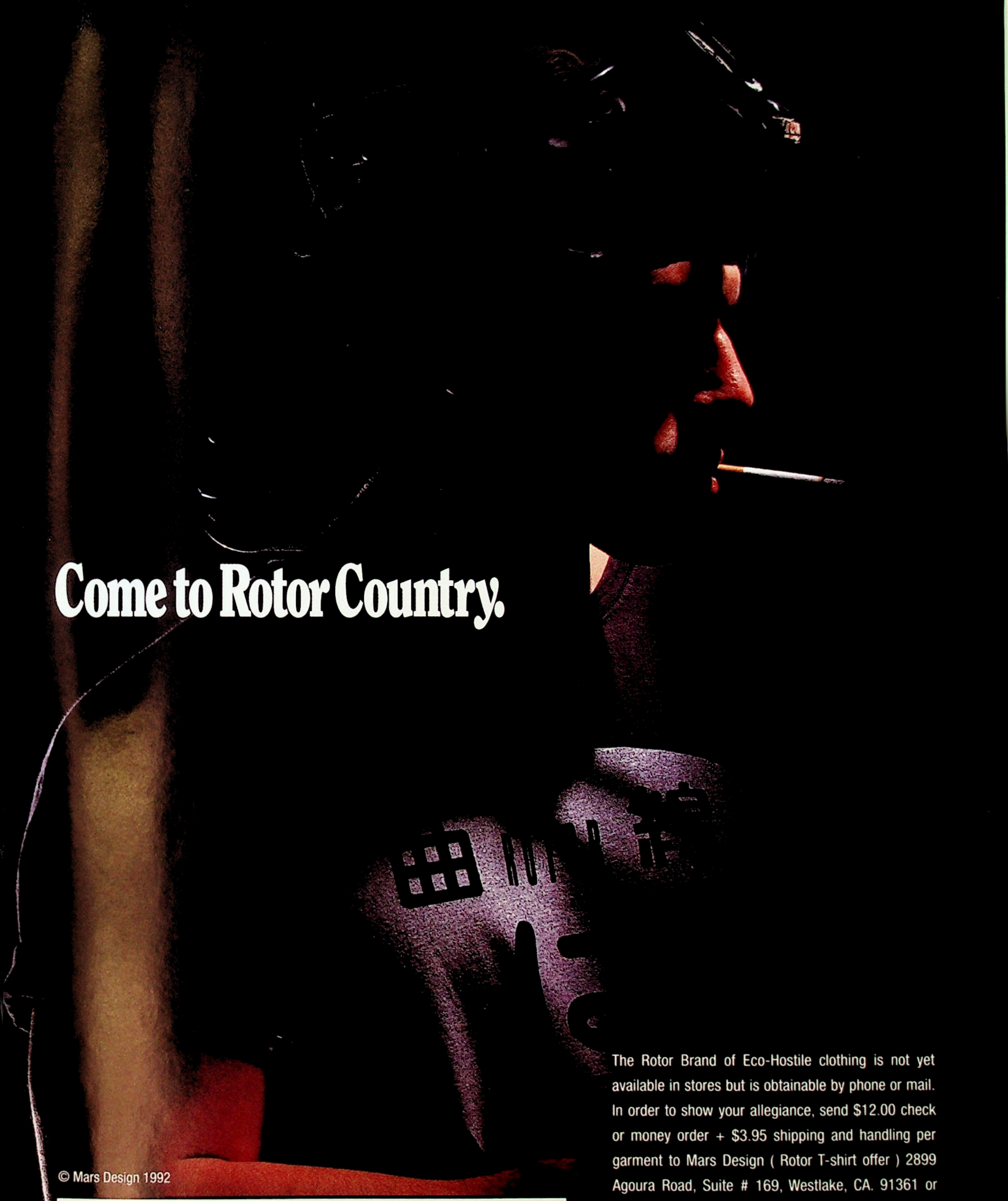
Press HELP ESC HOME
on your KEYBOARD

You can pull out before any serious damage is done.

happy computing!

<:') **R.A.M.**

UNCLE


Come to Rotor Country.

© Mars Design 1992

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The Rotor Brand of Eco-Hostile clothing is not yet available in stores but is obtainable by phone or mail. In order to show your allegiance, send $12.00 check or money order + $3.95 shipping and handling per garment to Mars Design (Rotor T-shirt offer) 2899 Agoura Road, Suite # 169, Westlake, CA. 91361 or call our toll-free number. This industrial-strength shirt is heavyweight, garment-dyed, and available in XL only (shown here). Please specify Charcoal or Khaki. CA. residents add 8.25% sales tax. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Dealer inquiries welcome. Credit card

JOURNEY TO KOOKTOPIA

Bart Nagel

> *"And they knew not their hole from an ass on the ground"*
> —*The Book of Holes*
> Firesign Theatre

Gareth Branwyn & Mark Frauenfelder

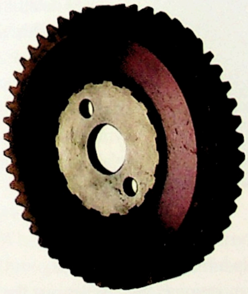
The Church of the Subgenius uses the term Bulldada to refer to "that which is good because it has no idea how bad it is." While most people might immediately think of kitsch art or the Home Shopper's Network as primary sources of Bulldada, we recently stumbled on a whole universe of do-it-yourself practitioners who put all the artschool surrealists to shame. Imagine this…

You live in a world embroiled in an interdimensional/intergalatic war being fought on an infinite number of battle fronts. A golden age of super-science and psychic wonders—our birthright—has been stolen from us and only a handful of weekend warriors have discovered the truth and are brave enough to fight for it. The very laws of physics (among other things) are at stake. Free energy, immortality, space-time travel, and the ability to hack the laws of thermodynamics should all be available to us. So what's holding up the perpetual engine of progress?

In the Bulldada universe next door, the enemy goes by many names: the Elite, the Men In Black, the Illuminati, the Shadow Government, the Gnomes of Zurich. Whatever they are called, you can blame the gravity dump we currently live in on them. *They* are the ones who have bought or stolen Utopia's blueprints and shelved them in the dusty safes of old government buildings, or sold them to the Soviets, or slipped them to bug-eyed monsters through gaping holes in space/time. Composed of a nefarious alliance between corrupt humans and evil space aliens, the Elite is hell-bent on keeping the working stiffs of the world addicted to petroleum, pesticides, and pharmaceuticals—all products of greedy global corporations who have signed pacts with the Shadow Empire.

The commies are key players in this unholy alliance, too. For years the Russians have been blasting massive doses of electromagnetic energy into our skulls with enormous transmitters. These waves are eating away at our brains, corrupting our morals and preventing us from realizing what's *really* going on (please see above). Now the world-dominating shadow-elite-alien-commie-government-conspiracy has us believing that they aren't the same one-world-and-we'll-bury-you freaks they've always been. And now that our guard is down, they are about to initiate Phase Two of their dastardly plan—triggering cyclopean earthquakes across North America by resonating geomagnetic polarity bands.

And, as if all this weren't enough, we've also got the "independents" to deal with such as the Deros, a race of sinister dwarves living in honeycombed tunnels throughout the Earth's crust, and bee-like Martians with Mensa-level I.Q.s who buzz their tiny saucers over our sleepy Spielbergian neighborhoods. Some of the Earth's quixotic protectors believe that the Earth and its inhabitants are actually owned by an alien race that has "a legal right to us, by force, or by having paid out analogues of beads for us to former, more primitive owners." (Charles Fort)



But fear thee not! For there is amassing, in the garages and foreclosed farmlands of America, a fearless army of self-educated stalwarts standing at the gates of the Elite's citadel. They have designed and built awesome weapons and bewildering gizmos to fight (or a least befuddle) the Shadowy forces that threaten us. Armed with glass bulbs filled with exotic Tesla gases, gyroscopes, redesigned AC generators, polar negative discs run by vibratory circuits of sympathetic polar attraction drawn directly from space, and ether pumps, they are going to demolish the tyrants who have turned the human race into a bunch of slaves and mind-mutilated cattle.

They are the kook-tech inventors and salesman and this is their story. So, snuggle up in your Orgone Blanket, fix yourself a mug of Hydrogen Peroxide, crank up the UFO detector, and read on!

FRY ME TO THE MOON

"Curiosity is a sighn [sic] of intelligence"
—Al Fry

Al Fry, who lives in a one-payphone town in Idaho, is the proprietor of **Fry's Incredible Inquiries**, a mail-order business of D.I.Y. kooktech manuals and books on UFOs and the coming new age. As an expert on suppressed inventions and the owner of "probably the largest selection of time travel publications ever put together," Fry told us that some of his customers "go backwards and forwards using these machines." Fry hesitated to give us much information about time travel: "I only go so far in most of my interest and dealings in such areas due to the dangers involved. Big Brother keeps tabs on the really high tech geniuses around and I prefer to remain just enough of the country boy to slow such problems." Fry claims that the most advanced high tech gadgetry has been around for ten thousand years, but that the common folk have lost access to it. "The government & 'elite' front men have technology that is pretty mind-boggling but I can't get any deeper than I am," said a cautious Fry.

Fry is more willing to discuss Project Phoenix, which began as a government-run weather balloon program that unleashed a Pandora's Box of psychic disaster upon the citizens. The most benign function of the balloons was to transmit a Wilhelm Reich-discovered radio frequency that reduced the intensity of storms by attracting Orgone, and disrupting DOR (Deadly Orgone). But the transmissions were also "pulsed & cycled" in such a way as to control the minds of people living under the influence of the balloons. The same signals, when intensified, were used to generate time warp vortices large enough to send an automobile and its hapless occupants careening through time. The scientists continued to increase the strength of the Reichian waves until giant mental constructs were unleashed and could not be contained. Around 1983, the constructs coalesced and took the form of a 25 foot-tall Bigfoot monster, wreaking havoc and terrorizing project scientists. Some feel that the monster was created by a renegade faction of the government who wanted to sabotage Project Phoenix for their own wicked purposes.

Fry is an authority on everything from the dangers of ice cream—"Smelly, chemical-laden poison that we wouldn't even feed our dog. In its frozen form with its artificial 'taste foolers' it gets spooned right down our gullets."—to proper living for trailer park denizens: "The aluminum sends deleterious rays inward which is unhealthy and draining. Polarity devices and such are of some benefit. One self-made device consists of a pan of sand that is charged up under a properly made pyramid. Set in a corner this works for

around a week at which time some cold unpolluted water should be poured over the sand and its wood container to cleanse it."

Fry also offers a correspondence course in Human Functioning Secrets that makes this modest claim: "Once you have taken the full course, you should be able to mind read, stop your mental and physical pain as well as showing others how to do so [sic], have a total memory recall, share beauty in relationships, talk a new communication, know the answers to hate, pride, prejudice and hostility, have a true knowledge of world peace and a serenity never known before. You will have answers to miracles, the beginning of time, what infinity is, how it happened and what you really are. You will have a new communication with nature and all living beings."

ELECTRONIC WITCHCRAFT

John Ernst Worrell Keely, born in 1827, was a guy who gave garage inventors a bad name. He claimed to have discovered a new physical force that resulted from the intermolecular vibration of ether. This sympathetic vibratory action could be used to drive an engine. After Keely demonstrated a prototype of his motor, he was able to obtain investors and the Keely Motor Company was born. Subsequently, Keely was unable to perfect his motor or to patent the device. He continued to get funding for his projects even though none of his devices ever worked outside of his physical presence. Devotees even claim that he had the devices tuned to his body so that only he could operate them. When he died, officers of the Keely Motor Company had his workshop thoroughly examined. They found numerous trap doors, air and hydraulic lines, and other sideshow trickery. Keely was summarily denounced as a fraud.

But Jerry Decker and the other folks at Vangard Sciences don't want to be confused by the "facts." They run **KeelyNet** (a popular bulletin board in Kooktopia), host conferences, and put out a newsletter, all devoted to Keely and such related voodoo-tech as levitation, radionics, anti-grav machines, and UFOs. They say Keely was one of the great scientists of our age and that he was the victim, like all free energy crusaders, of greed, power, and ego. "It always boils down to these three things," says Decker. "Keely was so far ahead of his time, they haven't even begun to figure out what he was about. Read your quantum physics and you'll see how right Keely was." When asked about the 1884 *Scientific American* article which revealed the workshop scam, Decker makes light of it, chalking it up once again to ego, power, and greed. We ask him the obvious question of why no free energy device has ever been found to withstand the test of time (or even close examination). If any of this were real, wouldn't greed, power, and ego also compel a corporation to want to get there first and corner one of these discoveries? And, doesn't the radionic pendulum swing both ways? Couldn't ego, power, and greed just be a *teensy-weensy* reason why the inventors tinker with this stuff in the first place? He freely admits that lots of the free energy inventors are "a bit crazy, paranoid, egotistical, and greedy," but he refuses to suspect the integrity of their ideas.

As we talk, Decker gets more and more excited. We ask him about Scalar Beam weapons, and in seconds he leaps back to the Middle Ages to something posited then called "first issue," a clear fluid that comes out of you when your skin is broken. He goes into frenzied detail about how this substance continues to have a sympathetic relationship with you after it leaves your body. He suggests an experiment. The next time someone cuts themselves, put the "first issue" on a swab and take it to another room. Don't tell your now profusely bleeding subject what you are doing. If you, from the other room, pour alcohol onto the swab, the person will feel it on their wound. Decker is off on the next subject before we can ask him if he's ever tried it. He seems startled by the question. No, he hasn't. Does he know anyone who has tried it? Several of his friends did and nothing happened. But, let him tell us about this other neat thing he read ("All this is available on KeelyNet, by the way") that says iatrogenic diseases in hospitals can be explained by this sympathetic ooze theory. All the bandages in the hospital are thrown in the same hamper where your diseased ooze oozes all over everybody else's first ooze. These icky mutant disease vibes are then beamed back to you, and all viral hell breaks loose. Bulldada!

From here Decker careens off into the fourth dimension with some nonsense about taking snapshots of scalar waveforms of various diseases and then beaming the disease pattern back into other people. He says some papers on KeelyNet describe how the Soviets were doing this for years, aiming their deadly Scalar waves toward Oregon. And then AIDS, the ultimate disease for paranoids, enters the conversation. Yup... that's right... scalar beams.

KeelyNet's *pièce de résistence* is Decker's own essay on "The Krell Helmet." Remember the movie *Forbidden Planet* and the long-dead Krells whose engines of progress still hummed in immense canyons of steel beneath the planet? The Krell Helmet was a device that the civilization had built to pump up their big alien brains. Decker claims a friend of a friend of a friend (no foolin') has built such a device and that this "engineering genius" now has mental muscle to spare. He can enter into other people's brains to read their thoughts or seed them. He can extend his "cerebellic fields" to control mass for "genetic transmutation, levitation, and a host of other unknown possibilities." "I can't really tell you any more than that. I know a lot more, but I'm not at liberty to divulge. [*he starts giggling*] I *can* tell you the guy is kinda kinky [*more giggling*]. He almost killed his girlfriend with a helmet. They had sex while he was wearing it and… ya know… it amplifies everything.” [*titter titter*]

HURLER OF LIGHTENING

If Keely is the mischievous Puck of Kooktopia, Tesla is the risen god. His research and inventions in electricity and radio are fundamental to much of our technology today. Many of his speculations about satellites, microwaves, robotics and his “world system of intelligence transmission“ (interconnected radio, telephone, personal communications and information services) have proven to be prescient. Even Star Wars, telerobotic wars of science fought in space, was a Tesla prediction. His personal eccentricities, his strange working methods (he allegedly “prototyped” in his mind) and his penchant for making outrageous claims (such as stating that he could split the Earth in two like an apple and that he spoke with ETs) has made him a primary object of worship in kook circles. Those who study him and his inventions mix his scientifically sound discoveries with his wackier speculations. They seem to make very little effort to critically evaluate his work. If Telsa thought it, it must be true.

Enter Steve Elswick and his magazine *Extraordinary Science*, the official publication of the International Tesla Society. This quarterly publication reports on the doings of the society and their Colorado Springs Tesla Museum. *Extraordinary Science* also publishes papers which cover the gamut of Tesla-tech from the practical to the downright daffy. Recent issues spend a lot of time discussing electro-healing therapies with many of the references cited being from turn-of-the-century publications! Kirlian photography, Rife Plasma Beams, and other “light therapies” are uncritically discussed. Evaluative data is given short shrift over anecdotal comments such as this from an article on the Violet Ray healing device: “…we use it, and we've noticed that the problems seem to clear up for us faster than for people who don't use the device.” The author notes that the most dramatic effect is on the family dog and his stiff back: “We apply the electrode to his back for less than thirty seconds, and within an hour the stiffness always disappears.”

STRANGE LOOPS

When we started on our journey through Kooktopia we used dada and surrealism as convenient signposts. Now that we're done, looking at the map, it looks more like a deconstruction site. To these wacky tinkerers, science is a story, a collection of good cosmo-conceptions buttressed by a few anecdotes and some hot rumors. If it sounds good, it is good. The sketches, the diagrams, and the patents do not refer to anything, they are the thing itself. The more complex and arcane the drawing, the more ancient the knowledge, the more powerful the “discovery.” Experimentation becomes performance (to lure in other scientists and investors). Several people we talked to even suggested, in answer to questions of fraud, that their colleagues might sometimes need to fake a demo due to the sensitive nature of their device and the pressures of making the tech work “on cue.” It's not surprising that a number of well-known kook inventors worked in the circus or vaudeville before they went into “serious science.”

The logic applied in this world of funhouse science bristles with fallacies. It is very similar to the Möbius-looped philosophy of the New Age. If something goes wrong with the technology, it's because of some outside force (weather conditions, faulty parts, sabotage). It's never the fundamental principles on which the design is based or the design itself that is at fault. And, if the U.S. Patent Office rejects an application, it must be because there is a suppressive conspiracy at work. Countless individuals experimenting with etheric forces or Keely's vibratory physics and making no appreciable headway have not dissuaded new generations of kooktechs from trying all over again. The fact that it doesn't work has only magnified its attraction—this is a magical world and these people are questing for philosopher stones.

Of course, in the end, the last laugh may be on those of us who hold on to such stuffy notions as the Laws of Thermodynamics and who are immediately skeptical of etheric forces, free energy devices, and build-it-yourself UFOs. After all, science is not immutable. New ways of looking at things, new discoveries, can radically change our thinking. Recent studies in chaos theory and dynamical systems are a case in point. Maybe you have to be as crazy as Tesla (who puked at the sight of round objects) to come up with the AC generator, or as whacked as Newton (who allegedly couldn't stand the sight of female pubic hair) to invent calculus, or as tweaked as Edison (who named his kids Dot and Dash) to invent the light bulb and the phonograph. Maybe the untrammeled imagination is our greatest national resource.

RESOURCES: PASSPORT TO KOOKTOPIA

We barely visited a barrio of the vast Kooktopian environs. Contact these travel guides for the full packaged tour:

Al Fry's Incredible Inquiry Catalog, HC 76, Box 2207, Garden Valley, ID 83622. (Free)
KeelyNet, PO Box 1031, Mesquite, TX 75150, BBS (214) 324-3501 (Free)
Extraordinary Science, International Tesla Society, 330-A West Uintah St., Ste. 215, Colorado Springs, CO 80905-1095. $25/year.
Klark Kent's Super Science, Box 392, Dayton, OH 45409. (A treasure-trove of bulldada objects d' art. UFO Detector $239. $5 for info pack.)

Other BBSs of interest:
Double Helix (212) 956-807. (Covers both orthodox and unorthodox sciences.)
Wrong Number (201) 451-3063. (An Affiliate of KeelyNet. Information/discussion on “UFOs, 'Alt-Tech,' Levitation, Quantum Phenomena, Spacetime Anomalies.”)

Fast, Cheap, & Nasty

A Techno-Short Sampler

Chris Meyer

ITTY BITTYTECH KEYBOARD AND MONITORS

There's never enough room for all the junk you need if you screw around with technology these days, what with plans for ATM hacks, high-powered lasers, the extravasated computer components and cyberspace consoles... Anything that saves a little room is appreciated.

CURE #1: **The Datalux Microtype keyboard**. Measuring only 155mm x 275mm, it takes only 40% of the space of a normal IBM-compatible enhanced keyboard/TV dinner. It does this by shrinking the row (but not column) spacing, trimming the fat around the edges, and moving the function, keypad, and cursor-control keys above the alphanumerics. These back keys are raised at an angle, moving them closer to the bottom of your monitor and inside your peripheral vision (for those of us who still have to stare at our fingers while inputting bytes). It's not a fad—it works! PS/2 and XT/AT versions plus US, UK, French, German, Swedish, Finnish, Spanish, Swiss (German & French), Italian, and Danish key layouts are available.

Datalux also makes 9" video and Triple Supertwist Nematic LCD flatpanel monitors for your pleasure—and further space saving. They can be purchased through hip retailers or ordered directly at $124.50 for the Microtype keyboard; $198 for the 9" video monitor; and $995 for the LCD flatpanel monitor.

Datalux Corporation
2836 Cessna Drive
Winchester, VA 22601
Tel: (800) DATALUX
Fax: (703) 662-1682

BRING THE NOISE, BUT ZOTZ THAT HUM

The intruder hates clean sound. It cracks in when even two pieces of audio equipment are linked together, to foul your beloved industrial noise with buzz or hum. We're talking about the Ground Loop Virus.

The magics, Black and White, needed to eliminate ground loops in audio systems—whether for multimedia displays, home recording studios, or just your own personal hearing-loss chamber—may take deep wisdom, twelve cloves of garlic, and a key of hassle to devise and implement. Fortunately, there's one cheap device in an unexpected place that can help. It's the glorious Archer Catalog Number 270-054 **Audio System Ground Loop Isolator,** available at your local Radio Shack.

Mis-marketed as a cure for noise in car audio systems, it's a black cylinder with a pair of ground isolation transformers buried inside and a pair of RCA cables dangling from either end. Plugging it between troublesome components in an audio system works like black ice for locking the Ground Loop Virus out from your Glorious Noise. It's cheap, too, at under $12. I intend to make a fortune by removing the Archer label, grafting some high-quality XLR connectors on the ends, and selling them to professional audio freaks for $50-$100 a pop.

The ground run of your audio cables isn't the only entry point for the buzz-and-hum virus, but it certainly improves your odds of maintaining your audio security.

OPEN THE TAP AND DRIBBLE IN A LITTLE VIDEO

The Macintosh computer's QuickTime—a new set of operating systems extensions—makes digital video on a budget easier than ever before. If you have a Mac with a Motorola 68020 processor or above, you can now put moving video into documents—such as word processor pages—or play back animation sequences or slowscan

movies on screen. The only hitch is getting video into the computer.

Enter the **SuperMac Video Spigots**. These are low-cost cards that can grab video from a VCR, camcorder, or even the cable system, digitize it with a variable image size and frame-per-second rate—limits depend partially on how much computer horsepower you have, and just how much image you want—data-compress the stuff, and store it on your hard disk.

SuperMac's data compression codec seems to be about twice as efficient as Apple's stock subroutines, meaning you can eke out a higher frame rate and thereby get smoother motion. The added advantage of good data compression (try 20:1 or better) is that you don't need hundreds of megabytes of hard disk space to do video. You can also resolve the tradeoff—image quality vs. data stored—for yourself.

More people can get into video creation and editing, do their own distribution via disk or a modemed file. Sounds to me like the old cyberpunk creed: "High tech at the street level leads to greater freedom and more power for individual self-expression."

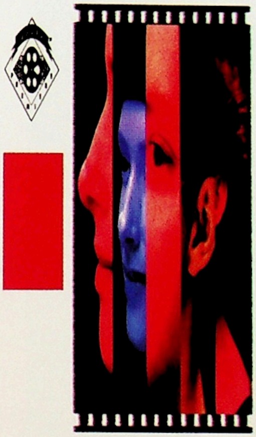
Video in-only cards cost $499 for a Mac IIsi or LC computer; $599 for a NuBus-vibe Mac. **The Video Spigot Pro** at $1999 also has accelerated video output, able to drive a 13" monitor to 24-bit depth, a 16" monitor to 16 bits, and a 21" monitor to 8 bits. The Spigots come with an elegant, but rudimentary movie recorder which can also capture frames and convert them into PICT-format files. But the real deal is that for the first three months of shipping, Adobe's QuickTime movie-editing program **Premiere**—formally known as SuperMac's **Reel Time**—comes free with a card. This special promotion will probably be over by the time you read this, but you may still be able to find a few card/program bundles lying around on dealers' shelves. QuickTime movie editing programs already have features ahead of most normal video editing equipment; Premier even allows you to apply any of Adobe Photoshop's filters—champions of mutation in their own right—to a video clip.

You will be hearing more about QuickTime in these pages in the future, to be sure.

SuperMac Technology
485 Potrero Avenue
Sunnyvale, CA 94086
Tel: (800) 334-3005
BBS: (408) 773-4500 (8-N-1-FULL)
Internet: SMT.TECH@applelink.com
or 76004,2330@compuserve.com

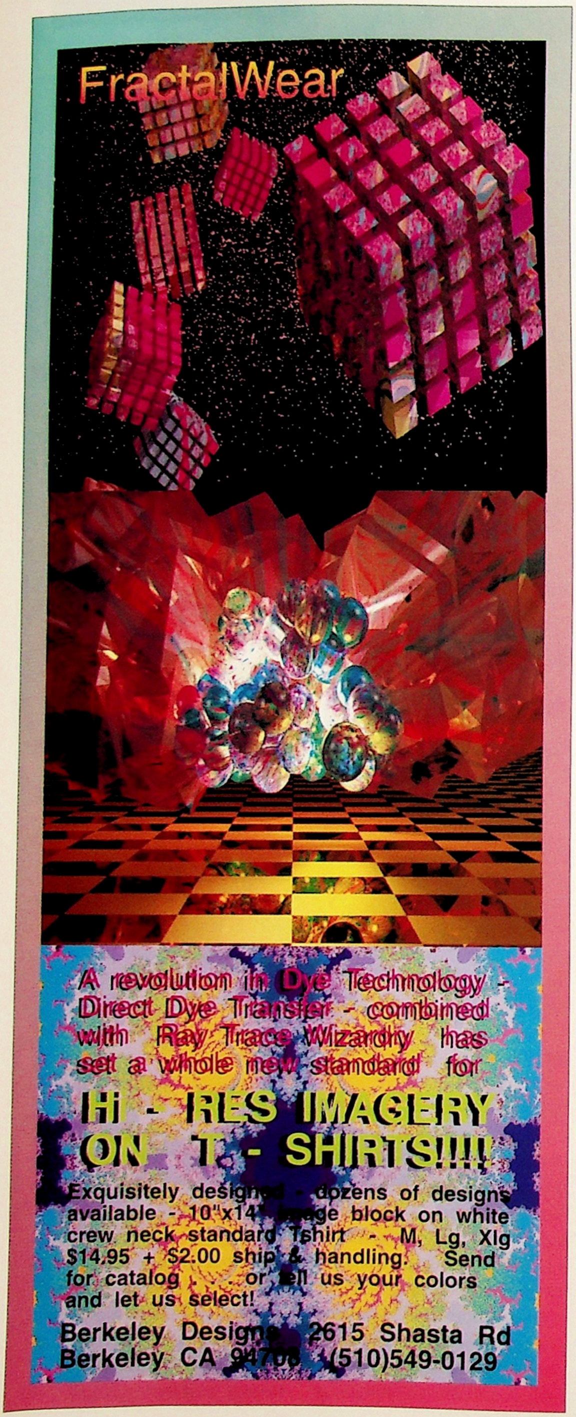
UNICORN/MULTIFEATURED

Video equipment is damn expensive. And trying to get video and audio to synchronize is not cheap, and it's no picnic either. Audio people are used to paying less for their toys than video people—especially those into MIDI control. It is therefore not surprising that a MIDI audio company has broken a couple of price barriers for video equipment.


The digital movie-making tool.

Mark of the Unicorn (MOTU for short) have a pair of single-rack devices known as the **Video Time Piece** and the **Video Distribution Amp** (VTP and VDA). The VDA is a pretty simple affair. It takes three inputs on the back panel, routes them through three groups which can select any of the inputs as its source, and then creates five duplicates of each group—four on the back panel, one on the front. The unit is active, and has adjustable gain from x1 to x4 on each input. AC coupling may also be turned on and off. All connections are BNC, and MOTU throws some RCA-to-BNC adaptors in the box for free. Video distribution comes in handy for getting one signal to more than one place, such as from a VCR to a monitor and another VCR, or from a house sync all the way around. Simple splitters, which end up cutting the level of the signal, just won't cut it even for semi-professional applications. Previously, other manufacturers have raped for this kind of box. MOTU sells the VDA for just $395.

More complex is the VTP. It's essentially a Synchronization God, being able to create, read, or convert MIDI Time Code, MIDI Direct Time Lock (MOTU's proprietary way of getting timing around a music system), normal longitudinal SMPTE time code, or the way-hipper VITC (Vertical Interval Time Code) flavor of SMPTE. If you freeze-frame the picture and have VITC printed between the frames, the VTP will spit out the other forms of timecode over and over—great for spotting sound effects with a MIDI audio sampler system. You can add SMPTE when dubbing tapes, including adding a "window burn" with the timecode superimposed over the picture. In addition to the time, you can add a bit-mapped graphic of your choice and set up "streamers" to wipe across the screen at times specified by MOTU's MIDI music composition programs (useful for cueing actors or musicians through their own monitors).


FractalWear

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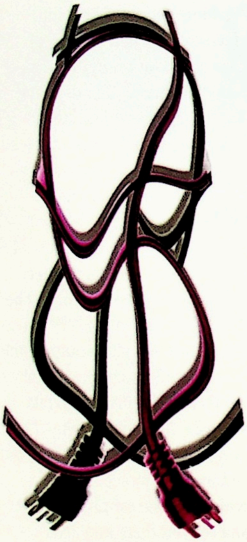

These features are all accessed through a Macintosh desk accessory that comes with the box. Price: $1295—not a giveaway, but cheap for these features.

Okay, video manufacturers; what can *you* give us musicians for cheap?

Mark of the Unicorn
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A BIT OF THE NEW IN-OUT

Musicians and multimedia artists who use the MIDI serial protocol to control synthesizers and other devices have a load of advanced MIDI data routers to choose from—with multiple inputs and outputs, the ability to filter and mutate data on its way through, and the ability to save and recall variations on these set-ups. Much rarer are intelligent audio patchbays, for re-patching and recalling patches remotely without resorting to post-it notes and an obscene amount of plugging and unplugging of cables.

The **Anatek SMP-16** from Creation Technologies in Canada combines a 7-in/8-out MIDI serial patchbay, a 16-in/16-out audio patchbay, SMPTE-to-MIDI timing conversion and synchronization, and the ability to plug in a remote "fader unit" to create variable MIDI messages—all in one programmable box. Up to 50 different MIDI and audio configurations can be memorized. All inputs and outputs can be given names, and patching can take place at the LARGE built-in LCD—great for seeing across the room, or when you're too cool to put on your glasses in the presence of others—or by Macintosh or Atari ST desk accessories.

Other bells and whistles include built-in MIDI "tempo maps" (for memorizing timing changes in MIDI-controlled songs) and a pair of built-in MIDI data filters. The result is a good nerve center for a home studio or particularly for a live music or multimedia presentation rig, since all of this is crammed into a two-space rack-mount package. If you heard of something similar called the **Intone MIDI Maestro**, this is the same box, for the same reasonable debt load of $999.

Creation Technologies
400 Brooksbank Avenue
North Vancouver, B.C. CANADA
V7J1G9
Tel: (604) 980-6850
Fax: (604) 980-6711

VR Resource Guide

Anyone who's seen *The Lawnmower Man* knows the seductions of VR technology: realtime 3D simulation that is both sensorily and *viscerally* engaging. It satisfies our lust for primal novelty—direct hot stimulation of the fun bones.

Arcade entertainment is just one application, of course. There are others in areas as diverse as product presentation, collaborative design, medical and military simulation, art, edutainment and financial visualization.

These fun microsystems are already in use by customers of several maturing VR firms. Here is a burgeoning list of VR purveyors. Our next issue will focus on some of the developments in this accelerating industry and detail some prognostications for the future.

—Eric Gullichsen

Advanced Gravis Computer Technology Ltd. 7400 MacPherson Ave. #111, Burnaby, B.C. V5J 5B6 CANADA. (604) 434-7274. **MouseStick (optical joystick for AT bus card)**

Ascension Technology Corporation P.O. Box 527, Burlington, VT 05402. (802) 655-7879. **Ascension Bird (6D magnetic tracker)**

Autodesk, Inc. 2320 Marinship Way, Sausalito, CA 94965. **Cyberspace Project**

CiS 285 Littleton Road, Suite 3, Westford, MA 01886. (603) 894-5999; FAX (508) 692-2600. **Geometry Ball Jr. (6D joystick)**

Crystal River Engineering 12350 Wards Ferry Rd., Groveland, CA 95321. (209) 962-6382. **Convolvotron (4 channel 3D audio card for PC)**

Fake Space Labs 935 Hamilton Ave., Menlo Park, CA 94025. (415) 688-1940. **BOOM (stereo viewer on articulated arm)**

Focal Point Audio 1402 Pine Ave. Suite 127, Niagara Falls, NY 14301. (415) 963-9188. **Focal Point (3D audio boards for Mac and PC)**

Gyration, Inc. 12930 Saratoga Ave., Bldg. C, Saratoga, CA 95070. (408) 255-3016. **GyroPoint (optically sensed gyroscopic sensors)**

Logitech Inc. 6505 Kaiser Drive, Freemont, CA 94555. (415) 795-8500. **Red Baron (6D mouse and head tracker)**

Metaware, Inc. 2161 Delaware Ave., Santa Cruz, CA 95060-5706. (408) 429-6382. **HighC 386 compiler, Version 1.72**

Phar Lap Software Inc. 60 Aberdeen Ave., Cambridge, MA 02138. (617) 661-1510. **386 Dos-Extender, Version 4.0**

Polhemus, Inc. P.O. Box 560, Colchester, VT 05446. (802) 655-3159. **Polhemus (3Space 6D magnetic tracker)**

Sense8 Corporation 1001 Bridgeway, P.O. Box 477, Sausalito CA 94965. (415) 331-6318; FAX 415-331-9148 **VR software and systems (for PC, Sun, & Silicon Graphics**

Spaceball Technologies, Inc. 2063 Landings, Sunnyvale, CA 94043. (408) 745-0330. **Spaceball (6D joystick)**

Virtual Research 1313 Socorro Ave., Sunnyvale, CA 94089. (408) 739-7114. **Flight Helmet (head mounted display)**

VPL 656 Bair Island Rd. Suite 304, Redwood City, CA 94063. (415) 361-1710. **Eyephones and DataGlove (head mounted display and glove)**

Fake Space Music

HDTV OLYMPICS

EUROPE'S VISION 1250 SCORES GOLD MEDAL AT WINTER OLYMPICS

Bart Nagel

PLANS REPEAT PERFORMANCE IN BARCELONA FOR SUMMER GAMES

JAPAN'S HIVISION WINS A SILVER

United States a No Show

It used to be that wars accelerated technological advances. But now there's increasing evidence that games will replace wars as a catalyst. It's happening in VR where most of the players are surviving on Defense Department grants to make war game simulations. And it's happening in the HDTV arena too. As demonstrated in Albertville, France, at the XVI Winter Olympiads, and again this summer in Barcelona, HDTV systems will compete in their *own* series of events to win the gold medals.

HDTV Olympic events include the OBU slaloms (outdoor broadcasting units), HD camera gymnastics, slow-motion VTRs, digital vs. analog encoding, digital VTR competition, satellite relay races, and ENGU scatterings.

At Albertville the European consortium premiered its Vision 1250 system to the tune of $100 million. No expense was spared as over 350 production players were hired just for the event. Major sponsors in the Vision 1250 competition include Thomson CF and the French government, BTS, a Phillips/Bosch joint venture, and others who invested huge sums in building new HDTV equipment in time for the games. The Vision 1250 hardware line up included 35 HDTV color video cameras, nine OBUs, 28 HD analog VTRs, one D-1 digital HDTV VTR, six slow motion units, two HD-MAC encoders, and other miscellaneous editing and ENGUs (electronic news gathering units).

The 1250 line/50Hz Vision 1250 pictures were transmitted to over 50 "Euro Sites", special public viewing centers located across Europe. Nearly 200 hours of HDTV programs were transmitted via satelite for 13 hours per day between February 8-23, becoming the largest outside HDTV broadcast to date. The abilities of the new EC to overcome historic barriers to technology and information flow among European countries gave a glimpse of things to come there.

by Stephen Beck

Jean Calliot, senior vice president of Thomson, and Brian Scott of the Vision 1250 consortium stated: "We've proven that the HD-MAC system works and is here to stay". The French daily newspaper *Le Figaro* reportedly praised the 16:9 wide screen and noted that the old 4:3 screen is doomed to eventual extinction.

Picture quality at the remote viewing sites was reported to be generally good to excellent, though some critics noted that the pictures appeared "grainy", and that pixellation blocks often appeared on the edges of skiers legs, bobsleds, and other fast moving objects. Pixellation occurs when the HDTV motion detection algorithms used in the HD-MAC encoders can't keep up with fast action. "New algorithms can be programmed into the encoders to correct this problem in time for the summer games" said Mohamed Mrey, camera marketing manager at BTS. The picture graininess was attributed to the use of older, first-generation HDTV cameras.

By Summer Games time in Barcelona the Vision 1250 system expects to have cut over to mostly CCD cameras that will eliminate the grainy look. The new cameras, of which there were only four operating at Albertville, use a 2.3 million pixel imaging surface based on a 1" CCD made by Phillips. Additional D-1 digital HDTV VTRs should also be available, and perhaps as many as 100 EuroSite viewing salons will be equipped with large screen HDTV CRT based monitors and projection systems. An estimated $50 million additional investment will keep the Vision 1250 team in training during the intervening months, as they "go for the gold" again in Barcelona.

JAPAN PLAYS TOO — SCORES SILVER MEDAL AT ALBERTVILLE

The NHK crews from Japan arrived to find the Vision 1250 system in place and outflanking the HiVision team in every respect. Makoto Nakamura, NHK's producer in charge of the Winter Games was reportedly "shocked" to discover how well prepared the Vision 1250 team was. "We'd never have imagined the Europeans to be able to come up with so much HDTV equipment. They've really pulled it off, haven't they?"

The NHK team was woefully outnumbered, as they had only 36 staff members, one large OBU with five HiVision cameras, a smaller OBU with two cameras, and one OBU with three cameras rented from a German production company. However, in the efficient Japanese manner, NHK beamed 96 hours of programming back to Japan - half the program-hours of Vision 1250, produced with only one-tenth the staff.

Perhaps more significant was the first use of a digital HiVision transmission system. (See HDTV WARS in MONDO #4). A MUSE-DPCM encoder developed by Toshiba and NHK was used to convert the analog HiVision signals from the master control room in Albertville into digital format for satellite transmission back to Japan. The 129 Mbits/second signal was further reduced to 59.94 Mbits/s by use of a newly developed MUSE-DCPM coder.

Using a QPSK modulator, 140 MHz QSPK signals were sent via a 36 MHz fiber optic link to a terrestrial French Telecom station. Then the signal was beamed up to the Indian Ocean relay satellite and down to KDD Yamaguchi receiving station in Japan. Once received in Japan the signals were converted back into the conventional 8.1 MHz analog video bandwidth form for distribution to public viewing sites in Japan. Picture quality was vastly improved over the previously used conventional FM analog modulation transmission used by NHK in the Seoul, Korea, games in 1988.

Japan is not expected to take the Vision 1250 blow-out of Albertville lying down. Despite recent economic slowdowns reported in Japan, NHK is expected to double its HDTV hardware and production staff for the summer games in Barcelona.

UNITED STATES A NO SHOW!

Meanwhile, there was no HDTV presence from the United States TV networks in Albertville, nor is any planned for Barcelona. M2 spoke with representatives from the NAB (National Association of Broadcasters), the ATTC (Advanced Television Test Center in Virginia), and NBC Sports, and all indicated that there is no HDTV coverage of any sort planned for the 1992 Summer Olympics. The United States is technically hampered by lack of a formal HDTV standard at this time, and structurally limited by free market forces and anti-trust laws that preclude (legally) the consortium based approach of Europe, or the techno-oligarchic organizational structures of Japan.

However, SC-HDTV, one of the newest players to make an appearance in the HDTV preliminaries advanced to a new level of performance after years of training and development in US based laboratories. This promising upcomer showed excellent abilities and performance in mastering one of the toughest HDTV competitions—motion artifacting.

Domestic test broadcasts began in March using the Spectrum Compatible HDTV format (SC-HDTV) co-developed by Zenith and AT&T. Demonstrations at Bell Labs in Murray Hill, NJ, showed the all digital, bi-rate transmission method in action. A one hour SC-HDTV video demo featuring a New York Knicks / Boston Celtics basketball game, and clips from action movies like "Indiana Jones" was intended to show off the crisp, clear pictures of fast motion that can be achieved using the SC-HDTV format.

Simultaneously, a series of test broadcasts of the SC-HDTV system commenced at the Advanced Television Testing Center in Arlington, VA. The ATTC is established to independently test various HDTV systems and equipment submitted by industry, and report its findings to the FCC. The FCC will make a final determination of the HDTV format to be sanctioned in the United States. Many of these tests involve actual RF broadcasting in the local area to observe picture quality, susceptibility to interference, and other effects of real-life TV broadcasting on HDTV signals.

TO BROADCAST OR CABLECAST?

Some argue that HDTV will not be primarily distributed by RF broadcasting, using cable or fiber optics instead. Nonetheless, the FCC is scheduled to make a decision on HDTV broadcasting standards sometime later in 1992. And SC-HDTV is showing early signs of being the winner.

The SC-HDTV format utilizes a bi-rate digital transmission system to reduce the problems of weak signals. With bi-rate, a stronger base signal carries the main picture information, while a second signal, somewhat weaker, carries the finer detail and high resolution information. This results in a reduced loss of picture when the signal begins to weaken over distance.

In old style TV using analog transmission, the picture would get "snowy" as the signal weakened, but you could still make out the picture, and recognize things. But with digital transmission, once the signal gets too weak, all bets are off. Picture sync is lost, and instead of snow you get a kind of cubist reductionism of the image into squares of pixelated blocks of random colors. Not too nice unless you like it for the art effect—reminiscent of certain Picasso or Paul Klee paintings. Before the picture sync is totally lost, objects and persons start to pixelize, and look like the obscured face of some criminal suspect on the 6 o'clock News, or like that blue spotted face of the woman victim in the Willie Smith trial.

With bi-rate digital transmission the loss of signal occurs more gracefully. First, the higher resolution is lost, but picture sync is maintained, and you just see a lower resolution image, much like today's NTSC style picture. If there is a lot of motion in the picture, sometimes it starts to skip, or jump frames, but you never lose audio or some form of stable, clear picture. No blobs, pixels or snow!

SC-HDTV appears to have superior motion detection algorithms compared to Vision1250 or HiVision. The Zenith/ AT&T scientists went back to basics (much like the RCA pre-TV vision research of the 1930's) and conducted large scale tests and studies of psychovisual responses in thousands of individuals. They also examined the eye/brain mechanisms of vision to gain a better understanding of how we see and how we perceive motion and detail. We can clearly see the thread stitching on a baseball when it is held still in our hand. But the same baseball whizzing by at 90 MPH when pitched by Drebeke appears as just a blur. Motion x Detail = A Constant. Get it?

The SC-HDTV motion algorithms based on all this new information are also relatively efficient in both spectrum utilization and in hardware circuitry required in the HDTV receiver. According to Arun Netravali, director of the computing systems research lab at Bell Labs, SC-HDTV receivers will require only 1.5 Mbytes of memory, and two DSP chips that will eventually be integrated into one. SC-HDTV receivers also use progressive scan rather than interlaced scan, so that every pixel in the image is updated 60 times per second. This is twice the rate of HiVision's 30 Hz refresh, or even better than Vision 1250's 25 Hz rate, both of which are still using interlace. The resultant image appears more stable, with much less flicker, much like a high quality computer display than a TV screen. In fact, the progressive scan may be the best thing going for SC-HDTV, since looking at computer generated graphics on a HiVision screen still reveals the ugly flicker artifacts of interlace.

SC-HDTV also promises a much better match between HDTV camera generated photographic pictures and computer generated photorealism. For one, virtually all computer graphics are generated and displayed using progressive scan. A remaining dispute in the United State's HDTV standards battle is over the shape of individual pixels. The computer industry has been lobbying the TV standards group to settle on square pixels, now the norm in computer graphics. The TV guys couldn't care less about pixel shape since most of their programs originate from cameras. But in the interests of maximizing industry standards the HDTV spec should settle on square pixels. This would lead to the unified HDTV/Computer monitor that can serve both your high resolution color display at HDTV functions. Besides, DSP chips work better with square pixels.

While the local SC-HDTV demonstration in New Jersey looked pretty good, early results from ATTC broadcasts in Virginia have shown some motion artifacting and picture degrading in the broadcast trials. Smearing colors and small pixellations around moving edges were observed. But these occured at a signal level comparable to about 60 miles of distance. With so many viewers on cable, and an estimated 5 million home satellite TV receivers, this result maybe acceptable.

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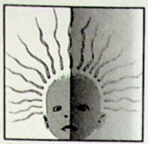
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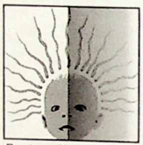
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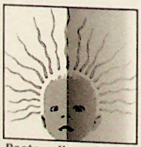
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VIVIVI

U.S. HDTV IN TRAINING - LATE UPDATE

As this issue was going to press yet another digital HDTV entry from a United States team was demonstrated in Washington D.C. MIT and General Instruments Corporation, partners in the American TeleVision Alliance, showed off their **DigiCipher** compatible spectrum HDTV to rave reviews. **DigiCipher** is a 1050 line, 2:1 interlaced HDTV format operating at a 30 Hz frame rate (oh-oh! more flicker!) This system claims to use no more bandwidth than existing NTSC TV broadcasting, about 6Mhz of RF spectrum. Actual RF and cable broadcasts over WETA-TV, PBS Channel 26 in Washington, occurred at high noon on March 23, 1992, pre-empting the regular NTSC signal for one hour. Starring in this historic broadcast was Speaker of the House, Thomas Foley. (Do we really have to watch politicians waxing etheric in high resolution?) HDTV monitors used for the viewing were made by Hitachi and Sony.

The HDTV race is heating up, with the ATTC to soon judge the final five systems. Due to latecoming digital entrants the FCC has revised the deadline for a final decision. Multinational commercial interests have lobbied Washington to push back the date until late 1993. General Instruments is a high-tech conglomerate who manufactures such things as cable TV scrambling equipment, tuner boxes, and satellite TV encryption chips to prevent pirating of pay TV movies. It also gets a healthy chunk of the Defense Department Billions every year for electronic chips and things. The GI/MIT team has developed two of the five HDTV system finalists in the FCC competition.

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February 7, 1992 San Francisco
NAB, Washington D.C.,
Public Information Office, Lynn Claudi
Industrial Liason Conference, March 1992, College of Engineering, University of California, Berkeley
CBS News, NBC Sports, General Instruments Corp.

About the Author:
Stephen Beck is a pioneer video artist and inventor of the Beck Direct Video Synthesizer in 1969. He has designed hundreds of other electronic inventions and video creations since then, and is now Chief Scientist and Technical Officer of Lapis Technologies, Inc.

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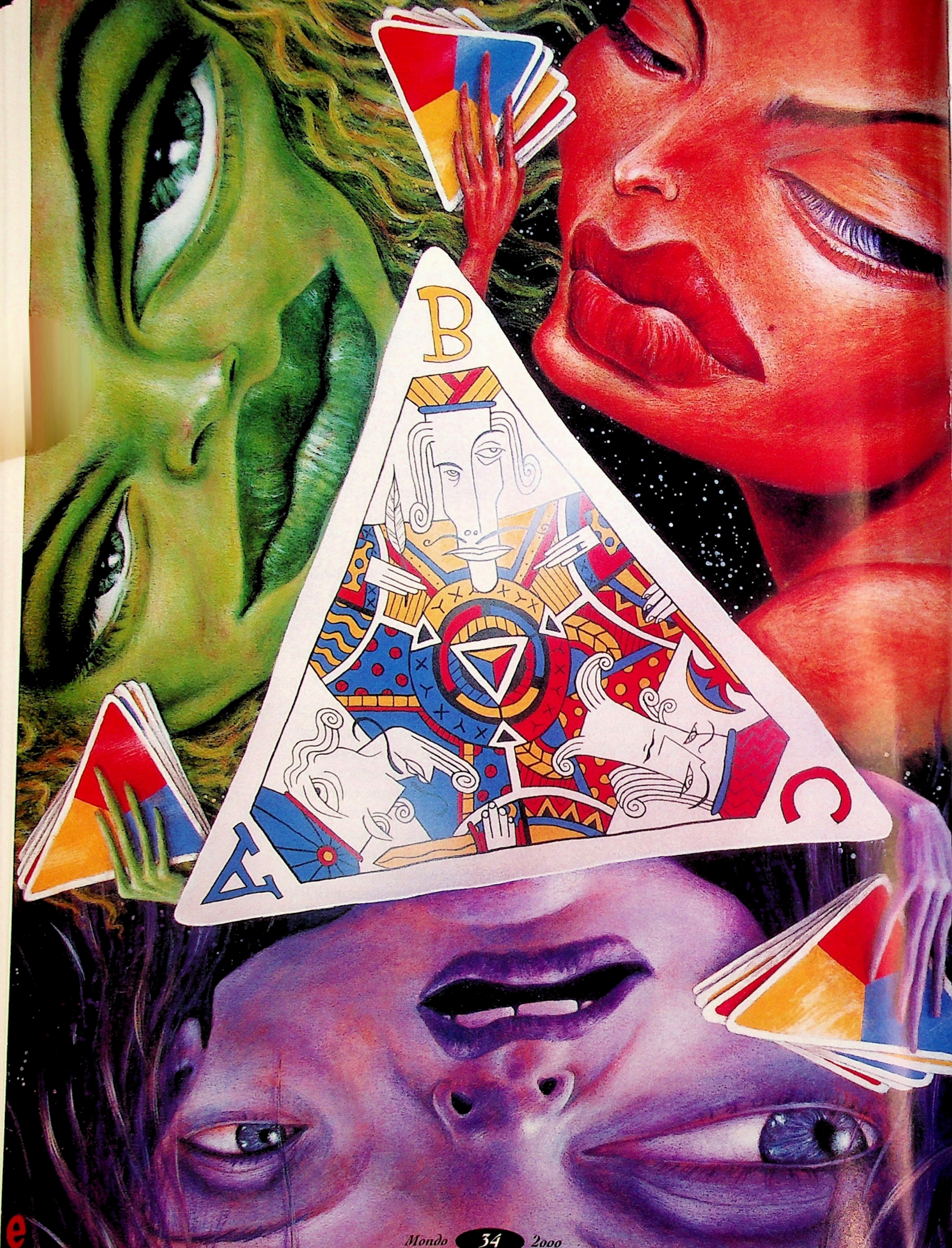
Suggestions of using subcarriers in SC-HDTV broadcasts have been made, since their use has been proven with NTSC and its chrominance subcarrier for over 35 years. However, Bell Labs eschews the use of subcarriers for SC-HDTV, stating that by avoiding them its format is more compatible with existing VCR mechanical technologies, and that their use would increase the cost and complexity of HDTV home VCRs, considered an important factor in choosing a final HDTV standard. On the other hand a new VCR system could breathe life back into US manufacturers to recapture a large share of the VCR manufacturing market.

ATHLETES IN TRAINING FOR BARCELONA VIDEOTHON

Vision 1250, with the home field advantage in Barcelona, is expected to once again sweep the gold medal for Olympic HDTV coverage. HiVision can be expected to field a bigger team, and Japan will be a graceful competitor, expected again to capture the silver and the bronze. The United States will be out of the competition due to lack of focus, but can be expected to field a team in 1996. With Atlanta, Georgia, as the venue, we might expect Ted Turner with his CNN and TBS to be the major player in HDTV coverage then. Perhaps he'll hire Roone Arledge, the TV tech whiz who revolutionized sports coverage in the 60's and 70's at ABC, then a giant in the industry, now a has-been run by bean counters at Cap Cities. The HDTV industry is in a state of churning flux—a condition that is anathema to fossil vested interests but perfectly surfable by sharp young visionary entrepreneurs. So, in the words of the immortal Rudy Rucker "Hang Ten on the Edge!"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When Metaphysics is Outlawed, Only Outlaws will do Metaphysics

A New Proof of Bell's Theorem

FRINGE SCIENCE

Nick Herbert

"[Because of Bell's theorem] we now know that the moon is demonstrably not there when nobody looks."
—solid-state physicist N. David Mermin

Bell's theorem asserts that no local model of reality can explain the results of certain simple experiments on co-originated quantum particles. In a "local" world one thing is connected to another by effects which are constrained to travel at light speed or slower. Ah, but in a *non*-local world, those effects can jump *instantly* from place to place, without traversing the space between. Instantaneous is certainly superliminal—faster than light. For some observers this amounts to time travel: this effect over here happens before we perceive that cause over there!

John Stewart Bell, a witty red-bearded Irishman, practiced theoretical physics at CERN, the giant European Common-Market accelerator in Switzerland. His work has divided philosophers into two camps: those like myself, who espouse a non-local model of reality—and those who choose to renounce models of reality altogether. One such reality renouncer is solid-state physicist N. David Mermin, quoted above on lunar persistence.

I BEFORE E IF FASTER THAN C

Although the foundational theories of physics—quantum theory and relativity—predict strictly local effects, and despite the fact that no one has observed a single instance of faster-than-light signalling, this bold Irishman claims that reality—if you believe in reality at all—must be superluminally connected. What prevents us from using Bell's theorem to build time machines seems to be that these superluminal connections are accessible to Nature alone, not to human beings. We know of these deep ultra-fast connections only indirectly, through the simple but compelling argument of Bell's marvelous proof.

Bell's theorem can be proved in many ways for many kinds of quantum-correlated particle experiments. Recently a new three-particle experiment was proposed by Daniel Greenberger, Michael Horne and Anton Zeilinger for which the logic is particularly clear-cut. For the GHZ experiment, local models of reality predict that a certain result A will always happen—while in fact, result A *never* happens. Thus, the GHZ experiment refutes the local model for reality.

The GHZ experiment involves three quantum-correlated particles (a, b, c)

Eric White

emitted from a common source O, each travelling at 120 degrees to one another (like the spokes in a peace symbol) to three distant detectors A, B, C where their spins (either UP or DOWN) in either the X or the Y direction are measured. Although for technical reasons the GHZ experiment has not yet been carried out, quantum theory gives unequivocal predictions for the outcomes of any conceivable thought experiment. When this experiment is conducted, these two results will occur, from which Bell's conclusion concerning the world's underlying reality may be inferred:

1. If one detector is set to measure X spin (while the others are measuring Y spin), the number of UP spins detected for the three particles will always be ODD (that is, either 1 or 3);
2. If all three detectors are set to measure X spin, the number of UP spins detected will always be EVEN (either 0 or 2).

The gist of Bell's theorem is that no local model of what is actually going on with these 3 particles and their observers can reproduce these two simple results.

Okay—you're confused. Even physicists have a hard time keeping these two results clearly in mind, so I offer here a picturesque analogy to aid your reasoning. Three women—Andromeda, Berenice and Cassiopeia—live in three star systems equidistant from Earth in sky sectors 120 degrees apart. These ladies subscribe to the rent-a-knight service of "Boys R Us," a terrestrial company that provides temporary manpower for off-planet good deeds. Each week three knights are dispatched in conventional NAFAL (nearly-as-fast-as-light) starships in directions A, B, C to arrive every Saturday afternoon at milady's backyard spaceport.

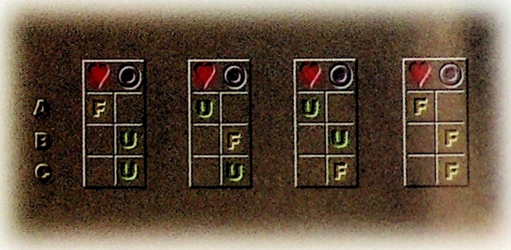
On each successive Saturday the ladies' needs (in this simple model of reality) fall into two exclusive categories: dragon-slaying or amatory adventure. To satisfy these two needs, the knights are accordingly trained to fight and/or flirt. However, so great is the demand for manpower at "Boy's R Us" that both the raw human material and the training time are insufficient to do a perfect job: only some knights (FF) are actually trained in both skills. Some knights are trained in only one (FU or UF), and, alas, some knights are utterly untrained (UU). What this means is that sometimes the ladies are disappointed.

In fact the ladies' patterns of disappointment (POD) follow the following rules: 1) if only one lady chooses a lover (while the others choose fighters), then an ODD number of ladies (1 or 3) will always be satisfied; 2) if all ladies choose lovers, then an EVEN number of ladies (0 or 2) will get their wish.

In this analogy, the 3 knights stand for the three GHZ particles (a, b, c) emitted from a common source, the manpower service on Earth. The 3 ladies represent the 3 symmetrically deployed particle detectors A, B, C. The ladies' choices (battlefield or bedroom) correspond to the decisions at A, B, C to measure particle spin in either X or Y direction. Receiving a knight trained (F) or untrained (U) in his craft corresponds to observing the particle spin to be UP or DOWN, respectively.

We now proceed to show that no possible way of training knights can lead to the *observed* pattern of disappointment. The best way to see this is to work out all the possibilities yourself.

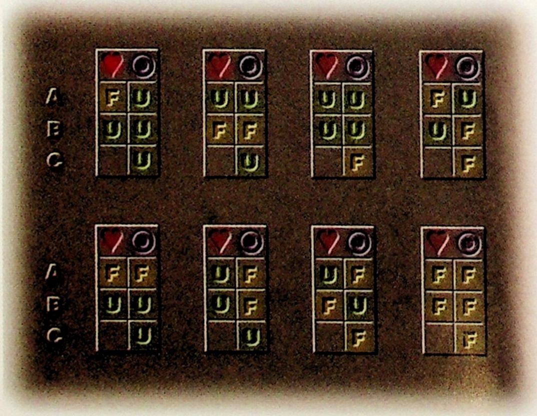
Let's first consider the cases in which only one woman chooses a lover. Suppose Andromeda wants to flirt. There are then 4 possible ways that an odd number of women get their wish. We represent a possible wish-fulfillment structure by a 3x2 array of boxes, where the left-hand column represents flirt-choice and the right-hand column represents fight-choice; the three rows A, B, C correspond to Andromeda, Berenice and Cassie.



	♥	◎	♥	◎	♥	◎	♥	◎
A	F		U		U		F	
B		U		F		U		F
C		U		U		F		F

The blank entries represent training states not constrained by Andromeda's choice: they will be filled in by the choices of her sisters.

Now let Berenice choose a lover and the others choose fighters. The POD requirement that an odd number of women get their wish leads to the following 8 ways of training knights:

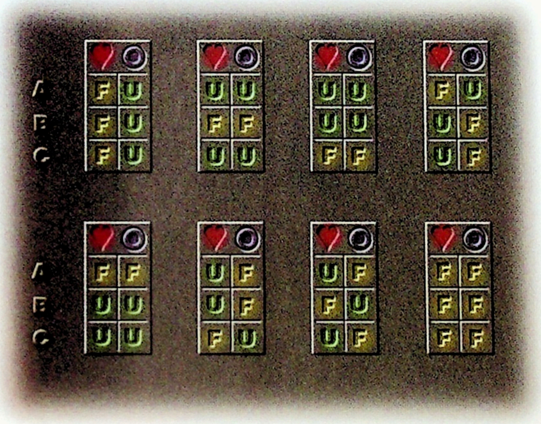


	♥	◎	♥	◎	♥	◎	♥	◎
A	F	U	U	U	U	U	F	U
B	U	U	F	F	U	U	U	F
C		U		U		F		F

	♥	◎	♥	◎	♥	◎	♥	◎
A	F	F	U	F	U	F	F	F
B	U	U	U	F	F	U	F	F
C		U		U		F		F

Again the blank entries will be filled in by considering the choice of the third sister.

Now let Cassiopeia choose a lover while the others choose fighters. The requirement that an odd number of women be satisfied determines the 8 possible training patterns.



	♥	◎
A	F	U
B	F	U
C	F	U

	♥	◎
A	U	U
B	F	F
C	U	U

	♥	◎
A	U	U
B	U	U
C	F	F

	♥	◎
A	F	U
B	U	F
C	U	F

	♥	◎
A	F	F
B	U	U
C	U	U

	♥	◎
A	U	F
B	U	F
C	F	U

	♥	◎
A	U	F
B	F	U
C	U	F

	♥	◎
A	F	F
B	F	F
C	F	F

To meet requirement #1 of the ladies' POD, the terrestrial knight dispatcher may choose among 8 separate training patterns: 3 patterns in which two of the knights are utterly untrained; 4 patterns in which all knights are half-trained and 1 pattern in which all knights are fully trained.

But what of requirement #2 of the ladies' POD? Requirement #2 says that if all ladies choose lovers, an *even* number of ladies will be satisfied.

Check out the eight patterns. Not a single training scheme satisfies this second constraint. No way of training knights (and no way of preparing GHZ particles in definite spin states) can satisfy *both* of these experimental constraints. *Yet it is exactly this impossible pattern of spin measurements that Nature effortlessly provides in every GHZ experiment.* Conclusion: no ordinary model of reality can explain what's going on here.

What sorts of models will work? What kinds of non-local tricks can "Boys R Us" come up with, to fulfill the required POD?

One conceivable strategy is for the knight dispatcher to use clairvoyance to determine the future whimsical choices of ladies A, B, C. He can then dispatch just those knights that will satisfy whatever constraint is applicable. This option requires in the analogy (and in the real world) that a kind of time travel occur between the single source and the three destinations.

Another possibility is that the knights acquire their training not at ignorant but easily trainable louts. However, to determine what sort of training they must undertake to satisfy the two POD constraints, each lady must somehow gain information concerning the training intentions of her distant sisters. This option suggests that the measurement of the 3 GHZ particles is in some sense *a single event that seems to us to take place in three different spacetime locations.*

In this picture of non-local reality, the little universe consisting of these 3 particles and their detectors forms an inseparable system tied together by superluminal information transfers: an example of separation without separateness.

This holistic model of reality was foreshadowed by physicist Niels Bohr's belief that one could not properly speak of quantum particles by themselves, but only of quantum particles *plus* the "entire experimental arrangement" needed to observe them. In the case of the GHZ experiment, Bohr's "entire experimental arrangement" would encompass three spatially separated observers, each one of which contributes an essential part to the "reality" of the other two.

This inability of local models of GHZ to explain the experimental facts tells us that reality cannot be local. But it offers no clue about the nature of the underlying non-local mechanics, if any. At present such speculations are purely metaphysical—outside the realm of present-day physics.

Without spelling out the details, Bell's theorem tells us with mathematical certainty that the world is built according to a bizarre design scheme. To achieve the merely luminal and subluminal effects that we observe up here in ordinary life requires an underground network of invisible superluminal connections (or time travel options). It is as if we had just discovered that all along the Post Office has been using Star Trek matter-transporters to send third-class mail. M2

More information on the GHZ experiment can be found in an article by moon-denying Mermin—to whom I am indebted for this elegant proof—called "Quantum Mysteries Revisited," in The American Journal of Physics, *Volume #8, page 731 (1990).*

Smarter Drugs

Of course we want to be smarter—what the hell?—just as we long to have more succulent lips and fatter hair, *ne?* Being smart fits the profile. However, the problem is what I've been whining about all along: the *tech lag*.

Your girlfriend's puffy Kim Basinger lips are inevitably resorbing into her face. Your boyfriend's hair will keep deciduating. Sic transit.

We live in times of intermediate technology. We know enough to dream it, and not enough to *be* it.

Drugs to bulge your cortex like steroids pack your pecs? A dream, a cruel dream.

And not only are we growing stupider as our brain cells plotz—we're also getting seriously *depressed*, as The Experts tell us our smart drugs don't work.

DOSE DESE IGNORANT ARMIES

Just in time: here's a *smarter* drug, documented by studies on *real* people, not just three or four of the experimenter's labmates. The September *Neurology* introduces us to a substance that speeds access to stored memory *by seconds*, in people both old and new.

To quote the abstract: *We administered milacemide, a glycine prodrug, or placebo to young and older healthy adults, who performed a word-retrieval task. Milacemide administration increased the number of words retrieved and decreased the latency with which these words were retrieved for both young and older adults.*

The latency—the lag time for retrieval, which ran six to eight seconds on placebo—was diminished one or two seconds with milacemide. Consider. A couple of seconds quicker regurge can mean the difference between a verbal choke—all *uhs* and *you knows*—and consummate eloquence. Save a couple of seconds on each memory access and after a few dozen exam questions you've gained 40 IQ points. Aiieeeee! Order me up a drum! *Milacemide*, people.

NOT JUST ANOTHER STIMULANT

Is this merely a speed effect? To quote from the discussion:

St. Jude

Performance on the word-retrieval task requires activation of general knowledge, namely activation of semantic memory.... It is possible, however, that glycine did not have a specific effect on semantic memory, but rather had a generalized facilitative effect on cognitive functioning by increasing alertness or motivation. Some evidence against this interpretation, however, is provided by an additional test, namely recognition memory.

What is this drug? It's brand new, which means that Medline is laconic on milacemide, except for its rat-assisting effects. Rats remember better too.

SNEAKING ACROSS THE BLOOD-BRAIN BORDER

Milacemide is 2-N-pentylamino-acetamide HCl, an acylated glycine derivative which enhances NMDA-mediated (that's N-methyl-D-aspartate) neural transmission in the brain.

Let's back off a moment: milacemide sneaks across the blood-brain barrier to be converted in the brain to glycine—glycine itself gets turned back at the border. Glycine increases the sensitivity of the NMDA receptors in the cell walls of neurons. The excitation of these NMDA receptors facilitates learning and memory.

The overdriving of these same NMDA receptors by internal chemical screwups has been implicated in neuroexcitatory incidents wherein dendrites get burnt to smoking stumps. Don't be alarmed: those rats and humans are jes' fine.

Greg Nersesian

DON'T ASK MS. SCIENCE: GROW YOUR OWN

Milacemide, on its way to becoming glycine in the brain, goes through its glycinamide phase. By sheerest coincidence, of course, the ass end of vasopressin, proline-arginine-glycinamide, is heavily implicated in vasopressin's effect on data storage and requisition. See how it all fits in?

Well, perhaps not—it may be decades before this is sorted out. Tech lag. Let's just hope it won't take years for some friendly Eurosplinter to sell us the stuff mailorder.

Just look: barring any sudden degeneration of the human subjects in these experiments, the abuse potential is obvious. Grow your own extra IQ points. Call your local alchemist now.

St. Jude is the patron saint of the hopeless, the hapless, and children's aspirin. In real life she is Jude Milhon, deteriorated hebephrenic and Senior Editor of MONDO 2000. *Ex-nerd, ex-medic, ex-Maoist, she is succulent, blonde and polymathically perverse.*

Explore Extropic Futopia with Durk Pearson & Sandy Shaw's DESIGNER MIND FOODS™

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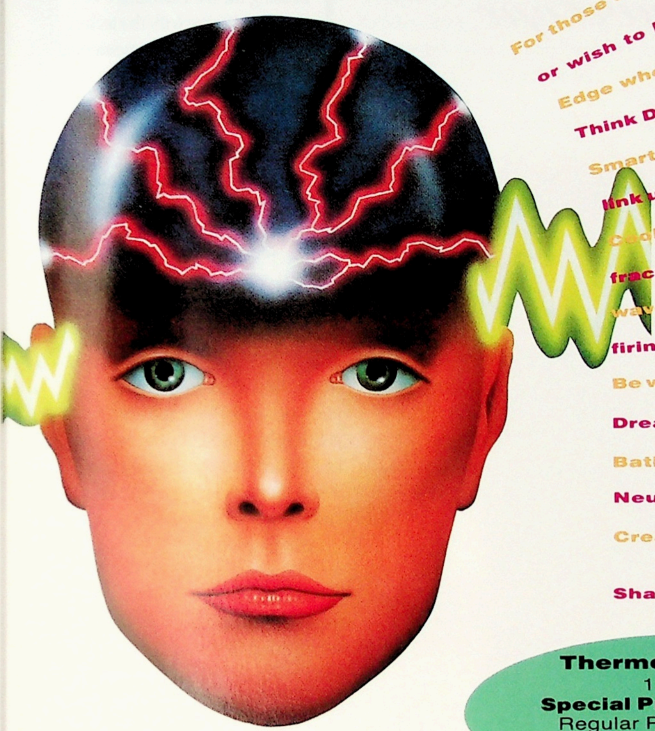

For those who live or wish to live on the New Edge where Virtual Reality meets Think Drinks — the new Mood Food. Check out the Smart Bars, Hyperclubs — turn on to Neuromancing — link up to Brain Machines where Cyberspace explorers, Cool Geeks, Techno-Hipsters enjoy rainbow colored fractal videos — new wave goes next wave goes dream wave with smart nutrients feeding neurotransmitters, firing energy, igniting interactive body/mind mamboe. Be what you want to be this time around. Turn on to Lucid Dreaming, Memory Increases, Yogatronics, Biocircuit Baths — a new Neuroscience with Brain Change Gyms, Neurobics. High Coherence + Neurocomputation + Creative Imagineering → CYBERQUEST!

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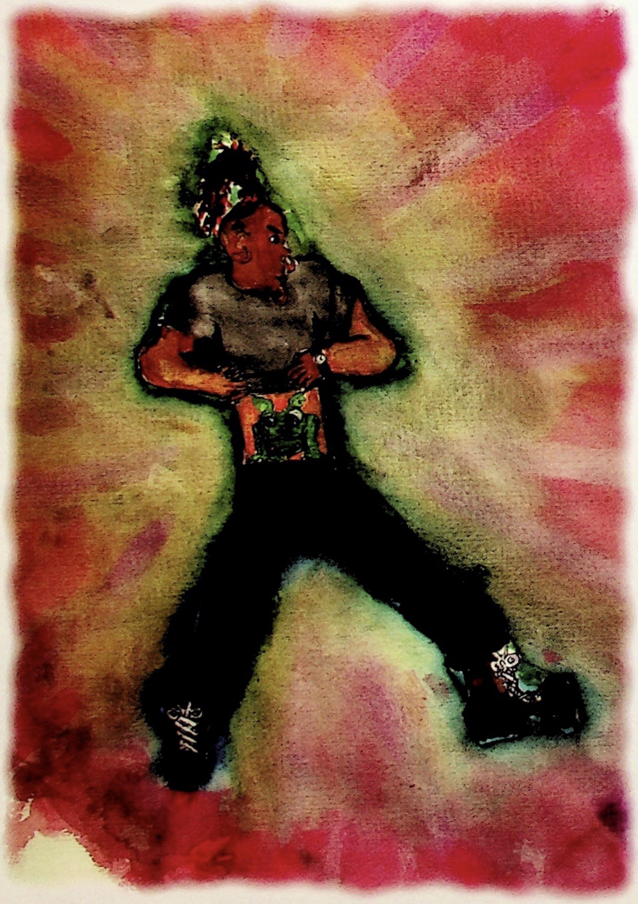
Irresponsible Journalism
Deforming the Envelope


Asa Dodsworth

It's pathetic. Here I've been, abusing the life-extension drugs, suffering with the tech-lag, nursing my self-experimenter's thumb—I *hate* that capsuling machine—while the Truly Hip have been having a life *worth* extending.

What with trying to keep myself at the keyboard another couple decades, I haven't really been keeping up with my next-loft neighbors—heh!—or with all their little Joneses. A mere *coup d'oeil* suddenly hipped me that Life Extension is not what they're about. *Au contraire*, there seems to be a push toward walking the edge, if not the plank itself. And they use a lot of ginchy foreign expressions, which I seem to be picking up as easily as a new computer language.

Hanging out with these guys is fun. Underground videos, performance art that you have to wear heavy-weather gear to. *That* sort of thing. But as I have gotten close to them I have learned their agony, both personal and artistic.

They have had sex only twice in the last six months. And the second time they ended up in the local Urgent Care storefront. See, his Prince Albert didn't heal properly. It's crooked, in fact. It bleeds. And her labia rings... well, they *are* strikingly lovely, but now even sitting down is too *interesting* for her.

Not only that, but both of them are worrying about obsolescing—a word I just made up. It means next year their tattoos may be *tout passé*. I want to help them. Furthermore, I want to regain my edge. I think I may have the solution. It involves...

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE OUT OF SHAPE

Art has turned overtly sexual, and sexual display has veered into the realm of art, and both have taken a quick zag into the frankly sado-masochistic. Not only classical S/M, with its leather and bondage gear, but also its machine, and especially *auto* erotic, specializations—like body detailing and chrome trim. Very advanced stuff: deforming the envelope, you might say. I think a *conflation* (I hate that word) of these elements may be bearing down on us.

Now, this New Thing couldn't be techno s/m sex-as-art. That's so tired it doesn't bear thinking about. I propose techno s/m art-as-*sex*. Sex has gotten so transgressive it's more like work, anyway. No more worrying about it. Leave sex behind. Its successor is *techno torture art*.

NOW: POST-POST-INDUSTRIAL ART

I intend to have little pointy chrome labial cycle gears installed, for a start. Then, as my red blood cell count returns to normal, I'll move on to—what are those throwing stars called? *Shuriken*. Shuriken with razor edges.

The *sine-qua-non* bottom line will be genital piercing with subsequent inner-thigh scarification. Cool jeans won't have ripped knees, they'll have shredded crotches.

Interactive sex will move beyond dangerous and implausible to the frankly impossible. Consider: a tattoo merely commemorates the sexual act between a needle and a body. Techno piercing can be more. It can demonstrate as sincerely as castration your commitment to the new aesthetic.

This could be seen as the *désublimation* (heh, how's that?) of the libido, the involution of sex to the bare incorporation—literally, putting into flesh—of its most accurate signifiers: ecstatic mutilation, blood loss and trial death, electronic jack-and-socket, motörcycle équipage...

We're ready. We won't bring up the *Zeitgeist*—there's a pistol-drawer for you—but think of the current obsessions. Transhuman aspirations. Hate of the Meat. Negative population growth. It works.

St. Jude

MÉTAL HURLANT, DREAMING METAL

It's that sweet sharp techno-eroticism that we need. The sleep of reason dreams razorgirls. Wirehead boys. Current forms of trendy must evolve or die. Postindustrial will sweep away this primitive shit. Conan's hung in there too long already—though he was never copped to, as such—call it *Tribal*. (Just think of all the remaindered Frazetta *mise-en-scène*.)

It's ours. We want it. And what a relief, being able finally to put body-to-body to rest. No more hardware incompatibilities—the branked head attempting cunnilingus to everyone's dismay, the nose-rings snagged in topknots.

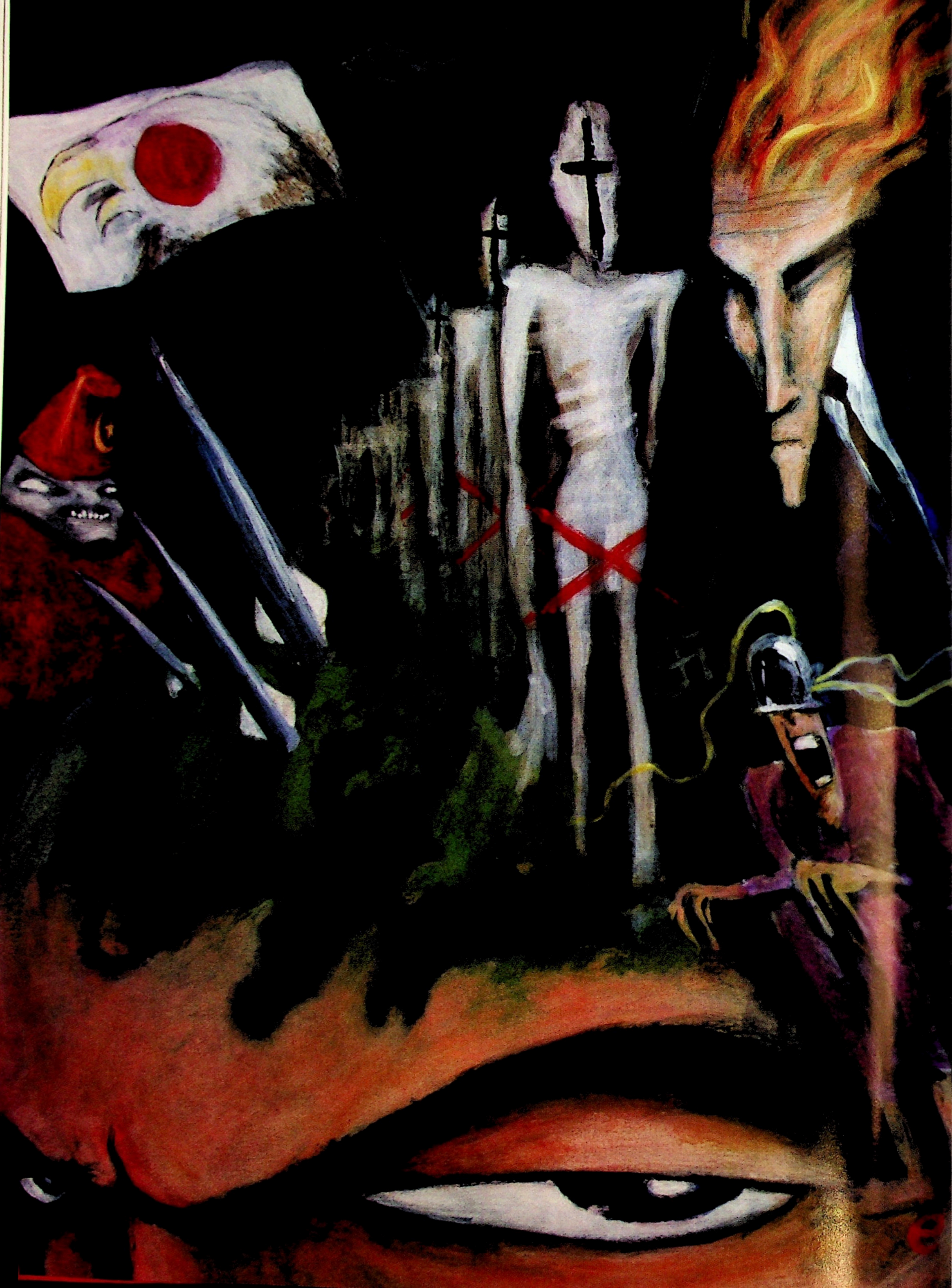
Your piercing sites will prove ongoingly valuable, after you get shut of the feathers and elephant hair. Not all your tatts will need updating—*bet you never thought about that, hah? When you were sweating under the needle, zotzed on dope, with that weird guy leaning heavily on your thigh? That you might need editing later?* He he he heh heh. No whining. This is art, sex *and* machismo—everything that makes life worth wasting. On with the show.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING APRÈS-SEX?

So what is left? What we truly want: the mutual museum tour. This is the sexual act of the future. First the tease: docenting your lover through your public collections. Then, stripping sinuously, you admit each other to the Members Only exhibitions. As things heat up you whirl, contort and display for each other the closed galleries in your Restricted Areas, even unto the No Admittance Authorized Personnel Only... And finally, on to the climax... as you untangle your genital hardware for your lover's admiration, and jounce it sensually, then rapturously, but—as always—rather *carefully*...

We are all artists here, at last. And we'll be able to calibrate *exactly* how hardass we are. How much poundage you carrying? Okay—how many sutures? Transfusions?

> No more hardware incompatibilities—the branked head attempting cunnilingus to everyone's dismay, the nose-rings snagged in topknots



The Conspiracy Top Ten

Gracie. Synergy & Zarkov

It is hopelessly naive to assume that there are only two teams: the Good Guys and the Bad Guys. Jonathan Vankin's otherwise excellent book Conspiracies, Cover-ups and Crimes, *is flawed by this belief. Conspiracies may be better understood as organizations pursuing their own ends, who desire no publicity as to their true objectives and methods. Some conspiracies are more conscious of this than others.*

Legality is a dubious measure of a conspiracy's ethical intent or impact. "Evil" conspiracies may be identified by relative body count, and by their use of torture or infliction of incidental misery (war, famine, overpopulation). To judge "good" results requires a consensus definition of moral goals or just actions. Every conspiracy provides its own rationale, usually some variation on necessary means being justified by glorious ends. We have listed and commented on our ten most important world-historical conspiracies. Watch for them scattered throughout this issue.

The authors cumulatively hold 13 individual memberships in the listed conspiracies; can you guess which ones?

—Zarkov

Number 1

Japan, Inc. ➩ Feudal Shoguns to Po-Mod mercantile capitalists in a century. The key to their success has always been convincing the populace that it is a great honor to be exploited for the immortal glory of their race.

- The first to wrest control of the means of production using only information and finance. As the rest of the world catches on, watch for a massive counter-attack from Fortress Europe in the early 21st Century.
- With a 0% cost of capital, why aren't they running the world?

Eric White

Conspiracy Theory *and its* MALCONTENTS

Jonathan Vankin

Stephanie Rausser

Michael Litchfield

Conspiracy theory is the political wing of gossip culture. In a media-soaked world, all public dialogue and most public action involves conspiracy. Conspiracy can be tacit. Wherever communication is mediated, the information that gets presented to the public is processed and refined. The end result is axiomatically surface information. Thus our ever-increasing fascination—and public need—to get under the surface of public institutions and public lives.

Until recently, this fascination has fastened onto the personal; Kitty Kelly's revelations about Nancy Reagan, politician's sex lives, the private pathos of John and Yoko. Enter Oliver Stone's JFK. This movie raised the stakes. One can begin to see conspiracies of power finally entering into mainstream political dialogue—a dialogue perversely clipped throughout Watergate and the Iran/Contra hearings.

Jonathan Vankin's Conspiracies, Cover-ups, and Crimes: Political

Manipulation and Mind Control in America *is a strange but wholly rational brew, combining actual evidence of political conspiracies with portraits and analyses of the conspiracy theorists themselves. Vankin manages to treat over-the-edge anarchists like Kerry Thornley, crypto-Nazis like Lyndon LaRouche, and UFO contactees with the same thoughtful penetration What we wind up with is an exploration of the paranoid subconscious of American apocalypse culture.*

Vankin, age 29, has made a brief career out of working for alternative weeklies. He's currently with The Metro *in San Jose. A graduate of Brandeis University, his adult personality was formed by obsessively listening to the album* For How Much Longer Do We Tolerate Mass Murder *by the Pop Group as an adolescent. He was also the only kid in Williamstown, New York who liked the Sex Pistols.* Conspiracies, Cover-ups, and Crimes *is published by Paragon Books.*

—R. U. Sirius

MONDO 2000: I'm curious… your discussion is wide-ranging. It's unusual for books written these days. You're a generalist. Do you have a particular interest or background in classics or history? You range all the way from Jesus to George Bush.

JONATHAN VANKIN: Well, my academic background is in philosophy—I was a philosophy major. Also, my dad teaches history of science in college. He's a biologist. He is into non-Darwinian evolutionary theory, defecting from the accepted norm of what the theoretical biology establishment considers the paradigm of evolutionary theory. He instilled in me a real feeling for unorthodox ideas.

THE WHOOPSY-DAISY PARADIGM

JV: The accepted paradigm—the established view that the conspiracy theorists are struggling to overthrow—might be called the "whoopsy-daisy theory." According to this view, things just progress through policy decisions that are made by the official leaders, the president, Congress. But every once in a while… *whoops!*… the president gets assassinated, or… *whoops!*… the Jonestown Massacre. These extremely bizarre things happen. And there are all these odd "coincidences" that go completely unexplained and unexamined.

M2: In your book, you say: "Journalists like to think of themselves as a skeptical lot. This is a flawed self-image. American journalists are all too credulous when it comes to dealing with government officials, technical experts and other official sources."

JV: Sad but true. Most of my colleagues treat official Washington and the official business community with reverence. And there are a lot of reasons for it. I don't think that that's a conspiracy in and of itself, but it kind of operates the way a conspiracy would.

SEND IN THE CLONES

M2: You're like a chipper Dante in Hell. You wander around in all this muck and mayhem and yet you seem to be pretty convivial with all of the theorists, no matter how weird their theories are. You seem to have a generally positive view about conspiracy theorists.

JV: I do. Not that I consider myself a hard-core conspiracy theorist…

M2: You think there's at least *some* intellectual life there, when people try to figure out what's going on.

JV: That's absolutely it. It thrills me to see people relying on themselves as their own experts. Really digging into things—reading and thinking and studying and arriving at their own conclusions—rather than just absorbing information from media and academia. Recycling ideas that they've heard elsewhere—spitting them back out as if they were their own. That's almost a description of how propaganda works.

UNIDENTIFIED FLYING FASCISTS

M2: There was one leap that you made in your book that I didn't quite understand: the links between UFO beliefs, a totalitarian world view, and the New Age.

JV: That goes back to this guy William Dudley Pelley, who was the head of a sort of proto-Nazi operation called the Silver Shirts. He was one of the first real big UFO believers. The Silver Shirts were an American fascist outfit. In fact, Pelley was such a Hitler fan that he was jailed during WW II. But he was also a mystic. His students founded this movement called "I Am." Pelley also had an occult group called Soul Craft. Some of the members claimed to be contactees.

Basically, his whole fascist theory had to do with UFO contacts, and it was not unlike the Betans in Scientology and the Aliens in Elizabeth Clare Prophet's New-Agey outlook. It's a theme that runs through a lot of New Age thinking, the idea of pure and superior beings. I don't want to be tarring the *entire* New Age…

M2: I think most of them are mushy but well-intentioned.

JV: It's often mushy but well-intentioned people who tend to be seduced by fascist movements.

Number 2

The International Communist Conspiracy ⇩: USSR (extinct), KGB ⇧, Stasi (Extinct), the Securitäte ⇩, **PRC ⇩, Khmer Rouge ⇩, etc.**

- American pinko-liberal apologists forgot that the KGB was in the extermination business before and after the Nazis, with a higher body count.
- All European Communists were unwitting dupes of the KGB. See recent accounting disclosures.
- Asian Communists figured out how to do it cheaper and faster, but it still doesn't work.
- The collapse of the "Evil Empire" will leave thousands of secret police unemployed. Some of these may continue their careers as freelancers: high-tech-terrorist mercenaries.

> *It's often mushy but well-intentioned people who tend to be seduced by fascist movements*

Stephanie Rausser

But there's definitely an ideological descent from some of these fascist UFO contactee groups like Pelley's, to contemporary New Age groups that talk about Star Children and that type of thing.

GOD'S SECRET TEAM

M2: Let me put this philosophical training of yours to work. There seems to be a similarity between conspiracies and religion: there's the sense of ritual, the existence of secret societies and hierarchies of knowledge. There's unexplained phenomena, like virgin births or cow chopping, and there's an alliance with the most repressive elements of society. Do you see that kind of link between conspiracy and religion? Isn't this all a pre-rational way of dealing with a world-out-of-control?

JV: That's an explanation for it. One thing that I often hear about conspiracy theorists is that the conspiratorial world view is comforting, like religion. It's a psychological defense mechanism, a way of explaining all the bizarre shit that's been happening. It's comforting because they're finding order in a chaotic world.

There may be an element of truth in that... but I look at it more as an outgrowth of official secrecy...

M2: That is, denied any kind of real useful information, people will try to explain it for themselves...

JV: ...as best they can, yes. And in a lot of cases, they may get closer to the truth than the spokespeople for the institutions who are cloaking themselves in secrecy. Because with the government or business, whatever public information they give out is going to be propaganda *by definition*.

Of course, though, once you free yourself from believing in official reality, you're off in Never-Never Land. You can wind up getting into some crazy ideas.

I HAVE IN MY HAND A LIST

M2: You say that "some form of right-wing conspiracy theory—which usually means a conspiracy theory where the conspirators are some breed of social outsiders—has always been the fabric weaving together the cloth of American political unity." You also say "Conspiracy theories *are* American history."

JV: I think a good example of that happened at the Thomas/Hill hearing. The first response on the part of *the government*—meaning the Administration and the backers of Clarence Thomas—was to brand the accusations against him as a conspiracy. And I think either Hatch or Simpson even went so far as to say there was a conspiracy of *interest groups*—which is the code word for blacks, women, and so forth. You'll notice that they never refer to Big Business as a special interest group.

In the '88 convention, the big question in the media was whether Dukakis was going to cave in to "special interest groups." But you never heard about Dukakis caving in to the business interest groups as represented by Lloyd Bentsen!

THEM AND/OR US

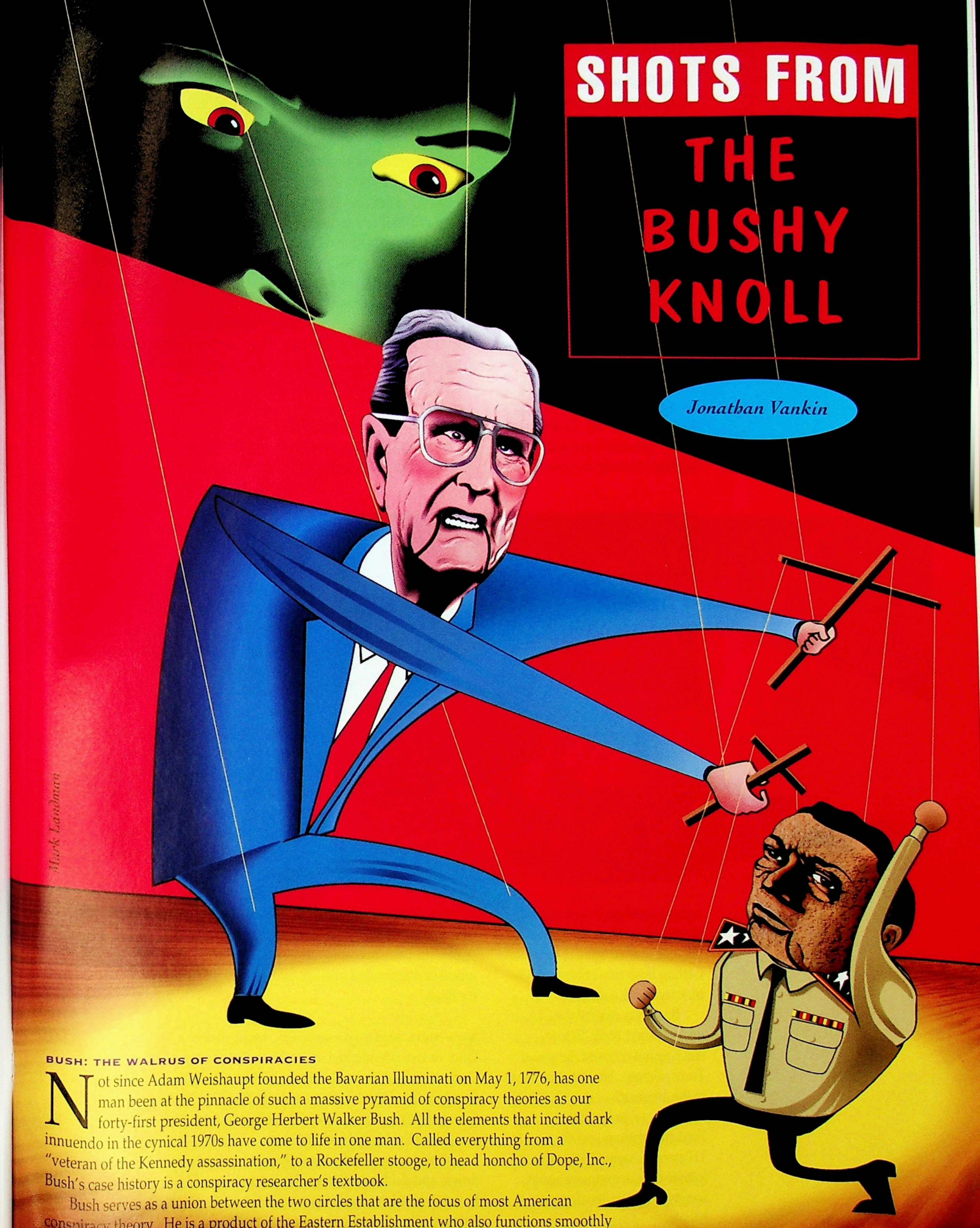
M2: It used to be the communist conspiracy.

JV: Exactly. That's discredited today. Even Orrin Hatch won't get up on the floor of the Senate and say, "This is a Communist conspiracy"—people would laugh. But you can say it's an interest group conspiracy, which is essentially the same thing. If this were the 19th century you could say it was a Papist conspiracy.

So there's always been that deliberate "enemy syndrome" that has, not for better but for worse, held together American politics. We tend to be united against outsiders. That's how the powers-that-be maintain their power.

SHOTS FROM THE BUSHY KNOLL

Jonathan Vankin



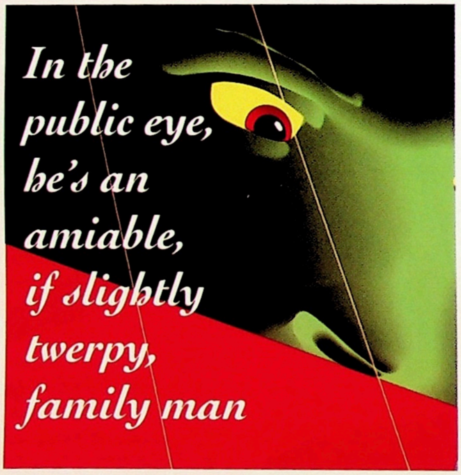
Mark Landman

BUSH: THE WALRUS OF CONSPIRACIES

Not since Adam Weishaupt founded the Bavarian Illuminati on May 1, 1776, has one man been at the pinnacle of such a massive pyramid of conspiracy theories as our forty-first president, George Herbert Walker Bush. All the elements that incited dark innuendo in the cynical 1970s have come to life in one man. Called everything from a "veteran of the Kennedy assassination," to a Rockefeller stooge, to head honcho of Dope, Inc., Bush's case history is a conspiracy researcher's textbook.

Bush serves as a union between the two circles that are the focus of most American conspiracy theory. He is a product of the Eastern Establishment who also functions smoothly in the Southwestern cowboy clan of oil and adventurism. It's sometimes said that Ronald Reagan's presidency marked a shift in power away from the Eastern Wall Streeters to the space-laser cowboys of Texas, Arizona, and Southern California. Away from nuclear deterrence and into Star Wars. Away from effete Trilateralism into Red Menace machismo.

The two wings of the ruling oligarchy have been struggling for predominance for a long time—at least since Barry Goldwater slugged it out with Nelson Rockefeller in 1964. Reagan, rather than marking a final transfer of power, may have been a transitional president in the process of melding the two sects into one unified body of overlords. Getting Bush into office seals the marriage with a salty kiss.


In the public eye, he's an amiable, if slightly twerpy, family man

Mark Landman

Bush was chief of the CIA under Gerald Ford. Before entering government, he was a Texas oil boss. His name came up in the aftermath of the JFK killing. He belonged to the Council on Foreign Relations and the Trilateral Commission, and is an initiate into an exclusive secret society with occult—if campy—rituals.

The Christic Institute posits Bush as a key coordinator of the Iran-Contra "enterprise." There is ample documentation indicating that Bush almost certainly lied about his involvement in the scandal. He was never "out of the loop" as he claimed. Just how deeply is Bush involved in drug trafficking?

He was CIA boss during the cover-up of the assassination of a Chilean diplomat in Washington, D.C., and the terrorist bombing of an airliner that killed seventy-three people. As Nixon-picked chairman of the Republican National Committee, he stonewalled for his patron president up until the day before Nixon resigned. "I owed Richard Nixon a lot, and as a matter of fact I still do," he shamelessly declared in his 1987 autobiography.

A former CIA operative testified under oath that he piloted Bush to Paris in October 1980, where the then vice presidential candidate helped negotiate a deal with Iranian hostage holders—to keep holding hostages until Reagan was in office.

FEARFUL ASYMMETRY

Right-wingers always wondered why Reagan picked Bush for vice president in 1980. The sunbelt-conservative cowboy and tweedy, bespectacled Brahmin made an asymmetrical pair. "The same people who gave you Jimmy Carter now want to give you George Bush," the hard liners warned when Bush was leading Reagan in the Republican primaries that year. In response to the pressure, Bush resigned from the Council on Foreign Relations, damning it as "too liberal," out of step with his newfound affinity for the radical right. He stayed on for a while on the Trilateral Commission, though.

Was Bush being groomed for the top job by invisible power brokers from the start? Though he would later derive unlimited mileage by invoking the malaise-laden spirit of Jimmy Carter to ward off Democratic opponents in the 1988 presidential campaign, the *L.A. Times* reported that in the 1970s Bush was bucking for a job in the Carter administration. Carter's national security adviser, Trilateral Commission founder Zbigniew Brzezinski, took a high profile role in Bush's 1988 campaign, advising on foreign policy. In 1980, his campaign was aided in no small measure by a group of disgruntled intelligence operatives known loosely as "Agents for Bush."

HOW NEIL BUSH IMPRESSED JODIE FOSTER

Once in vice presidential office, Bush flirted with a fast promotion. Curiously, Bush's son Neil had a dinner date with an old family friend the night that John Hinckley, with a .22 caliber bullet, almost facilitated George Bush's ascendancy to the White House. The old family friend was John Hinckley's brother, Scott.

Hinckley was under the influence of mind-altering psychiatric drugs, and dabbled with neo-Nazi occultism. One might theorize that he was a mind-controlled patsy. In the NBC News Special Reports immediately following the attempt on Reagan's life, correspondent

Judy Woodruff maintained on the air that at least one shot came from an overhang above Reagan's limousine. Later she said that the shot came from *a Secret Service agent* stationed on the overhang.

A shot from that angle would explain how a bullet got into the president's chest, when Hinckley would have had to fire straight through a car door to hit him at that angle. Later, the shot in the chest was explained as a ricochet. John Judge, seizing on Woodruff's on-the-scene report, calls it "the shot from the Bushy Knoll."

Neil Bush, almost a decade later, leapt to national infamy in the savings and loan scandal. Allegedly, while a director of Silverado Savings and Loan in Colorado, he voted to approve loans for one of his business partners. Another received a loan from Silverado that was never repaid, contributing to the thrift's demise. Neil was also involved with a Colorado company called Sun-Flo International, a dehydrated foods maker that functioned as a money-laundering machine for known drug dealers. The company's founder, a convicted drug trafficker, is quoted as saying, "Bush's kid is in my hip pocket."

George Bush was also entwined with Sun-Flo, hosting one of its consultants on a 1982 African tour. Thus, the vice president, in the words of the alternative newsweekly that reported the story (most of the dailies missed it), "unwittingly helped promote a firm run by a convicted drug dealer."

Bush's help may have been unwitting, but maybe not out of character. In the public eye, he's an amiable, if slightly twerpy, family man. In the underground information exchange, he's a cunning, ruthless spook with a secret agenda. The real George Bush, say the suspicious, lurks in the shadow cast by his thousand points of light.

THEY LOST WILLIAM CASEY'S BRAIN

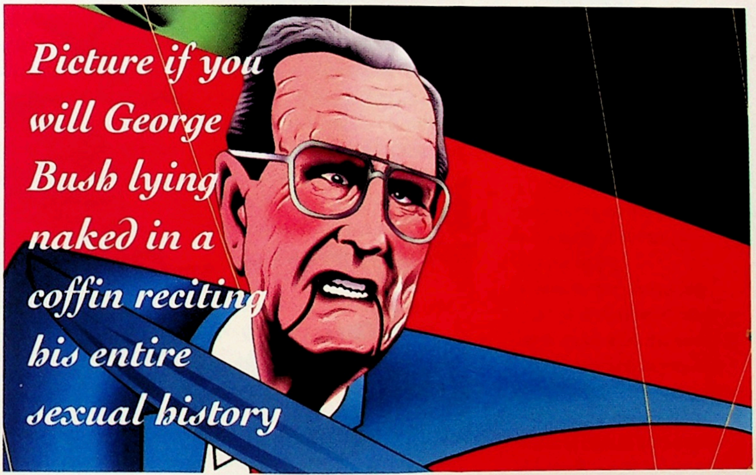
It was William Casey who convinced Ronald Reagan to select Bush as his 1980 running mate. In 1976, Bush and Casey worked together to produce a special intelligence document whose purpose was to exaggerate the alleged Soviet "threat." The Reagan administration used the document as a basis for its rabidly anti-Soviet foreign policy, and increases in military spending at home.

William Casey was an intelligence agent from OSS days, a member of the Council on Foreign Relations, and a financial adventurer who rode the stock market like a bucking bronco. Legality and ethics not always his top priority, Casey was, by some accounts, apt to attempt a remodeling of public policy to suit his own prospectus. When Casey became director of the CIA, an inside joke developed that "CIA" stood for "Casey Investing Again."

With George's father, Prescott Bush (a World War I Army Intelligence agent), Casey cofounded a think tank in 1962 called the National Strategy Information Center, which got into trouble for financing publications issued by a CIA front company engaged in disinformation campaigns. Fourteen years later, Casey, dissatisfied with the CIA's modest estimates of Soviet military prowess (he was then on the president's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board), got together with George Bush, then director of the CIA, to form a study group that would counter the conventional CIA wisdom.

The Bush/Casey group amassed evidence to support its pre-drawn conclusion that the Soviets were winning the arms race, and that the U.S. was malnourished by comparison. One of the study group's leaders was General Danny Graham, who went on to found High Frontier, the organization that effectively shaped Reagan's "Star Wars" policy.

The report cooked up by Bush and Casey's team served as a major rationale for the Reagan defense buildup. Who benefited from the defense buildup? The Bush-Casey report was a gift to America's most wealthy and powerful. At the expense of everybody else.


Picture if you will George Bush lying naked in a coffin reciting his entire sexual history

Mark Landman

SKULL AND BONES: "SINISTER, UNHEALTHY, WEIRD CIA-KIND-OF-THING"

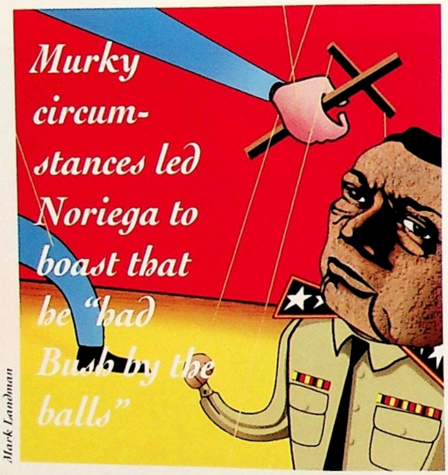
That Bush would be a loyal servant of the wealthy and powerful is more than a matter of tradition, friendships, or family pride. Bush roots his power in private organizations that do business in dim corners, where the cleansing broom of public opinion cannot reach. The public does not, and—as far as the society's members are concerned—should not understand where they came from, or their real motivations. What their members share is a framework of belief, an image of themselves as an elect, chosen people.

Bush, of course, belongs to Skull and Bones, a group "tapped" every year from Yale University's junior class. There are seven "Senior Societies" at Yale with long traditions of cornball cloak-and-dagger, college style, but Skull and Bones is the élite of the élite. Bush was a 1947 inductee. The society is more than just a glorified frat. It has a fat financial portfolio and a summer retreat on Deer Island available to Bonesmen for life. Most important, though, it provides a network of support and cooperation for some of the most powerful people in the U.S.

Bush is the second Bones president. William Howard Taft was the first. Other heavy-hitting Bonesmen include William F. Buckley; "leftist" William Sloane Coffin; multinational business demigod Averill P. Harriman; Rhode Island senator John Chafee; one-time Nazi-sympathizer Henry P. Luce, who founded *Time* magazine; and numerous top-of-the-heap corporate and legal figures. Massachusetts Senator John Kerry, who has been Bush's most dogged congressional pursuer on the Iran-Contra drug-smuggling trail, is also a Bonesman, oddly enough. McGeorge Bundy, an architect of the Vietnam War, is Skull and Bones too, as is Robert Gow, president of Zapata Oil, which was Bush's company in the 1960s.

It should hardly be a revelation that the roster of the CIA is speckled with Bonesmen. Besides Bush, a partial list would have to mention William Bundy, another Vietnam booster and vet of both the CIA and the OSS. An enthusiastic proponent of "counterinsurgency," Bundy advocated preserving "liberal values" through "the use of the full range of U.S. power, including—if necessary—its more shady applications." Other Skull and Bones former intelligence agents include the Reverend William Sloane Coffin and, again, William F. Buckley, whose brother James, though not CIA himself, was a backer of CIA covert activity in Chile.

The wife of a Bonesman once expressed her distaste for the society's clandestine fixation by calling it "a sinister, unhealthy offshoot of the gentleman's code… a weird, CIA-like thing."


Murky circumstances led Noriega to boast that he "had Bush by the balls"

Mark Landman

With headquarters in an iron-gated sanctuary, said to be adorned with skeletal remains of historical celebrities, the group's skull and crossbones insignia is explicitly Masonic, although I've never found a study linking Skull and Bones to the Masons. Its initiation rituals serve the purpose of all occult initiation rites: to break down the individual and build him up again as a member of the order.

Picture if you will George Bush lying naked in a coffin reciting his entire sexual history. The ritual, called "Connubial Bliss," forces initiates to surrender their intimate secrets to the society, while at the same time encouraging that unbreakable male bonding of which sexual bull is so much a part.

The bond lasts forever. In 1985, when Bush was despondent about his political future, still languishing in Reagan's long shadow, a cadre of Bonesmen showed up at his residence and took him into a private room for a similar confessional. After reportedly baring his insecurities, and receiving the unsparing critique of his comrades, Bush emerged rejuvenated. The future president, reconstructed in the Skull and Bones mold.

"WHAT THE FUCK DOES BUSH KNOW ABOUT INTELLIGENCE?"

In the summer of 1988, the *New York Times* reported that a twenty-five-year-old memo had surfaced naming a "Mr. George Bush" as an agent of the CIA. This Mr. Bush, according to the memo, was passing information to the FBI about the Kennedy assassination. Ten days later the *Times* reported that it was all a case of mistaken identity. The "George Bush of the CIA," circa 1963, was not the same George Bush running for president in 1988. The *Times* closed the case.

In November 1975, President Gerald Ford offered George Bush—the same George Bush who would later run for president, no doubt about it this time—the job of director of Central Intelligence. Bush, who'd been eyeing Ford's vice presidential nod for the 1976 election, suddenly scotched those ambitions and took the CIA job, to the bewilderment of some of his old friends. One Skull and Bones compatriot from Bush's class of 1947 asked him bluntly, "What the fuck do you know about intelligence?"

He knew enough to know his role: not so much the CIA's director, but its chief executive in charge of cover-ups. He took over the CIA in the midst of its most severe political crisis. Under attack from congressional committees, with former director Richard Helms about to be investigated for perjury by the Justice Department, the CIA was in danger of finally facing its secret, saucy past in public.

FANCY DIVING

Before Bush took office, he and outgoing director William Colby launched into a good-cop/bad-cop routine that ultimately bamboozled congressional probers. Using the conveniently timed assassination of CIA Athens station chief Richard Welch as a springboard, Colby dived into an all-out attack, charging critics of the CIA with wantonly risking the lives of hardworking American agents. Meanwhile, Bush began a project of backslapping and hand clasping that ingratiated him with the CIA's adversaries on the Hill.

After a few months, the public mood had flipped from outrage at the CIA's dirty, sometimes deadly, tricks, to a groundswell of "rally-round-the-boys." This sentiment was to cast Congress and the press as collaborators in league with terrorist assassins gunning for our men in the field. Or something like that. In any case, the propaganda gambit paid off. In early 1976, the Senate Intelligence Committee struck a hush-hush deal with Bush, agreeing to back off if Bush would only be so kind as to inform the senators, discreetly of course, of what the CIA was doing.

Bush put on a good show of holding up his end of the backroom bargain. He appeared before Congress almost once a week, on average, during his term as CIA director. But there was plenty he did not reveal. He stonewalled on the CIA's role in the Washington car-bomb slaying of a Chilean diplomat and in the aerial bombing of a Cubana Airlines jet that killed seventy-three people. Two anti-Castro Cubans were arrested for the airline bombing. One, Orlando Bosch, had been arrested just a few months earlier in connection with a plot to kill Henry Kissinger. The other, Luis Posada Carriles, turned up in 1985 working for the CIA in El Salvador. His immediate superior was Felix Rodriguez, George Bush's friend, the man who boasts of personally killing Che Guevara and looting the corpse. He is also alleged in Senate testimony to have passed ten million dollars to the Nicaraguan Contras from the Colombian Medellín cocaine cartel.

Bush also violated a direct order from President Ford to turn over documents that would have shed light on the CIA's use of the Drug Enforcement Agency as a cover for domestic activities, including MKULTRA, the mind-control operation. The CIA is barred by law from any clandestine or surveillance activities on American soil.

Bush's real job as CIA chief was to allow the agency to get back to the business of cloak and dagger without pesky congressmen getting in the way with all their whining and moaning about laws and ethics. To that end, he appointed some of the hardest of hardcore, old-guard covert operators to administer the CIA's "operations" division. Among them was Ted Shackley, long rumored to have been key in setting up the Asian Golden Triangle opium-smuggling outfit. Shackley's name became much more familiar a decade later. The Christic Institute, in its massive Contragate lawsuit, named him as a defendant, and alleged that he was the brains behind "the Enterprise," sometimes called "the Secret Team," an ongoing unofficial network of intelligence operatives deep into drugs and guns, assassination, and freelance counterinsurgency.

Shackley's associate Edwin Wilson was caught arming and training Libyan terrorists in September 1976. Wilson's "off-the-books" operation involved on-duty CIA agents, even though Wilson is now labeled a "renegade" CIA agent.

THE BUSH & NORIEGA SHOW

Bush's most famous acquaintance in the intelligence world would turn out to be Manuel Noriega, the Panamanian military man and $200,000 per annum CIA operative. Noriega would rise to the dictatorship of his country, develop a bad case of hubris, and turn his patrons against him. On December 20, 1989, President Bush ordered an invasion of Panama to get rid of Noriega and "restore democracy."

The U.S. government knew about Noriega's involvement with drug smugglers since the Nixon years, and Bush was claiming he had heard nothing about it until a federal grand jury indicted Noriega in early 1988. According to a State Department official, the CIA had "hard intelligence" about Noriega's dope business by 1984. It's hard to believe that Bush, with his galaxy of CIA buddies and colleagues, was never told. Donald Gregg, Bush's friend since 1976, might have at least dropped a hint. A CIA man since graduating from Williams College, Gregg met Bush when they both worked at CIA headquarters.

Assigned to the vice president's staff in 1982, Gregg is alleged to have helped persuade

Number 3

The Roman Catholic Church ⇨ : Holy Roman Empire, Knights Templar (extinct); Deutscher Ritterorden, Knights of Malta ⇧ , Christian Democrats ⇨ , Priory of Zion.

- The longest running conspiracy on the planet.
- Masters of sexual brainwashing.
- Maintained undisputed control of Western Civilization until checked by the forces of humanism, philosophy and science (see Illuminati, below).
- The only reason they aren't burning people at the stake anymore is that they can't (See P2, Illuminati). Sore losers, they remain a major force against modernism (Islam being the other), as any overpopulated Catholic country can attest.
- The Priory of Zion appeals to power brokers blackballed by any of the real conspiracies, but is open only to direct descendents of Jesus Christ and Mary Magdelene. What's a little blood between friends?

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JACK IN

Bush to use his office as a cover for a Contra resupply program that involved switching planeloads of arms going out for planeloads of cocaine coming *in* to the United States. In his autobiography, Felix Rodriguez—named as a coordinator of the operation—denies that it ever existed.

These and many other murky circumstances led Noriega to boast that he "had Bush by the balls." Shrewd as the dictator was, Bush turned out to be shrewder. The pretext for the 1989 Panama invasion was supposed to be Noriega's "declaration of war" against the United States (he never made such a declaration) and attacks against U.S. soldiers by the Panamanian Defense Force (which was trained by the CIA). The attacks appeared part of an American provocation program. Just weeks before the invasion, Bush authorized three million dollars for a CIA operation against Noriega. A candid U.S. military officer in Panama admitted that U.S. troops goaded PDF troops into attacking Americans. "It was an attempt to tick them off so they'd do something," the officer said of American soldiers' repeated forays into off-limits Panamanian turf.

THE SWASTIKA & THE BUSH

CIA alliances and dalliances with dictators are just part of the complex constellation of contacts that codify into the George Bush cabal. It's hard to pick the most appalling of these people, but seven good candidates arose from the Republican "Heritage Groups Council," which has worked for years in the Republican party and aided Bush's presidential campaign among ethnic groups. Among these unsavory characters: Laszlo Pasztor, a Hungarian Nazi collaborator who came out of the Arrow Cross party—one of many political organizations set up by the SS in Eastern Europe; Florian Galdau, member of the Romanian Iron Guard, another arm of the SS; Philip Guarino, an honorary American member of Italy's fascist-terrorist Masonic P2 Lodge; and Nicolas Nazarenko, who served in the German SS Cossack Division and who identifies Jews as his "ideological enemy."

Bush announced that criticism of these "honorable men" was nothing more than a political smear tactic, and he took no action against them. The Heritage Council was not a minor part of the Republican power base. According to one former chairman, it recruited eighty-six thousand volunteers to work for Reagan and Bush. The Heritage Group is my personal pick for Bush's worst association.

In the Reagan administration and his own, Bush was involved with federal planning for martial law and roundups of terrorists and political dissidents, in league with Louis Guiffrida of the Federal Emergency Management Agency. Meld that fact with the Defense Department's surging enthusiasm for taking part in the ceaseless drug war (*which appears more about rolling back individual liberties than curtailing drug use*). Throw in the scapegoating of inner city blacks for the nation's drug problem, and the Panama invasion looks unnervingly like a dry run for the domestic crackdown.

So picture George Bush as a Kissinger protegé, Nixon stooge, oil baron, CIA agent, Reaganite, Trilateralist, invader of foreign countries, coddler of fascists (and in China, communists), family friend of a brainwashed assassin, secret society initiate and, not incidentally, President of the United States—there is no realm of conspiracy theory that cannot find a comfortable spot for this man.

CONSPIRACY NATION

In *Friendly Fascism*, a book describing what can only be called a conspiracy between Big Business and Big Government to rule America, Bertram Gross makes it a point to declare, "There is no single, central conspiracy." Perhaps not. There is no Council of Twelve running the world, no Illuminati board of directors that plans every war, every election, every fluctuation in the economy, every piece of legislation.

And yet—all the anomalies, all the horrors, all the folly that make America "Conspiracy Nation" confront us still. These are theories born in a country too big and diverse to govern, but permeated totally by government. A country whose *beau idéal* is individual freedom, but where daily life is dominated by petty authority. From the runaway power of the presidency to the tyranny of workplace management, liberty is now an embattled notion. Beguiled by the multicolored spectacle of consumerism, Americans are in danger of relinquishing their basic rights. *Caveat emptor*.

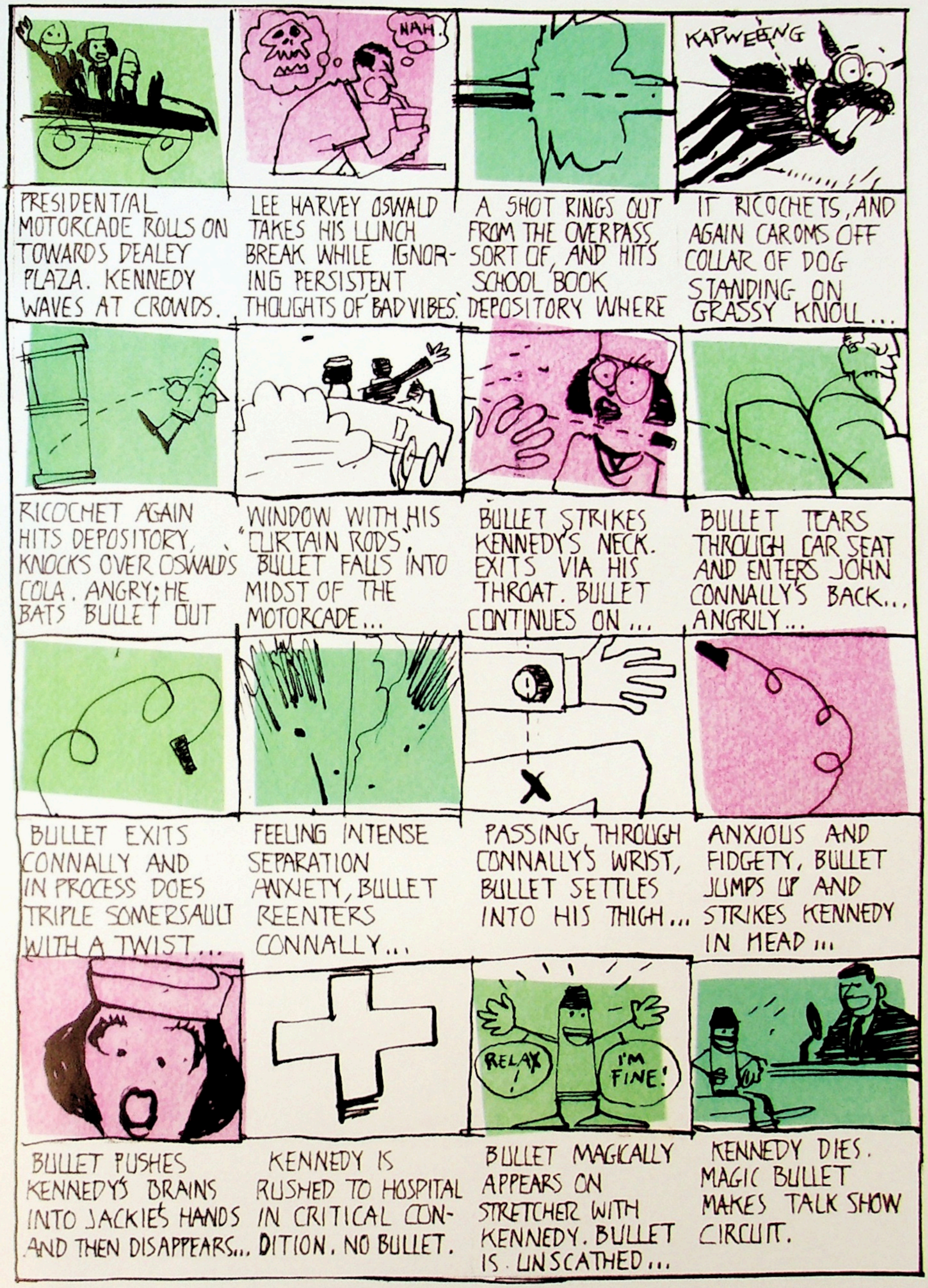
Perhaps "Everything You Know Is Wrong." Scary as the flipside of Official Reality is, it's also exhilarating. Is there something rotten in America? Is there an occult technology of power? Are our pineals being rastered into submission? Did the Nazis really win WW II? As long as we can still ask these questions, I have faith in America and the resilience of the feral organism.

This chapter was plucked from Jonathan Vankin's Conspiracies, Cover-ups, and Crimes: Political Manipulation and Mind Control in America, *1991 Hardcover, $24.95; repelete with notes, index, and bibliography. Published by Paragon House in New York, which conspiracy sharpies will recognize as owned by the Unification Church, it seems to have escaped Moonie scrutiny. Check out the chapters "Votescam," "Kinder, Gentler Death Squads," and "This is your Government on Drugs"—the scales will fall from your eyes!*

The Magic Bullet

& its Curious Saga

by Bill Sienkiewicz


NAH.
KAPWEENG
PRESIDENTIAL MOTORCADE ROLLS ON TOWARDS DEALEY PLAZA. KENNEDY WAVES AT CROWDS.
LEE HARVEY OSWALD TAKES HIS LUNCH BREAK WHILE IGNORING PERSISTENT THOUGHTS OF "BAD VIBES."
A SHOT RINGS OUT FROM THE OVERPASS, SORT OF, AND HITS SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY WHERE
IT RICOCHETS, AND AGAIN CAROMS OFF COLLAR OF DOG STANDING ON GRASSY KNOLL...
RICOCHET AGAIN HITS DEPOSITORY, KNOCKS OVER OSWALD'S COLA. ANGRY, HE BATS BULLET OUT
WINDOW WITH HIS "CURTAIN RODS". BULLET FALLS INTO MIDST OF THE MOTORCADE...
BULLET STRIKES KENNEDY'S NECK. EXITS VIA HIS THROAT. BULLET CONTINUES ON...
BULLET TEARS THROUGH CAR SEAT AND ENTERS JOHN CONNALLY'S BACK... ANGRILY...
BULLET EXITS CONNALLY AND IN PROCESS DOES TRIPLE SOMERSAULT WITH A TWIST...
FEELING INTENSE SEPARATION ANXIETY, BULLET REENTERS CONNALLY...
PASSING THROUGH CONNALLY'S WRIST, BULLET SETTLES INTO HIS THIGH...
ANXIOUS AND FIDGETY, BULLET JUMPS UP AND STRIKES KENNEDY IN HEAD...
BULLET PUSHES KENNEDY'S BRAINS INTO JACKIE'S HANDS AND THEN DISAPPEARS...
KENNEDY IS RUSHED TO HOSPITAL IN CRITICAL CONDITION. NO BULLET.
RELAX!
I'M FINE!
BULLET MAGICALLY APPEARS ON STRETCHER WITH KENNEDY. BULLET IS UNSCATHED...
KENNEDY DIES. MAGIC BULLET MAKES TALK SHOW CIRCUIT.

Original art from the Kevin Eastman private collection. Reprinted with his kind permission.

Bill Sienkiewicz is a cartoonist/graphic novelist whose inspired illustrations have appeared on trading cards (Coup d'Etat, Friendly Dictators) *and comic books* (Real War Stories #2 and Sound Bites) *available from Eclipse Enterprises, P.O. Box 1099, Forestville CA 95436, (707) 887-1521 or (800) 468-6828)— or better comix stores everywhere. Their latest release is the controversial* True Crime *card set.*

His next opus—the Big Budget Circus *political card set—is just out from Tundra Publishing, 320 Riverside Drive, Northampton, MA 01060. (413) 586-9525. Dead on target and outrageous!*

MARY PINCHOT MEYER has been called "Camelot's secret Lady Ottoline." She was JFK's mistress and flaming inamorata at the time of his death. Reportedly, he was so entranced by her that he planned to divorce Jackie.

Who was this woman—and what was her secret Liebestrank?

Delicately nurtured, distinctly armigerous, Vassar-educated; cool, blonde, reckless and daring—power was her aphrodisiac. The estranged wife of top CIA operative Cord Meyer, she was particularly conversant with psychoactive drugs. Her sister Toni was married to the Washington Post's *Ben Bradlee. Her uncle was Gifford Pinchot, Secretary of the Interior. This web only hints at the incestuousness of power alliances in Washington.*

But an even more interesting cabal was one she herself spearheaded—"eight intelligent women turning on the most powerful men in Washington." The Cabinet. The Senate. The Supreme Court.

Who killed Mary Pinchot? There are those alive today who know and have remained mute. Do we have to wait until 2029 to find out? Could it be that JFK was—and had to be—sacrificed because he was…

America's First Psychedelic President?

Nancy Druid

Illustration by the fabulous Eric White

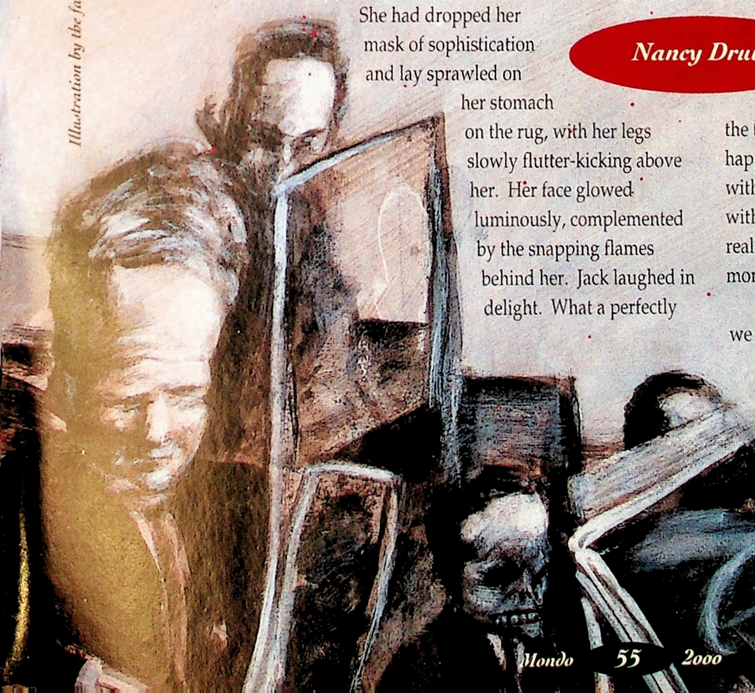
1962 The leader of the most powerful nation in the world smiled euphorically. The Cuban missile furrows that had been etched deeply into his forehead relaxed and melted into laugh lines that crinkled as he regarded Mary smiling before the fire.

She had dropped her mask of sophistication and lay sprawled on her stomach on the rug, with her legs slowly flutter-kicking above her. Her face glowed luminously, complemented by the snapping flames behind her. Jack laughed in delight. What a perfectly idyllic night. He contemplated the scene. Tears pricked briefly behind his eyes—the idiocy of the War! The Viet Nam thing was escalating as planned, but he could put a lid on it. The whole world should know the peace he was feeling. He could make that happen.

Several months before this magic night, Mary Pinchot met Lisa Howard for one of their afternoon strolls along the C & O Canal in Georgetown. As they turned down the towpath, Lisa poked Mary kiddingly, "Well, what happened? What couldn't you tell me over the horn—you with your old cloak-and-dagger." Mary laughed. "I met with Dr. Leary. I don't think he has any idea what we're really up to… but he's willing to guide us. And what's more… he'll supply us with what we need."[1]

Lisa's eyes widened and she grabbed Mary's arm. "Are we really doing this? This is great! I can't believe it! God what a story! Can you imagine if they found out? The network would shitcan me in orbit."

Mary laughed again and Lisa joined her. But when their eyes met after the laughter, they sobered. Both of them were dead serious.



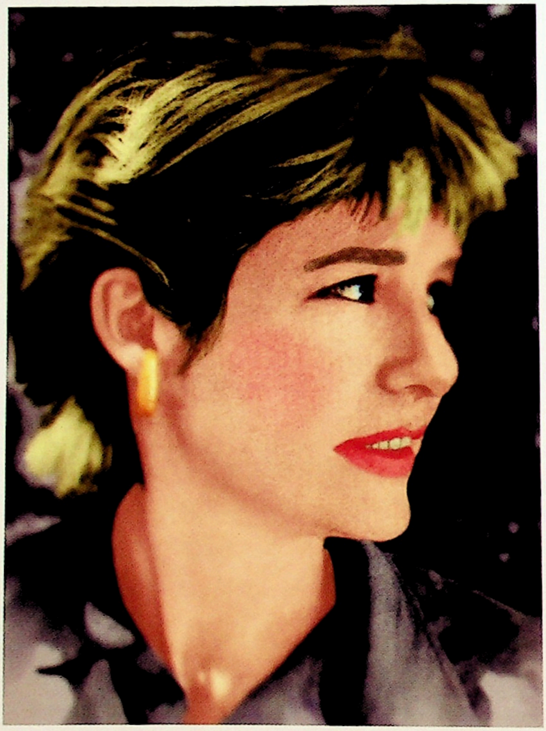
It was the dawn of the 1960s. The CIA had been testing the potential incapacitating uses of psychedelics as tools of war and espionage while the Harvard Psychedelic Research Project was discovering their educational, therapeutic and spiritual benefits.

The failure of MONGOOSE in the Bay of Pigs invasion and assassination attempts on Castro had embarrassed the intelligence operations of the presidency. A special group for counter-insurgency was given the task of rebuilding America's image by designing a war, basically, in reaction to the Cuban fiasco.[2] Keeping the Cuban situation in mind, eyes turned towards Southeast Asia. President Kennedy announced and carried out the decision of the United States to follow Russia in the atmospheric testing of nuclear weapons. The military geared up for war. The forces of destruction and creation were squaring off.

As the CIA began to crack down on the "once useful" Harvard drug wizards, a circle of women came together in the garage apartment behind the house of Ben Bradlee, then *Newsweek*'s Washington Bureau Chief and friend of President Kennedy. The garage apartment was the art studio and residence of Bradlee's sister-in-law, Mary Pinchot.[3]

Eight women were sitting and lying about on comfortable pillows in the living room. It was their fourth psychedelic session. At the first two meetings alternate halves of the group had taken LSD. Acting as each other's guides, they discussed and practiced what Mary had learned from Dr. Leary about the guidance of a psychedelic session.[4] This latest meeting was the second time the whole group had tripped together.

She became that person most dreaded by intelligence agencies—the 'runaway wife'



They came out of the session weary, but energized. They felt prepared to take up their task.

"Phase two," said Mary the following day in clipped CIA mimicry.[5] Several of the women laughed. The wives and lovers of America's top leaders were ready to turn their men on. Lisa and Dorothy, another of the women, were the last to leave. At the door, Lisa turned and flashed a victory sign at Mary, before starting down the stairs.

Jack waved away the concerns of the Secret Service men at the door. "I have a right to some privacy, dammit, and I'm good and well going to get it. *Now.*"[6]

As his chauffeur drove him away from the White House, Kennedy leaned back against the seat in relief. His thoughts wandered to the woman he was on his way to visit. Although she would be difficult to live with, as he had remarked more than once to her brother-in-law Ben,[7] she was certainly dynamic. He really liked her. Brilliant, beautiful, impeccable genes. And she was hot in bed, too.[7] She had a way about her. Persuasive. He still couldn't believe she'd gotten him to smoke marijuana in the White House![8] He laughed. Now she'd persuaded him to try her new "wonder love drug." Mary smiled at Jack as he looked at her in wonderment. "You're feeling pretty high now, aren't you, baby?"

The president nodded. "A little bit thirsty, too." He looked at her in expectation and she smiled again. "How 'bout some orange juice?"

"That's the absolutely perfect thing. That sounds great. Orange juice!"

Mary rose to her feet and padded into the kitchen. Jack watched her body flow upwards and noticed how catlike she moved as she left the room. The kitchen light was too bright. He flinched as she switched it on and shut his eyes. The pain was gone but he kept his eyes closed. "Technicolor," he thought.

Mary was back with the juice. "Here you go, Jack." He opened his eyes and reached for the glass. It was somehow more than orange juice. His taste buds were fibrillating. "This juice tastes incredible." Suddenly oranges became terribly significant. "My God," he said. "The world's insane. We're contemplating madness."

Mary put her arms around him. "Jack, you can change that. You have the power to manifest peace."

They met each other's eyes. Jack felt strength and wisdom emanating from this woman. Her pupils were deep wells—he felt drawn into them. "You told me this was a great aphrodisiac." Mary nodded.

BOMB
PSYCHEDELIC
Pamela Hobbs

Lisa and Mary got together again several weeks later. It was early February, 1963. The weather was clear but cold. They stopped at a sunny bench and sat down.

"How's it going with Bill?" Mary inquired almost immediately. Lisa grinned.

"Right to the point, aren't you Mary? Things are going great with the Ambassador. How's the Pres?"[9]

Mary leaned back and looked at the sky. She was beginning to feel strangely protective of Jack. It was more than a mad plot for world peace. "I think he's changing. Rapidly. He's looking at things in a more holistic fashion. More aware of the inter-connectedness of things, you know?"

Lisa nodded. "Do you think our mad plot is working?"

Mary laughed. "We're making inroads at any rate."

"Inroads?" Lisa arched a brow mockingly.

Things looked wonderful for the feminist conspirators in early 1963. Quite a group had built up with "...top people in Washington turning on."[10] The President visited Mary at her art studio several times in this period for further psychedelic sessions. By this time, Mary was able to source the finest acid direct from the N.I.M.H. Things were going swimmingly.

But then, still early in the year, Mary suffered a frightening setback. Her brother-in-law's editor, Phil Graham of *Newsweek* and *The Washington Post*, was suffering from worsening manic-depression and the pain of divorce proceedings. A long-time friend of the President, he had in the past... "committed adultery in the company of John Kennedy... often sharing women with him."[11] As his mental condition worsened, he and the President became estranged. Finally, enraged and drunken, he mounted a podium at a news convention in Phoenix and announced screaming to a roomful of reporters that... "he was going to tell them exactly who in Washington was sleeping with whom, beginning with President Kennedy."[12] He went on to announce that the President was currently seeing Mary Pinchot at clandestine meetings in her art studio, the carriage house behind Ben Bradlee's house.[13] What unnerved Mary was how thoroughly the incident was covered up.[14]

In a meeting with Dr. Leary she voiced her concern and had a warning for him... "You should be careful, too. Things are getting edgy in Washington. As we start loosening things up, there's bound to be a reaction. Keep doing what you're doing, but try to keep it low key. If you stir up too many waves, they'll shut you down." She paused for effect. "Or worse."[15]

Number 4

The Nazis: The SS (extinct); The Ghelen Organization, various South American governments ↓, miscellaneous European politicians ↑, David Duke, miscellaneous skinheads.

- The Nazis had the second-best costumes in European history, behind the Church, but ahead of the Deutscher Ordern.
- The Ghelen Organization pulled a silent coup, transforming the Flash Gordon OSS into the Cold War CIA, and got the South American dictators *ganz organiziert.*
- The SS scientists, too valuable as booty, slipped the Nuremberg noose to become Cold War assets for both sides (see Military-Industrial Complex, elsewhere).

Dr. Leary did not follow her advice. As the networks covered the firing of Harvard doctors Alpert and Leary and publicized their Mexican "Hotel Nirvana" psychedelic summer school,[16] Mary, Lisa and the rest of their group met for a pow-wow at the art studio. Things were going well for them. "So we're all saying the same thing." Mary said. "We're seeing a definite move towards both a test-ban and détente." The women nodded in agreement. Lisa spoke up. "You know, there's a chance I'll be going to Cuba myself soon. Che Guevara seems willing to meet to discuss the possibilities of acting as an intermediary in negotiating peace terms. I might be able to wangle myself a visa, somehow, and see Castro."

"That would be great!" Mary grinned slyly. "You know, Lisa. I've heard Fidel likes pretty blondes. I wonder how he'd react to a good aphrodisiac?"

The women laughed. "You know," said Lisa, "I don't think Ambassador Attwood would object to our facilitating peace negotiations."

June 10, 1963. Face alight with hope, the President looked out at the sea of intelligent young graduating seniors at the American University in Washington, D.C. Here were the future knights of his Camelot. In a powerful and now famous speech for peace he stated that every thoughtful citizen who despairs of war and wishes to bring peace should begin by looking inward. [17] War, he said "...makes no sense in an age when the deadly poisons produced by a nuclear exchange would be carried by wind and water and soil and seed to the far corners of the globe and to generations yet unborn."[18] He committed himself to work for a test-ban treaty which would not, he said, "...be a substitute for disarmament, but... will help us achieve it."[19] In reference to the Soviet Union and its allies he stated, "If we cannot end now our differences, at least we can help make the world safe for diversity... We all breathe the same air."[20]

The women were elated. As it turns out, elements of the CIA—tied to the underworld—and rabid anti-Castro extremists were not so pleased.[21] Unaware of the extent of this right-wing displeasure, the Pinchot Group proceeded with their plans.

By mid-1963 these plans began to show definite signs of coming to fruition. Lisa Howard did meet secretly with Che Guevara and they discussed peace terms between the United States and Cuba.[22] Succeeding in "wangling her visa," she spent about a month in Cuba and met with Castro several times. He was indeed attracted to the lovely blonde woman and consented to a 45-minute taped interview with her which aired on ABC. Also, together, they set up "...the arrangements for Attwood to go to Cuba and conduct preliminary talks preparatory to a Kennedy-Castro meeting."[23]

November 1963. Things began to go seriously awry. Lisa and Mary met for another talk. Both were near panic.

"We're in trouble, Lisa." Mary's voice shook. "It was a mistake to recruit the latest wife. She finked. I got a telephone call. The proverbial shit's hitting the fan."

"Have you talked to Jack?" Lisa inquired.

"Yes. He's nervous, too. He cancelled a session."

"Did you discuss what I should do?"

"Jack says to keep on—your work with Castro is too important right now to pull back from. I may have to disappear. Lay low for awhile. I don't know."

"Where will you go?"

"I was thinking of heading up to talk about that with Timothy. I'm not sure. Things are weird. Have you heard? Dorothy tells me that Aldous Huxley's dying."

"Oh, God." Lisa looked at Mary in despair. "Where are all our plans now?"

"They just might be blowing up in our faces."

Late that afternoon, a near hysterical Mary met Timothy in Millbrook. She was in real danger, she told him—could he hide her out if necessary? Her alarm was genuine. "You must be very careful now, Timothy. Don't make any waves. No publicity. I'm afraid for you. I'm afraid for all of us."[24]

Lisa Howard was in the process of arranging a conference between Bobby Kennedy and Che Guevara.[25] "On November 19th, Presidential aide McGeorge Bundy, who was acting as an intermediary in the secret discussions, told Ambassador Attwood that the President wanted to discuss his plans for a Cuban American détente in depth with him right after 'a brief trip to Dallas.'"[26]

Three days later the President was dead. On November 23rd, Fidel Castro said that Kennedy's assassination was the work of "elements in the U.S. opposed to peace."[27] His remarks were labeled as propaganda.

December 1st, 1963. Mary called Dr. Leary in almost unintelligible grief. She sobbed into the phone. "They couldn't control him anymore. He was changing too fast. They've covered everything up. I gotta come see you. I'm afraid. Be careful."[28] Suddenly there was a dial tone. Leary replaced the phone slowly, regarding it with concern.

The group met secretly one last time. It was agreed that there was no choice but to disband. It was a solemn meeting and not all of the women were ready to accept failure. The two newswomen met each other's eyes. "This will all come out, you know," Dorothy announced. Lisa nodded. "I'm not finished yet!"

Almost a year later Mary Pinchot walked the familiar towpath by the canal. It was early afternoon and Mary stopped to watch a bird wing overhead. There was a step not far behind her. She turned. A man regarded her silently. Her eyes widened and then narrowed. "You have no idea what you're facing. You can't change what we've started." He fired a shot which struck her in the chest. Mary left her body and stood for a moment at her assassin's side. He fired at her body's head twice. She felt sorry for him—briefly—and then followed the bird across the water. After her death, her apartment was searched and her diary removed for "disposal" by the CIA chief of counter-intelligence, James Angleton.[29] Her murder has never officially been solved.

A year later, Lisa Howard died under suspicious circumstances. Her death was attributed to suicide. Supposedly she took one hundred phenobarbitals at mid-day in a parking lot where she was found wandering in a daze. She had been involved in a dispute with ABC and had been fired because she had "chosen to participate publicly in partisan political activity contrary to long-established ABC news policy."[30] Suspicions about her death "...if ever substantiated... would make her the second female news reporter (after Dorothy Kilgallen) whom assassination critics suspect was silenced because of her knowledge of the assassination."[31]

Curious that this woman—who was after all America's first anchorwoman—is scarcely known today. Before her death, Lisa turned against Robert Kennedy, who was running for the U.S. Senate in New York. At a group meeting she organized with Gore Vidal in support of the incumbent Senator Keating, Bobby was described as "the very antithesis of his brother—ruthless, reactionary, and dangerously authoritarian." Explaining her reasons for forming the group she said, "if you feel strongly about something like this you can't remain silent. You have to show courage and stand up and be counted." After ABC fired her she continued her "partisan political activity," remarking in a debate over Robert Kennedy that "Brothers are not necessarily the same... There was Cain and Abel."[32] *An interesting comparison.*

In the wake of the Kennedy assassination there have been many more deaths than those of Mary Pinchot, Lisa Howard, and Dorothy Kilgallen. District Attorney Jim Garrison of New Orleans said that "witnesses in this case *do* have a habit of dying at the most inconvenient times... a London insurance firm has prepared an actuarial chart on the likelihood of twenty of the people involved in this case dying within three years of the assassination and found the odds thirty trillion to one."[33]

Mary Pinchot's last terrified visit to see Timothy at Millbrook was just days before Kennedy's assassination. Coincidence? Her murder has been shelved, her very existence all but expunged from the record. As ultra-deep-cover Cord Meyer's willful, observant wife, she had learned too much. "She became that person most dreaded by intelligence agencies—the 'runaway wife.'"

Now that Oliver Stone has opened up the inquest, let's begin asking questions about our lost innocence. And let's ask questions about the press in this country—have they been gagged, blinded, bought or compromised?

The JFK assassination is an *epi*-conspiracy. The central core conspiracy remains at one remove from the public awareness.

Todd Gitlin flays the journalistic profession, the "guardians of truth." "In the secret crevices of their souls they look upon Oliver Stone with fear... the fear that they have become collaborators—in ways too many to name here—in that vast corruption and hollowness that America has become."

Or, to paraphrase Brecht's Galileo, "Unhappy is the country that has need of filmmakers!"

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10. *Flashbacks*, p. 154.
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13. Ibid., p. 164.
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17. June 10 Speech in *Kennedy Reader*, p. 123, Jay David Bobbs Merrill Co. Inc., 1967.
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21. *Playboy* 10-67, vol. 14, no. 10, p. 157.
22. *The Kennedy Conspiracy*, p. 255-256.
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24. *Flashbacks*, p.191.
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28. *Flashbacks*, p. 194.
29. *S.F. Chronicle*, 2-23-76, p. 16.
30. *The Kennedy Conspiracy*, p. 259.
31. Ibid., p. 260.
32. Ibid., p. 259.
33. *Playboy*, p. 162.

Photographs by Ahmet Sibdialsau/Click Image, Concept and Styling by Josephine Grieve and Heide Foley, Make-up by Susan Kozak, Hair by Karen Harvey, photo assistance by Ted Thomas, Photoshopped by Bart.

Fashion details on page 85

Two Heads

Yvette Roman

REPRODUCED AUTHENTIC

Reproduce: *to generate offspring by sexual or asexual union; to produce again or renew; to re-create; to re-animate*

Authentic: *entitled to acceptance because of agreement with known fact or experience, reliable, trustworthy. Example:* an authentic *portrayal of the past, present or future*

It has been my pleasure during the last 30 years to have hung out with and been re-created by many of the fancy innovative minds of these high times.

I speak of those who contributed their talents to our recent Renaissance—the humanist, individualistic upheavals of the 1950's, 60's, 70's and 80's. Artists; Poets; Writers; Musicians; Scientists; Filmmakers; Entertainers.

These superstars illuminate, energize, disseminate, squirt out the memes. They fertilize our minds. But let's be frank. Super-novas don't conceive.

My life has been guided by a smaller group of illuminati who perform the less visible, but, perhaps the more important role of navigating our future. Multimedia wizards who experiment with new forms of reproducing and transmitting. People who perform philosophy, *if you will.*

For bibliographic references I cite you William Burroughs, Marshall McLuhan, Aldous Huxley, Thomas Pynchon, Chris Blackwell, Laurie Anderson, Todd Rundgren, Allen Ginsberg.

And, speaking of Renaissance authenticators, consider David Byrne.

For starters, David helps found the Talking Heads, arguably one of the ten most important rock bands of all time.

*He directs two innovative films—*True Stories *and* Ile Aiyé, *a haunting documentary about Brazilian religious festivals.*

He wins an Oscar for scoring The Last Emperor.

His publishing house, Luaka Bop, transmits global sound. His new album Uh Oh *fuses the best of Byrne—biting rock beat, pulsing Latin drive, 21st century flair, and Talking Heads sass.*

And, oh yeah... there's the symphony.

On November 23, I went to the Seattle Opera House. Sold-out. In the lobby you could feel that special expectant buzz. The Seattle symphony played standard concert stuff for the first half of the program. The second half was devoted to Byrne's full-length piece, The Forest. *Ten movements, no less.*

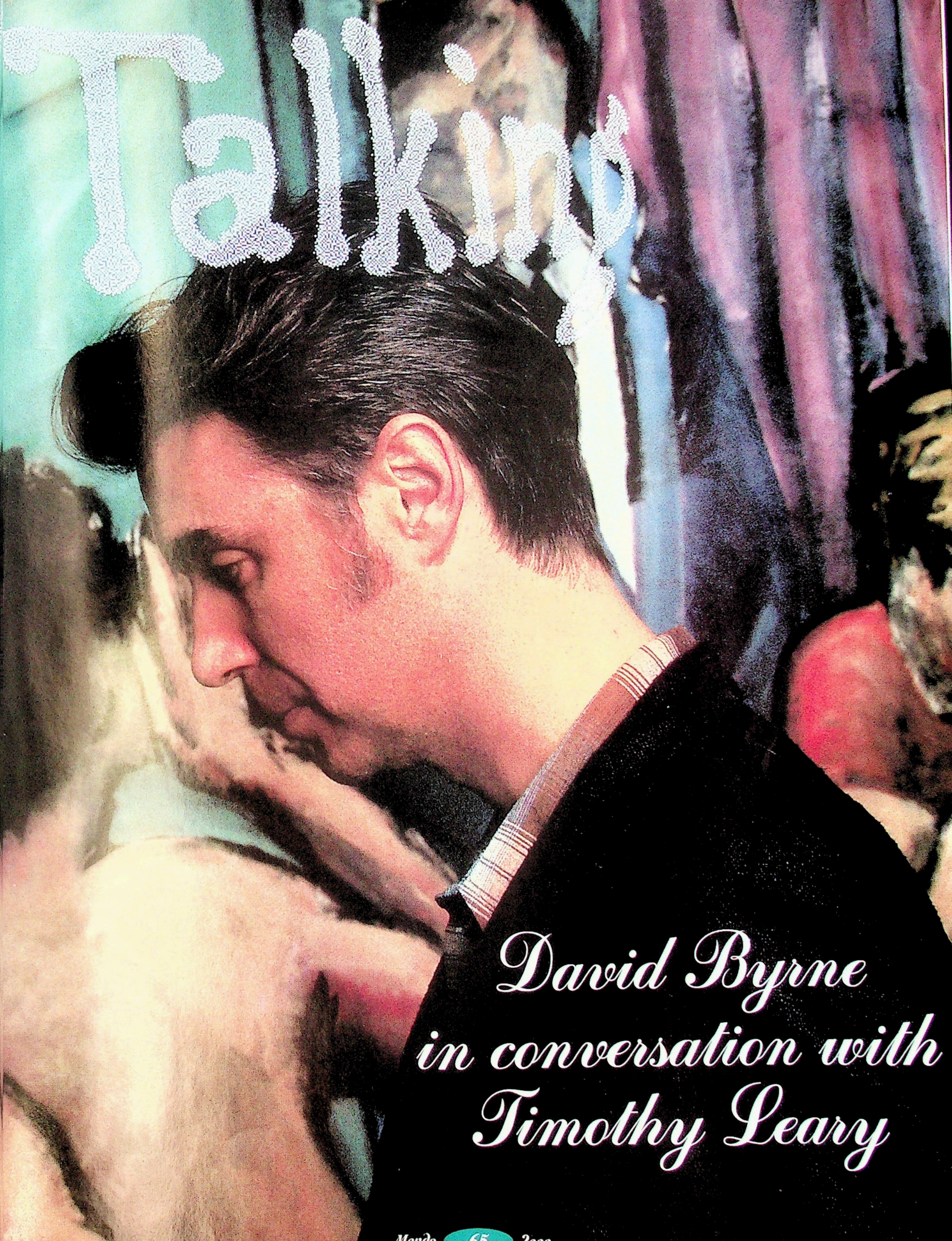
At the end of the symphony the hall boomed with applause. The conductor waved for David to move to the podium. Standing ovation. What a moment for a rock 'n' roller from the Rhode Island School of Design! An authentic moment.

For me, David Byrne transmits the message of the New Breed, the MONDO 2000 *spirit. Human, Funny, Global, Passionate, Laid-back, Friendly, Ironic, Wise.*

And, oh yeah...

Reproduced; Re-creational; Authentic.

—Timothy Leary



Talking

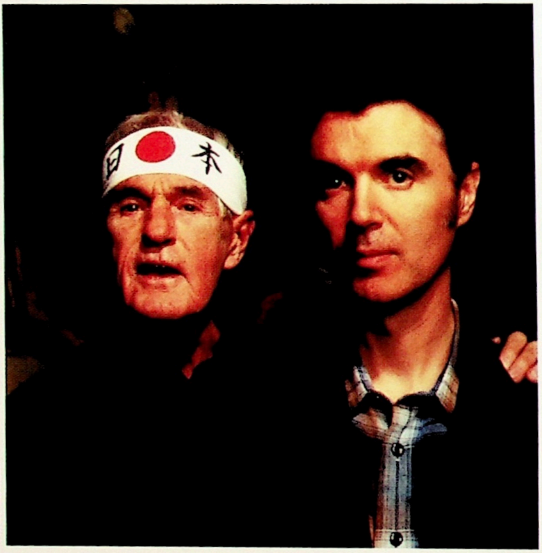
David Byrne in conversation with Timothy Leary

Alice is the Goddess of the Electronic Age

CORDLESS COSMOPOLITAN

TL: I mention you in every lecture I give, because you represent the 21st century concept of international/global coming together through electronics. How did you get into that?

DB: With television and movies and records being disseminated all over the globe, you have instant access to almost anything, anywhere. But it's out of context—free-floating. People in other parts of the world—India, South America, Russia—have access to whatever we're doing. They can play around with it, misinterpret it or re-interpret it. And we're free to do the same. It's a part of the age we live in. There's that kind of communication—even though it's not always direct.



Yvette Roman

TL: The young Japanese particularly. Read those Tokyo youth magazines! They pick up on *everything*. *Rolling Stone* is like a little village publication compared to Japanese mags.

DB: They're very catholic in that sense.

TL: What's your image in the Global New Breed culture? How are you seen in Brazil, for instance?

DB: I'm seen as a musician whom some people have heard of—not a lot—who has an appreciation of what Brazilians are doing. Sometimes it's confusing for them, because some of the things I like are not always what their critics like.

For instance, some of the records on Luaka Bop—like music from the Northeast, and even some of the Samba stuff—is considered by the middle and upper class and intelligentsia to be lower class music. Like listening to Country & Western or Rap here. They're surprised that this "sophisticated" guy from New York likes lower class music instead of their fine art music.

But sometimes it makes them look again at their own culture and appreciate what they'd ignored. Much in the same way that the Beatles, Rolling Stones and Eric Clapton made young Americans look at Muddy Waters and Howling Wolf. I'm not doing it intentionally, but it has that effect.

TL: What music do you listen to? Who are your favorite musicians now?

DB: The last Public Enemy record was just amazing—a dense collage with a lot of real philosophy. I listened to the last Neil Young record. I have some records from Japanese groups, and Brazilian and Cuban stuff—all the stuff we've been putting out on the label.

TL: Tell us about Luaka Bop.

DB: I put together a compilation of songs by important Brazilian artists a couple of years ago, and afterwards I thought it could be an ongoing thing. I figured that I might as well have an umbrella mechanism so that people might see the label and check it out. It was a practical thing in that way.

We're now slowly getting into a greater range of things. In the future we're going to release soundtracks for Indian movies, an Okinawan pop group and a duo from England. That will be one of our few releases in English.

INDUSTRIAL SYMPHONY #2

TL: Marshall Macluhan would be very happy with that—globalization. What about your symphony, *The Forest?*

DB: It was originally done for a Robert Wilson piece. The idea was that we'd take the same story—the Gilgamesh legend. He'd interpret it for stage and I'd do it as a film. We'd use my music. The hope was that we'd present them in the same city at the same time. So you could see two vastly different interpretations of a re-interpreted ancient legend. I found it's the oldest story we know. We updated it to the industrial revolution in Europe.

TL: Cosmology and immortality.

DB: It was written in the first cities ever built. Oddly enough, it deals with the same questions that came up during the industrial revolution and persist today—when cities and industry expand at a phenomenal rate. It deals with what it means to be civilized versus natural. So it has a current resonance, although it's as old as you can get.

TL: The older I get, the more I see everything in stages. I start with the tribe and move through the feudal, Gilgamesh, the industrial... But what's impressed me about your music is that regardless of the setting, there's always the African body beat.

DB: It's part of our culture now. It's something we've been inundated with. The Africans who were forcibly brought here have colonized us with their music, with their sensibility and rhythm. They've colonized their oppressors.

TL: Michael Ventura, who explains how Voudoun came from Africa, says the same thing. I wrote an article about Southern vegetables—we colonials going into Southern cultures and grabbing their sugar, coffee and bananas. The industrial people arrive, build factories, and then they become counter-colonized by the music, the food and the psychoactive vegetables. It happened to the British in India.

DB: In a subtle way it changes people's ways of thinking; it increases the possibilities for what they could think and feel. And they're not always aware of what's happening to them.

THE TAO OF TURTLE WAX

TL: I see the industrial age as a stage—a very tacky, messy, awkward stage of human evolution. We *had* to have the smoky factories, and we must mature beyond them. I was very touched by your comments about *The Forest*. You were trying to acknowledge the romance and the grandeur of the factory civilization even though it was fucking everything up.

DB: My instinctual reaction is that this stuff sucks. It's created the mess that we're in. But you're never going to find your way out of the mess unless you can somehow, like the Samurai, identify with your enemy. Become one with your enemy, understand it, or you won't be able to find your way out of the maze.

TL: The Soviet Union is a great teacher about the horrors of fire power and machine tech. You see the smog and those grizzled old miners coming out of the deep, sooty mines with their faces black. On the other hand, there was a grandeur to it, and you can't cut out the industrial side of our nature, because it has brought us to this room where we can use machines to record our conversation. That's something that I find interesting in Japan, which is the perfect machine society. There's not much pollution there—you never see any filth on the street.

DB: No, it's cleaned up pretty quickly. You get scolded for tossing a can out your car window. I've seen people get scolded for not washing their car! It's a matter of face.

TL: And nothing is old there. I didn't see one car that was more than four years old or with a dent in it.

DB: That's taking LA one step further.

CASUAL GODS

TL: I spent some time today watching your video, *Ile Ayié*.

DB: It's about an Afro-Brazilian religion called Candomblé. "Ile Ayié" in Yoruba, an African language, roughly translates as *the house of life* or *the realm that we live in*.

TL: The Biosphere I...

DB: Yeah, the dimension that we live in rather than other existing dimensions. It was done in Bahia, in the city of Salvador, on the coast of Northeastern Brazil. It's about an African religion that's been there

The Brazilian intelligentsia are surprised that this "sophisticated" guy from New York likes lower class music instead of their fine art music

Number 5

Propaganda Due **(P2)**

- Conspiracy for conspiracy's sake.
- They leave flowers at Giordano Bruno's statue on the anniversary of his death at the stake (see Catholic Church).
- However many teams there are, they belong to at least N+1.

Reproduced Authentic

Reproduced Authentic is a magnificently bound art-book containing five paintings by David Byrne and four other artists which were converted to 8 1/2" x 11" images transmitted from New York to Tokyo via telephone line by facsimile. They were exhibited at GALERIE VIA EIGHT, a show curated by Joseph Kusuth.

I consider this apparent oxymoron—"Reproduced Authentic"—to be the most fascinating-controversial-liberating issue confronting us as we move from the solid, possessive materialism of the feudal-industrial societies to the relativity-recreativity of the electronic stage.

Now that Newton's Laws have become local ordinances, the clunky, static art treasures of wood, marble, canvas, steel become crumbling curiosities, their value insanely inflated by well-marketed "rarity." These archaeological antiques are huckstered at Sotheby auctions, guarded by armed guards in vault-like galleries or in the mansions of wealthy collectors.

Thus the wretched caste-class possessiveness of feudal and industrial cultures which prized "rarity." Thus the $50 million market for canvases which the unauthentic painter Van Gogh could not "transmit" for a five franc meal at the local bistro. To the feudal aristocrat as well as the Manhattan art critic "authentic" means a "rare original," a commodity traded by gallery merchants and monopolized by owners. The politics of solid-state aesthetics are authoritarian and one-way—owner-producers on one side and passive gawkers on the other.

Transmissibility replaces rarity. According to German philosopher, Walter Benjamin, "The authenticity of a thing is the essence of all that is *transmissible* from its beginning ranging from its substantive duration… to the history which it has experienced." Rarity "now is a… mask of art's potential for meaning and no longer constitutes the criterion of authenticity. Art's meaning then becomes socially (and politically) formed by the living." Re-animated.

These liberating, egalitarian, thrilling notions of *"reproduced authentic"* and *transmissibility* are the application of quantum field dynamics and Einsteinian relativity to humanist electronic communication. The implications are profound and timely. The politics are interactive. The passive consumers become active-agents. You receive electronic patterns on your screens, disks, FAX machines, and you transform and transmit.

What is "authentic" is not the possessed object but the ever-changing network—the entangled field of electronic interactions through which the essence-icon is continually *re-created*.

Re-creating the Mona Lisa. The 12 year-old inner city kid can slide the Mona Lisa onto her Mac screen, color the eyes green, modem it to her pal in Paris who adds purple lipstick and runs it through a laser copier which is then faxed to Joseph Kusuth for the next GALERIE VIA EIGHT show in Tokyo.

It is this transmissibility, this re-animation, this global interactivity which David Byrne authenticates so gracefully.

—Timothy Leary

since slavery times. It's mutated and evolved over the years to the extent that now it could be called an Afro-Brazilian religion—there's a lot of African elements. The ceremonies, the rituals consist of a lot of drumming, people occasionally go into trance, offerings are made, altars are made… the occasional sacrifice… It's an ecstatic religion—it feels good.

TL: I've never seen so many dignified, happy human beings in any place at any time. For over 90 minutes the screen is filled with these stately older black women…

DB: It's very joyous and regal. When the drums and dancing kick in it's like a really hot rock or R&B show. When the music hits that level where everybody tunes into it, it's the same kind of feeling.

I've seen people get scolded in Japan for not washing their car! It's a matter of face

TL: That's what religion should be. But it's not all joyous. At times there's a sternness—a sphinx-like trance to it.

DB: It deals with acknowledging and paying homage to the natural forces. Some of those are deadly, some are joyous, some are dangerous and some are life-giving. That's the flux of nature, and Candomblé acknowledges the entire dynamic.

TL: You also said that the aim of these ceremonies is to bring the Orixás—deities who serve as intermediaries between mortals and the supreme force of nature. Tell us about that.

DB: When the vibe is right somebody gets possessed by one of the gods. There's a pantheon of gods like in ancient Greece or Rome. The god is said to be there in the room, in the body, so you can have a conversation with him, or dance with him. God isn't up there unreachable, untouchable. It's something that can come right down into the room with you. You can dance with it or ask direct questions.

TL: The great thing about the Greek gods was that they had human qualities.

DB: These as well. They can be sexy, jealous, vain, loving, whatever—all the attributes of people.

THE MOTHER DOING WHAT?

TL: William Gibson has written about Voudoun. Many of his Voudoun people talk about the human being as a horse, and how the god comes down and rides the human being.

DB: That's the Haitian metaphor—the horse. It's the same idea.

TL: The healer, the warrior, the mother bubbling—one after another these archetypes of characters or natural forces—basic human situations, roles…

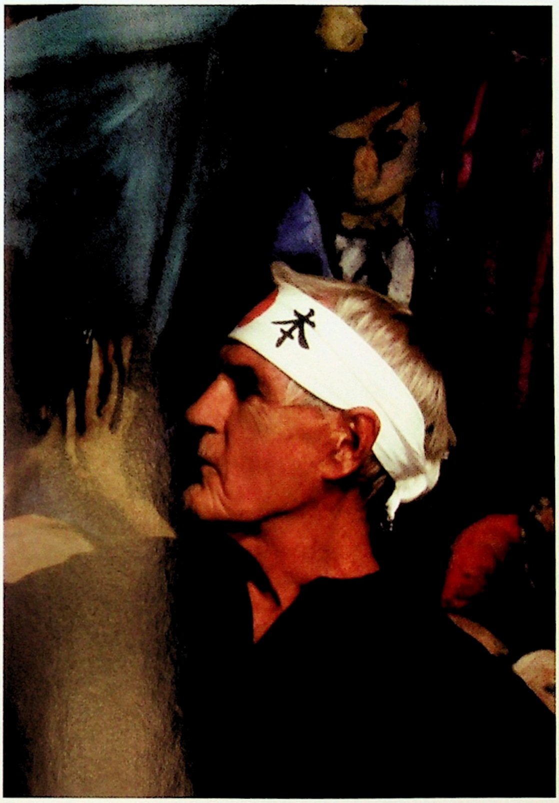
DB: The nurturing mother or the warrior man or woman, the sexy coquette…

TL: The seductive female warrior—that's Yarzan. I became confused when that man dressed as a Catholic priest rants about false prophets.

DB: The African religion is periodically being persecuted by the Catholic Church, by the Protestant Church, by the government. They go through waves of being recognized and persecuted and going underground and coming back up again and being recognized and pushed down again.

TL: I know the cycle well.

DB: So that was a scene from a fictional film there dramatizing persecution by orthodox religion.



Yvette Roman

TL: You wrote it in…

DB: It was something I found in a Brazilian film. It was an example of recent persecution, so I threw it in.

FAX MUSEUM

TL: That's a very powerful moment because it wasn't orchestrated. It was *authentic*, as your friend here would say. [*Points to a copy of* Reproduced Authentic] Would you comment on this book?

DB: An artist named Joseph Kusuth organized it. He's most well-known for art that looks like your shirt.

TL: [*Displays shirt*] It's designed by Anarchic Adjustments. The front reads "Ecstasy," and on one arm it reads "Egos In, Egos Out."

DB: Joseph Kusuth would have a definition of a word and just frame that. He invited me to be part of this exhibition in Japan where the idea was to create art with a fax machine. I did something equivalent to the seven deadly sins. It didn't exist—I collaged it, sandwiched it in the fax machine, and it came out the other end. They took the fax and blew it up to the size of a painting. When it was transmitted, rather than receiving it on paper they received it on acetate. The acetate became a photo negative. They have fax machines that can receive other materials, and then they can blow it up to any size.

POETS FOR PHYSICS

TL: You say you didn't want to be a scientist because you liked the graffiti in the art department better. If you *had* been a scientist what would you have been?

DB: At the time I was attracted to pure science—physics—where you could speculate and be creative. It's equivalent to being an artist. If you get the chance, and the cards fall right, there's no difference. The intellectual play and spirit are the same.

TL: Nature is that way—it's basically playful. Murray Gelman, who is one of America's greatest quantum physicists, used the word "quark" to describe the basic element from a funny line from James Joyce, "three quarks from Muster Mark."

DB: I had a math teacher in high school who included Lewis Carroll and *Alice in Wonderland* in his higher math studies. I thought, "This guy knows what he's doing."

TL: Dodgson, the fellow who wrote it, knew what he was doing. That metaphor of *through the looking glass* on the other side of the screen. Talk about your Yoruba gods and goddesses. Talk about Yarzan and Shango. Alice is the Goddess of the Electronic Age. M2

The Africans who were forcibly brought here have colonized us with their music, with their sensibility and rhythm

Marcus Badgley

Neil Young's New Age Metal

IN CONVERSATION WITH ANDREW HULTKRANS & JAS. MORGAN

Neil Young is the definitive axe murderer.

His backwoods psychotic glare and tremulous sneer render Jack Nicholson milquetoast by comparison. A torturer of the Les Paul (and Fender amp), Neil is a study in frenzy and distortion. A Neil Young solo is the sound of electricity suffocating.

His latest serial spree, the Ragged Glory *tour—recorded as Armageddon faced Jihad in the Gulf—bristled with hostility at an America drunk with the urge to kick butt. Acknowledging his influence on a number of Noise and Industrial bands, Neil treated his audience to a heady dose of Sonic Youth as an apéritif, only to outgrunge them with his own set of harrowing sonic chaostrophy. The result—*Arc/Weld*—dispels any notion that Neil Young and Crazy Horse are sucking wind.*

We met him in a remote juke joint amongst the Redwoods on Skyline Ridge. The Twin Peaks *resonances were immediate—buttressed by a pair of lovely young Warner Bros. women greeting us near the fire. Jas. dazzled Simone with McLuhanese, as Young—cordoned off in the restaurant beyond—baffled some pad-and-pencil man from the* S.F. Chronicle.

Neil goes off into insane rants occasionally, then glares at you hungrily, ready to devour your next question. Music crits always edit him down to passable respectability. We decided to leave him intact.

—Jas. & Andrew

MONDO 2000: Does high-speed technology in itself interest you? Fax machines, camcorders…

NEIL YOUNG: Yeah. Unfortunately, the biggest area of suffering is sound. What we have to listen to is infuriating. Technology that works for everything else is killing music. It doesn't sound like it should; digital doesn't give you the music.

M2: In theory, it should get everything—break it up in little bits, record each frequency on its own level—but you're right. It doesn't sound as warm or as rich.

NY: If you look out the window you'll see a roof or something green. Now, imagine you're looking at *sound* outside, a visualization of it. You're seeing sound from a live performance—the energy and the vibrations of the whole building. Between the different colors and the way it hits you, there are so many nuances.

If you look at it through a multi-paned window, take the dominant color in one of the squares and make the whole square that color. Take away all the variety in the square, replace it with the dominant, and do the same thing with all the squares—that's digital.

> *You feel it in your chest. When we get to that point we're entering another domain. It's pure, it's not refined at all. It's the real goo*

DISSIN' DAT

NY: That's why you don't get the feedback, your mind and heart are not challenged.

M2: You're missing all those grey areas.

NY: Or all the *color*. And the top part of the sound is where all the magic is—up there with the hiss and the air.

M2: Certainly in *your* music…

NY: But it's not there now, because of digital recording.

M2: But didn't you record *Arc Weld* digital to digital?

NY: I've done everything digital since 1982.

M2: Are you just hoping it will get better?

NY: There's no alternative. CDs are CDs. If you're going to come out in digital you might as well *record* in digital and take advantage of the control factor. But it's not therapeutic, it's not healthful, it's not rewarding, it's not challenging to the mind. It's just enough to trick you into thinking that it's music, but you're not being rewarded by listening to it. You're not getting *enhanced*.

If you listen to an old record on an old set, and it's an all-analog recording, then you can get whatever therapeutic or spiritual value that music can bring you. It comes much easier because your brain is completely occupied by the myriad of possibilities in the sound and the mix and the depth—all these little different sounds that are broken into their smallest parts. In digital you don't get any of that; you get an averaged sound. A million little sounds replaced by one color.

M2: So if I put on my album of *Everyone Knows This Is Nowhere*, and listen to it on a good stereo system, it's a richer album than *Ragged Glory*? For just that reason alone?

NY: Absolutely. Maybe not richer music, but richer tonal quality. It has the flaws inherent to analog. If you turn it up too loud your turntable will start feeding back in the speakers: you've got surface noise. But those aren't that important compared to getting the full depth of the music… and the *echo*. I mean, how do you take echo and make *it* into a big square? Echo is subtle variations. You can't average out all the subtle variations into one color and expect to get the same impression.

HOW, EXACTLY, SHIT HAPPENS

M2: I've always been interested in the tone of your guitar. It's a very rich sound. I'm wondering what you hear in it, and your approach to distortion.

NY: The guitar and the amplifier work together to feed each other. And you have to get the amplifier big enough, so you're far enough away from the guitar that you can still feed, vibrate the area. And you move the guitar around in the area, finding the angles and places where the guitar sits and responds to the sound.

And then you start building the sound coming out of the amplifier with effects after the guitar signal is entered. It has to have strayed in. And then you take the effects and you introduce them again between the guitar and the amplifier, through a different route, and you blend them together and they start feeding back.

It's a very natural thing. And to hear it live is really awesome.

M2: What do you hear onstage when you're really overriding the amps and you've got heavy feedback?

NY: You feel it in your chest.

M2: Is it a different musical place than being within a regular song?

NY: Oh yeah—when we get to that point we're entering another domain. That's the expression of the song, the essence of what we had just sung put into raw sound. It's pure, it's not refined at all. It's the real *goo.*

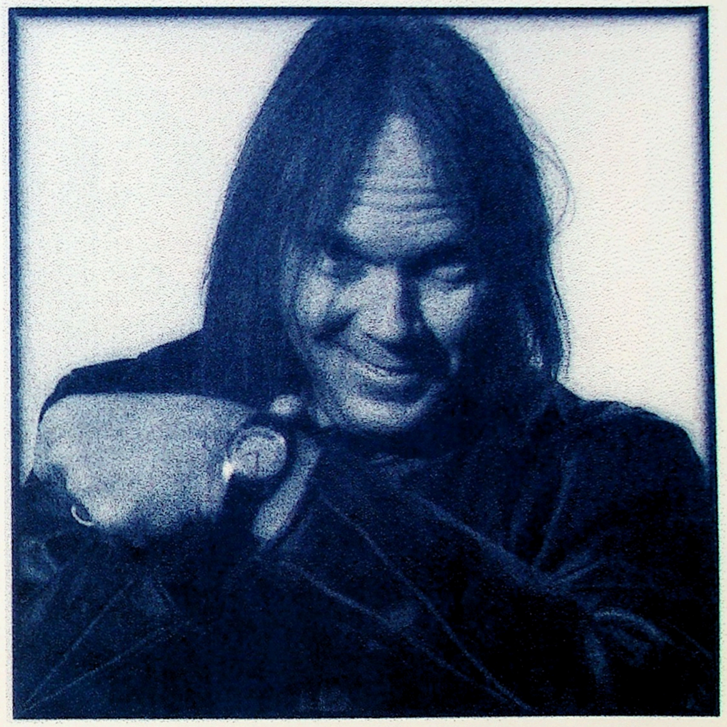
How do you take echo and make it into a big square?

TRANS OUT

M2: I wanted to ask you about *Trans.* Was there a larger concept behind it than was expressed in the album?

NY: There was quite a larger thing behind it originally. In the original conception there was a video. If it was today, I'd have been able to do it, because I'd have the support of my record company. But at that time for me to ask for the money to make a video that was going to be 20 minutes long for an EP—there was no way.

Trans was about a baby that couldn't talk, couldn't communicate. The whole operation in the hospital was trying to get the baby to push a button. Everyone around the baby was talking in synthetic voices, and the baby was going to get a synthetic voice as soon as he learned how to push the button. He could then start to learn how to talk.



Jay Blakesberg

PUNCHING THE DIGITAL COWS

"Computer Cowboy" was a song about a guy named Syscrusher. During the day he was a cowboy. All his cows were the same; they were digital cows, square-block cows. He had a floodlight out on the pasture which he kept lit all night, so there were 24 hours of light for the cows to be eating and moving towards their final goal. The perfect cattle ranch.

But at night when he turned on the lights, he'd go into the city and start fuckin' around with the computers of these companies. He'd go inside buildings, fuck up the memory systems and the government records…

M2: He was a cracker…

NY: Yeah. And then there's "Computer Age," which has to do with the doctors in the hospital talking to one another. There are families trying to get into the hospital, getting caught in traffic and watching the lights change. Their eyes start to be like traffic lights.

"We R In Control" is sung by the airport and traffic systems. And "Transformer Man" was the nurses singing to the little kid: "Control the action/Push of a button/Trying to break through/There's so much to do/We haven't made it yet…" They're telling the kid that he's got to press the button or he's not going to be able to communicate. That was the beginning of my ideas of my own son being able to communicate through technology.

TONGUES OF THE COLLECTIVE UNCONSCIOUS

M2: Do you think communications technologies have a positive effect on culture?

NY: Oh yeah, because disabled people have an incredible amount to add. People who don't talk have a different perspective—they're listeners. They've accumulated a lot of information.

Some of these people are unaffected mentally, and yet they've developed very strangely. Because they can't communicate, other people assume that they can't *think.*

There are documented occurrences of people who couldn't talk breaking the silence after 30 years—through the use of a little toe on a computer, or an eyelid interface for blinking Morse code into a computer. And the doctors find that these people have *intertwined composite*

The top part of the sound is where all the magic is—up there with the hiss and the air *languages*. They have the language of their time, and then a throwback language that hasn't been spoken for centuries, like Gaelic. It's just there.

It's fascinating to find out what's on these people's minds. Their wisdom about how to deal with their own peers, and how to help us deal with them. Not to mention the artistic side and the musical side.

WHEN THE AIR IS YELLOW & RED, AND REFRIGERATORS RULE THE WORLD

M2: Your lyrics over the years have been very down-to-earth: relationship-based or issue-based, but sometimes you slip in some futuristic element. Even as far back as "After The Gold Rush," the last verse, "Silver spaceships... flying Mother Nature's silver seed to a new home in the sun." Is that something that interested you then?

> *Anyone caught playing Arc loudly on their car stereo at a stoplight is making a definite statement*

NY: It seemed a lot farther away then than now. But that's about three times in history: there's a Robin Hood scene; there's a fire scene in the present; and there's the future, where the planet's all yellow, the air is yellow and red, ships are leaving, certain people can go and certain people can't. It's like planting seeds.

M2: It was very vivid. Do you see that as something that could happen?

NY: I think it's going to happen. I don't know if it'll happen in my lifetime, but there are definitely going to be people leaving here to go somewhere else. It's a natural progression.

M2: If you could get naturespheres up into the space stations rather than the sterile scenario we have now...

NY: We only think it's sterile because we believe that everything has to be so *organized* for us to get there that it *must* be sterile. In actuality, it's the opposite. The kind of power that we're going to have to use to get there is chemical, it's natural. Everything is going to be different. Nanotechnology, where machines are alive, refrigerators building new refrigerators, then *bigger* refrigerators—soon they can freeze the whole state... [*laughter*]

M2: You just have to tell it when to stop building refrigerators. Do you have any gadgets you just play with?

NY: I've got a big train set and I'm working on a computer control system for it. That's a mind-boggling keypad—it's a whole environment.

M2: How large is it?

NY: About the size of this room. It's pretty radical.

NEW AGE METAL

M2: What about *Arc?* You've hinted at this kind of atonality in past live albums, but here it's completely brought out. I was wondering if you listened to a lot of free jazz.

NY: I don't listen to that much music. I just listen to the radio. Whatever's on, whatever people play in the car, whatever my wife listens to, I'll listen while I'm in the room. If nobody else is in the room, I'll turn it off.

M2: So *Arc* is purely an emotional expression. It doesn't come from any school of music that you enjoy.

NY: No. It's New Age metal. That's what I would call it, because you can listen to it really quiet. It's soothing. I should play it between sets in clubs—to cleanse the palette. It's a generic rock 'n' roll sound; it has no identity. It's the tone, the metal tone. It's like being inside a giant milkshake blender. It's another dimension. Most bands' beat defines who they are. There is no beat in *Arc*. So it doesn't take away from any other music. It's the universal mixer.

Anyone caught playing *Arc* loudly on their car stereo at a stoplight is making a *definite* statement.

M2: How did you record it?

NY: Live on stage. It's all live from the tour.

THE SPARKS WITHIN THE ARC

M2: And it's all in one line?

NY: No, there are 57 sparks. They range from 15 seconds to 3 1/2 minutes in length.

M2: Where would you insert them into the regular set?

NY: Well, those would be extracted from the songs, like the songs on *Weld*, although none of the pieces from *Weld* are used. If you listen to *Weld* and you listen to *Arc*, you can hear parts of *Arc* on *Weld* as it goes by. If you listen to them both a couple of times you can tell where all the pieces come from. They all have an order to them.

So I digitally edit them together and use as much of the same night as I can. I get a good night and then I take what I'm doing and put it all together and then go to another night. Just remove the songs and only put in the sonic stuff. And then put the nights together. There's three of those happening and it reaches a sort of crescendo finale. Some new things come in, and then there's a little mood change, and then there's a huge ending. It's sort of like a classical piece.

M2: It's pure Neil Young music though. But you do sound nastier on *Weld*. Some of the versions of your older songs—songs that were also on *Live Rust*—sound angrier, grittier than I've ever heard.

NY: Well, it was during the Persian Gulf War. That's why, 'cause the audiences were supporting us and bringing that out. The songs weren't old or new. There was no old or new during that tour: the whole thing was like *one*.

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— DISCoveries

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The Geologic Systems *of* Thin White Rope

Yvette Roman

"Where man is not, nature is barren." —*William Blake, Proverbs of Hell,* The Marriage of Heaven and Hell

AN INTERVIEW WITH GUY KYSER

BY DAVID TURIN

"I... fun... tate... plat," Guy Kyser shouts from the immense grey slope of the LA River flood bank. He looks—and sounds—indigenous.

"Wha dyu say?" I yell from the middle of the LA River. I'm seated on a rotten chair Kyser found, posing for a photograph. The chair teeters, threatening to dump me in the toilet-blue chemical gravy—95% treated sewage effluent, 3% hypodermics, used condoms, dead dogs, 2% mystery meat—I'm told. Wrapped waist-high in forest green polypropylene, the photographer and I haul our stinking cargo onto the bank to check out what he's onto.

Stephanie Rausser

"I found a tomato plant," he exclaims upon our approach. "Oh," we say, index fingers swirling elliptically in our minds. Then it dawns on us how amazing it really is—not only that there's an edible nightshade growing there in Garbage Pail Kid turf, but that Kyser would recognize its leprous silverish growth. It occurs to us that Kyser is admirably equipped for survival in the sewers and stormdrains of LA or other post-apocalyptic environments.

Thin White Rope singer/songwriter/guitarist Kyser deals with the man/science interface: the poesy of a human being set against mysterious, uncompromising natural law. Thin White Rope (a Burroughs code word for semen) is what Kyser uses to suture together past, present and future. The result is the Frankenstein monster of TWR sound—mirthful and eerie at once. There's the batter of Kyser's feedback soloing and living-dead vocals and Matt Abourezk's Bonhamesque drum pummeling. The emotions are hazy, subliminal in the effervescent buzz of geologic time. In the lyrical foreground, there are petrologic daydreams, tectonic veerings, climatic spasms, screened through the distraction of the seasons.

Kyser was born in Ridgecrest, California's Los Alamos, the son of a physicist. The band is based in Davis, CA, where Kyser studied geology and now works part-time as a lab and field technician in the UC Davis agriculture department. The growing success of the band, he swears, won't deprive him of this great job—cruising horizonless fields in an Andromeda Strain uniform hosing down beans with weird white test snows.

TWR has released four critically acclaimed albums, Exploring the Axis, Moonhead, In The Spanish Cave *(all on Frontier), and* Sack Full of Silver *(RCA). The band's fifth album,* The Ruby Sea, *is currently circling the globe.*

—David Turin

MONDO 2000: Has geology made you what you are today?

GUY KYSER: Geology—the concept of geologic time—tends to make an existentialist out of you. A living-for-the-moment type, where no matter how worked up you get about whatever's going on, you realize there'll be a situation even *vaguely* resembling this for only a few thousand years more.

M2: Geologically speaking, how would you describe yourself?

GK: I could say mud flow, but that wouldn't be very flattering. How about a horn—a point made by passing glaciers.

M2: Where in time would you most like to be?

GK: If it was an extended visit, I'd probably enjoy the 1920's. But for just a short-term peek, I'd say one of the ice ages. The cold caused everything to get bigger, hairier and more intriguing.

M2: In your opinion, what's the difference between an archaeopteryx and a pterodactyl?

GK: Well, they're starting to think that pterodactyls might have had feathers too. They might have been warm-blooded. There's no reason to suppose that feathers just all of a sudden popped out on *Archaeopteryx*. Normally, fossils don't show feathers too well. *Archaeopteryx* is a very unusual, finely preserved fossil, so it's quite possible that other animals had feathers which didn't show up.

TYCHO BRAHE'S GOLD NOSE?

M2: How do you approach songwriting from a scientific perspective?

GK: There's a lot of mathematics in it. I've been trying to come up with a manifesto—why some melodies work and some don't—because it's puzzled me for a long time. A lot of my melodies are one precise interval carried up and down the scale. When that doesn't work, you have to bend it a little bit. Deciding where to bend the rule is what makes a melody work. If you come up with a rule for a whole song, and it doesn't work, then you find a logical, geometric place to shift into a different key. There's a definite logic behind melody… I have no idea why.

M2: Would you say that soul, the irrational aspect of being, is a component of logic?

GK: It's what allows you to make logical *leaps*. That's how you fill in the gaps between two logical paths.

M2: What role does science play in your lyrics?

GK: There's a lot of references to paleontology and botany, and a lot of metaphors. I don't ride on those things, though, because you can get clinical real fast. Science is as fertile a ground for metaphor as religion or sailing ships. You just have to be careful about getting too esoteric.

M2: How did growing up in the household of a nuclear physicist influence your interest in science?

GK: It just made it an accepted part of life. Some guys are real comfortable around cars or horses, I happen to have grown up around physics.

M2: On the last album, you give a poetic and geometric description of some of the songs. Is there a geometric pattern for how your songs are sculpted? Are there any geometric shapes you try to duplicate?

GK: A lot of them are like angular spirals. They keep coming back to the beginning, but not quite—moving on a little bit in each circle.

Geology tends to make an existentialist out of you. A living-for-the-moment type

Stephanie Rausser

WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE INTERVIEW CLICHE?

M2: What symbol would you use to describe Thin White Rope?

GK: What comes to mind is this comic book I had called *Korak, Son of Stone*. Korak kills and skins a dinosaur to make boots to walk across burning lava. He negotiates the lava flow by wearing dinosaur-skin boots. That kind of sounds like some of the songs.

M2: What authors have most influenced your scientific perspective?

GK: Stephen Jay Gould and Isaac Asimov.

M2: I saw some William Gibson books on your shelf.

GK: He's the technological side of things. He uses technology and humanity almost interchangeably. It's not my strong suit, but I like the way he does it.

> *Beer is regression. Beer is 10,000 years of de-evolution in every bottle*

M2: One of the scary themes in your songs is the notion of the ideal being elusive because, due to some historical mishap, it was never created…

GK: That notion drives a lot of writing. It's a lot better than a negative motive—a couple of songs on our first album were completely *hate* inspired. And it gets reinterpreted as scary, but it's not scary—it's awe. It's awe-fulness.

TECHNO-BABEL

M2: Do computers ever figure into your art?

GK: They never have. I'm a little worried that if everyone developed some amount of computer knowledge, then anyone would be able to create anything they envisioned. It makes me feel a little insecure about having spent all my time learning on these mechanical instruments. On the other hand, people who are limited because they're physically uncoördinated would be able to create, so we'll probably discover a lot of genius.

The only thing I'm really worried about is computer technology and smaller technology—like desktop publishing and home cassette duplication—saturating the world with information. It's nice to be able to pick and choose, but at the same time, you could spend your whole life doing nothing but sorting through information.

M2: Do you think the overload of information makes it harder to find oneself?

GK: No, you can find yourself more easily. But it's a lot harder to get someone else to pay attention once you do. Everyone's already overloaded.

M2: You seem to talk about the Frankenstein's monster of technology…

GK: It's a bit like a Tower of Babel. People just keep slapping stuff onto it without having a chance to assimilate everything that's come before. Pretty soon it will be impossible to assimilate even the history of your *own* field, much less the history of all the fields that should be learned to understand what you're doing.

BEEFHEART 'N' BEER

M2: Who are some of your musical influences?

GK: Captain Beefheart was probably the biggest. I don't know how much he shows up in the music, but what I feel is more from him than anyone else. The Velvet Underground and the Stooges probably show up a lot more in the music. The Ramones and the Sex Pistols had a lot to do with getting me pissed off enough to get in a band in the first place.

Yvette Roman

M2: What role does beer play in what you do?

GK: Fortunately, it's a very low-tech kind of behavior. Beer is regression. Beer is 10,000 years of de-evolution in every bottle.

M2: Are you sick of the critics heaping Thin White Rope in with cow skulls and Saguaros and peyote?

GK: We set out on a deliberate campaign to disassociate ourselves from that.

M2: What replaces the desert imagery?

GK: There are no big-scale schemes. It's all determined by songwriting. I seem to be heading into ocean imagery right now. Again, it's not a concept. It's just a crank metaphor. I'm fond of using the ocean because it's three dimensional. In the desert you can't get any more down than you are. In the ocean you've got another seven miles to go.

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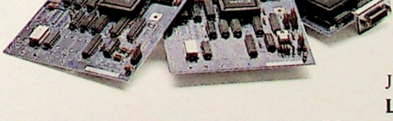

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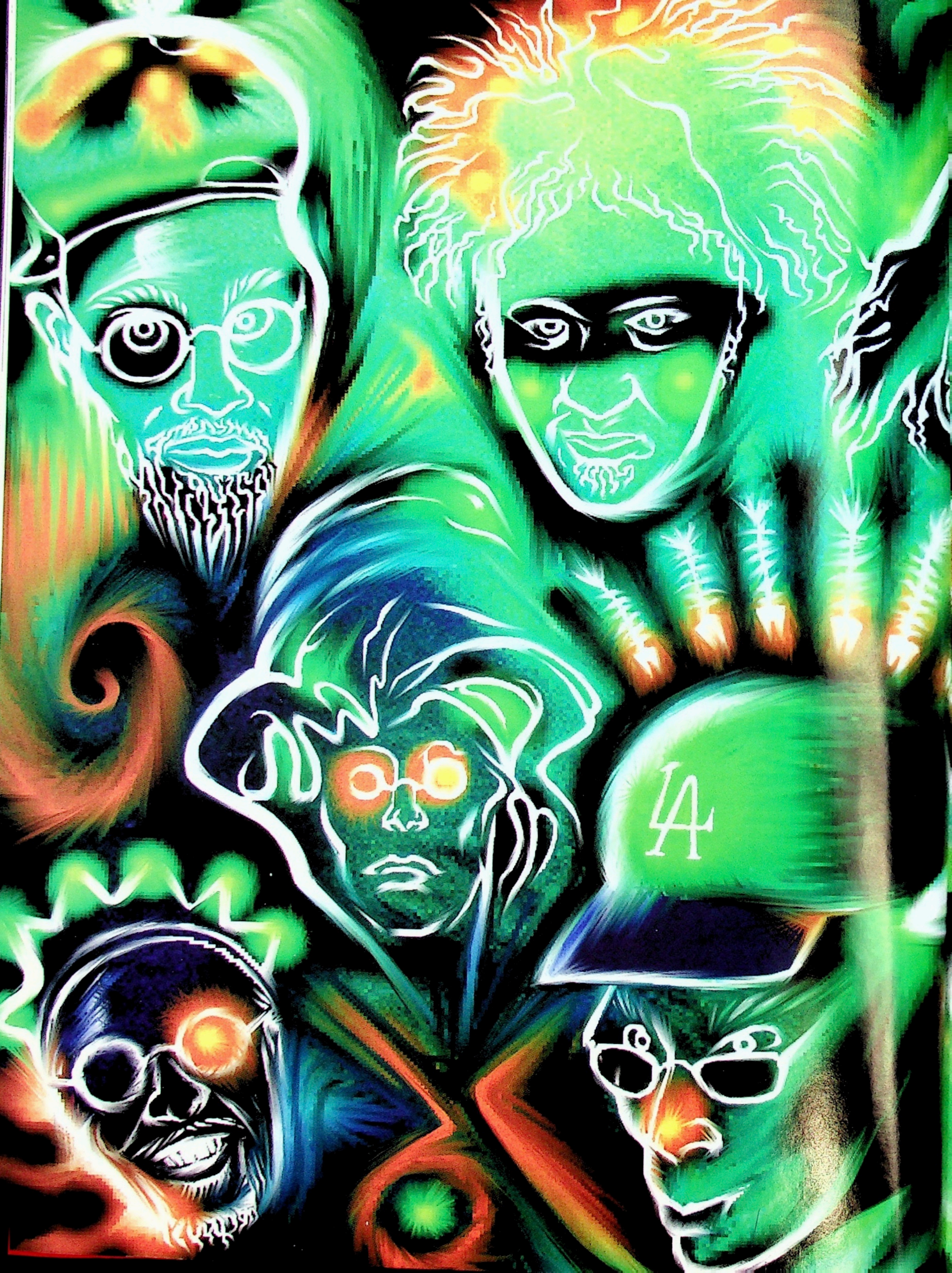
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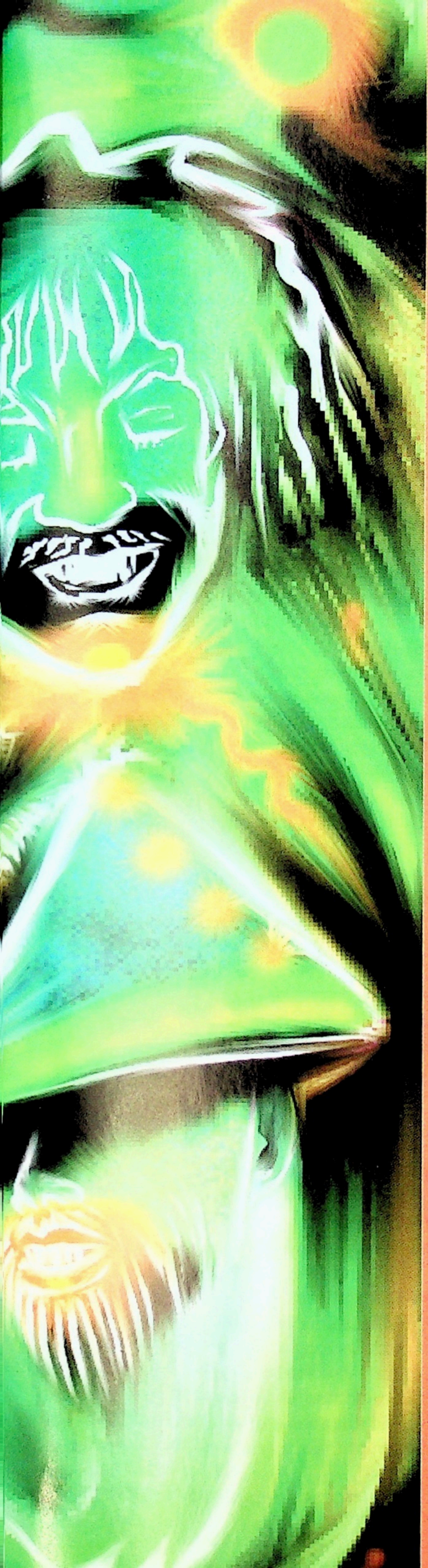


Erol Otus

Reëxamining the Groove Thang

Fishbone

Richard White

Fishbone's no longer satisfied with just being in your face; they're now laying claim to your cerebrum and gluteus maximus. Moving into heavier territory from their skafunk roots on their merciless current album, The Reality of My Surroundings, *Fishbone has been saddled lately with the absurdly redundant term "black rock" (read "Jamaican Reggae" or "New Orleans Dixieland"). The success of black bands like Living Colour and Fishbone has corpo-rock talent scouts scurrying about in search of more marketable examples of this "novel concept." Fishbone doesn't give a shit. They've been brewing up their own bouillabaise since the early eighties, with little heed to their hometown LA's* trend du jour.

Now such genre-bending is sanctioned by the Biz, as the "asshole rock" of compadres Red Hot Chili Peppers, Jane's Addiction, and Faith No More has become a new pop paradigm that actually wins awards and sells records. Fishbone ain't surprised. But they ain't restin' on a bed of arugula.

Although Norwood, Angelo, Kendall and Co. casually invoke God and Flea (of the Chili Peppers) in the same breath, they are serious. *And they want you to take their album as seriously as Charlie Manson took the* White Album.

Any questions?

—Mondo Connie

Maybe somebody who has actual power will hear a song… I know a lot of law students in California that like Fishbone

MONDO 2000: Do you think that you can get your message across to people better by disguising it in this wild-time party atmosphere?

ANGELO MOORE: We can't disguise nothing man. If it's a wild time, it's a sincere time. It's all sincere. If you want to stand still, you stand still. If you want to groove, you groove. It's the way we feel when we're playing. We don't have a gimmick or anything, we just get out there and feel it.

M2: Your music has become more politicized. Do you think that it's because rap and avant garde rock have made listeners more thoughtful? Or, do you think you have become more directed in what you want to say?

NORWOOD FISHER: I think that the people who are making music today are more like fans of music. They say things that they want to hear and play music that they want to listen to. But we're doing what we always did: saying what's on our minds—mostly stuff somebody else wouldn't say for us.

It just so happens that a lot of people tend to think alike at certain periods of time. Remember the disco era? Everybody was doing disco—it was crazy—everybody was thinking in the same frame of mind.

AM: Bell bottoms and shit—they didn't think about the fact that it might have made them sterile, they kept right on discoing.

M2: What do you mean when you talk about doing "radio terrorism?"

NF: Radio don't really want to play us, so we terrorize them by sending them a bunch of our records. We get on their nerves.

AM: They get a little scared of the facts, you know—they don't want everybody to know everything all the time, just a little by little by little. They spoon-feed the public, man—"rated-G" information.

FUNNY, I DON'T RECALL PUTTING THAT SOCK ON MY SCROTUM

M2: When you guys first came out you were kind of on the edge of the new wave scene.

AM: Ska. It was still happening then, the ska scene, and then it just started to fade out along with the punk rock scene. It's just a sorry excuse now. When I go to certain clubs in LA, and I see certain bands, I'm just like *psssssssss.* These people are trying to do the thing and it ain't the real thing.

M2: You were doing it for a long time before anybody caught on that you had a powerful thing going on over here. How did you last?

AM: Because we baaaadddd! [*laughs*]

KENDALL REY JONES: What you gonna do—give up on style?

NF: We beat it into people's heads. See, we had that tune, "Fishbone Is Red Hot," and what we was doing, we was brainwashing everybody. [*laughing*]

M2: If only it had gotten more airplay this would have happened earlier—is that what you're saying?

AM: [*laughing*] It's all good, it's all good.

NF: I don't know, man. A couple other bands came up at about the same time as us playing different mixes of music. It was only a few, so you couldn't really call it a movement… until the last three years. You have more bands coming up now that people can relate to. We just happen to know each other, too.

AM: It's like the domino effect.

NF: Red Hot Chili Peppers is into that mind-control shit too.

M2: Mind-control shit!?

AM: The exposure of the scrotum.

NF: Yep, every time they wore them socks.

M2: You think that works?

NF: Subliminally that made everybody want to be *just like them.*

AM: Subliminal fashionable.

NF: Then they just expanded the music.

STRAIGHT OUTTA CANNES

M2: This latest album has more of a concept to it. Is that because you had a particular vision you were working with?

KRJ: Yes, the vision was anger.

M2: Anger at what?

KRJ: Our environment, our surroundings. People are like, [*Distorts voice and slowly sings*] "This isn't going on. The world isn't like this. That's not happening, oh no, we're in a Dream World." Just put on the music, sit in the back of the bus and be content.

NF: Back in the 1800's somebody said that if you can control men's thoughts, and make them think that they're free while you're controlling them, then you have won the game of…

AM: The Mind Fuck. And they are *not* free.

NF: … of the master/slave thing. It was just from seeing that, in our neighborhoods and traveling around. Everybody's sitting around thinking how free they are but they're not. You know, as long as you are paying taxes on some land—you gotta pay somebody to be able to sit on the land—then it's not yours. That's dead. There's always somebody to take that shit away—it's called your government. They could take my *life* and nobody would care.

KRJ: One time I was in this place in the south of France

> **If you can control men's thoughts, and make them think that they're free while you're controlling them, then you have won the game of the Mind Fuck**

where all the rich people live. And I've never felt more scared. I'd have felt less scared walking through Compton with a fucking red rag hanging out of my pocket in a Crip neighborhood than I did in that place. There was this vibe in there that if you bumped into the wrong motherfucker, that night you'd be at the bottom of the Mediterranean. Gangstas? In this place there were *people* who were *conglomerates*, owned multinational corporations. Not just Nabisco or some shit, but Nabisco, DuPont, Dow—these motherfuckers had *beaucoup dollares*!

NEVER BELIEVE IN ANYTHING YOU DON'T PAY FOR

M2: You have these ideas, you've got this anger that you're putting out on the records, yet you're using a huge corporation, Sony Music, to put them out. Does that effect…

NF: Actually I'm using *you*. Because hopefully you'll print this shit and then, no matter how harebrained it all sounds, somebody'll decipher something out of it.

The thing with us being with the big corporation, it's like… one of the problems with the 60's was that people had these great ideas and they just wanted to give them away—which was *beautiful*. But the thing is, nobody takes you seriously unless you are selling something.

I see brothers in LA, different speakers, that say the same thing as Farrakhan, but Farrakhan can bring 30,000 people together because he asks for money. I think the fact is that people don't take you seriously until money is involved.

SORRY YOUR HONOR,
I WAS UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF ASSHOLE ROCK

M2: What do you think your most important contribution is going to be to music culture?

NF: Well, somebody called us "asshole rock"—I like that term. They called a *bunch* of people asshole rock—the Red Hot Chili Peppers, Jane's Addiction, Faith No More…

M2: Were they saying this in a derogatory manner?

NF: Derogatory and not. *Some* people were very offended. I thought it was great. I thought, somebody finally *got it*—asshole rock.

M2: In terms of the attitude you guys put out?

AM: Yeah, that's one.

M2: What's another?

NF: Whatever way you want to take it. [*laughing*] I like the fact that if somebody calls me an asshole before I walk through the door then I can do whatever the fuck I want, you know what I'm saying? I'm already an asshole, so I can piss in the stew.

M2: Do you think that your music is going to have an effect on the things you write about in your songs?

AM: I don't know man, it's up to the listener. It's like that time Sam Kinison was saying about how this guy, Charles Manson, went out and killed some people, and he said, "It's on the record man, the White Record." [*To Norwood*] What was he talking about?

NF: You mean the *White Album*, "Helter Skelter."

AM: Yeah, "Helter Skelter," you see whoever killed those people because of that song, he felt so strongly about that damn song that he wanted to go out and kill somebody. Hopefully people will listen to our music, hopefully they'll get something positive out of it. Just be informed of a lot of things that are going on in the world today that they don't know about. You know, "Oh I like this song, is this really happening? Oh I like this song, they's talking about Nasty Man. Oh this other song must be about poverty," or something like that.

COME ON FRANCE,
START SOME SHIT!

NF: I can sit up and think that something could come along and save the world but it ain't. Every time I sit down and really look at things, it really makes me feel helpless, in a *big way* lately. I'm just going whoa! I kinda get scared when I see all these European-led nations not fightin' each other anymore. Because as history has shown, the European-led nations have this natural aggression to just go and fuck shit up. And once everybody gets it together, somebody's going to want to band them all together and rule. But I think they're going to fight those wars [*drops to a whisper*] in Africa. And I think that it might directly… [*pauses*]

You see I think that it's false that there are no more slaves. I *know* that it's false. When I look at something like the catfish industry in Mississippi—where a person can be making $4.75 after nine years of working in the same place—I know that there is slavery in this country. They just make you *believe* that you're not a slave.

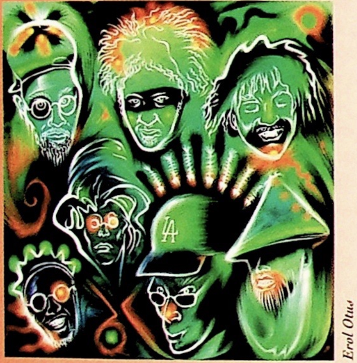
AM: Shit, man, sometimes I get pissed, because I be feeling like Fishbone is a big part of the slavery. Like we are the slaves and the powers-that-be are the masters and they won't let us out of the fucking cotton field. We want to get out of the cotton field, we don't want to be no house niggers, we want to be up there like everybody else, man. It's a deep-rooted racism, man. I can't really say what I'm really thinking of, man, it's like a deep-rooted racism.

NF: I just think that once these countries stop fightin' each other they're gonna… The whole northern hemisphere has gotten its shit together and it's not infightin' right now. So the next thing to do is enslave the southern hemisphere. It's already set up to go. South America and the African nations can slave while the northern hemisphere reaps the benefits.

M2: So how does your music affect these things that are beyond our powers as individuals? Where do you say, "Okay, I can write about this," or "I can look at this," or "I can make *other* people look at this," and be effective—or do you say that?

AM: I say that sometimes, yeah. Even though my opinions and my knowledge will probably just make a little bit of difference in the world, if it'll help, it helps.

NF: Maybe somebody who has actual power will hear a song and get an idea. Or a kid who will eventually become president will listen to the record and it'll be in him. Somebody who can actually make a law will have been a fan of the band, will have read an interview or will have come to a show... it's possible, you know. I know a lot of law students in California that like Fishbone. Some of them are lawyers now, and eventually some of them will be politicians.


Erol Otus

SHELTERED IGNORANT PEOPLE HOLDING HANDS

M2: Are you guys part of the Black Rock Coalition?

NF: I'm the only one in the band that's part of it.

AM: I support it, but I don't want to miss no meetings on Sunday. I don't want to be the kind of motherfucker that gets into it and then don't ever make the meetings and shit. I wouldn't want to dis the organization.

M2: It seems to me that rock is basically black music, rap is black music, and what you guys are doing is a combination of both of those and more. It's incredible to me that there's this idea that rock is the domain of young white musicians.

AM: Well man, a lot of it is the powers-that-be and their marketing techniques. Don't try and analyze it too much. It's simple.

NF: People don't realize that the way that music is dealt with in a black community is different, at least in Los Angeles. There isn't a large club scene for black musicians to play original music. There is a black club scene but most bands play covers 'til sombody sees them and says, "Wow, this band is great, do you have some tunes of your own?" "Yeah we got a tape," da da da da, or maybe they'll play one or two original tunes and a lot of covers.

M2: But most of LA is pretty much like that.

AM: If you're a black band and you want to move further, you have to go into a white community like Hollywood. And then sometimes you get certain people runnin' the place who are like, "Oh, blacks, black guys" and it's a little harder to get gigs and shit, not too hard, but that shit is *there* man. I don't give a fuck, people say, "Oh man, racism—that shit's gettin' better," hell no it ain't, man. That's sheltered and ignorant people that say that shit, not "shiny happy people" but *sheltered and ignorant people.*

Second Skins

Photos:
Ahmet Sibdialsau/Click Image
Make-up: Susan Kozak
Hair: Karen Harvey
Photo assistant: Ted Thomas
Models:
Holly Davies
(Moon & Snake)
Lyli Wong
(Shell & Exoskeleton).
Models represented by
Stars Agency.
Concept: Josephine Grieve
& Heide Foley

Designer Kyle Chan's green silk corset. Dinostore black velvet unitard (415) 861-3933. Jest Jewels necklace (415) 563-8839.

Leopard unitard by Coel, available (415) 626-8522. Jest Jewels gold Darrinas, (415) 563-8839.

Kyle Chan's black rubberized unitard and black denim corset, available (415) 261-5708. Black gloves and cap from Rolo (415) 861-1999.

PDI's Body Waldo atop Kyle Chan's black rubberized unitard, available (415) 261-5708. Background skeletons provided by Pacific Data Images.

The "Harpo Suit"—an upper body waldo named after Harpo Marx's imaginary mirror routines—was developed by Pacific Data Images (PDI) for use in a new area of computer graphics called performance animation. PDI pioneered this technology in 1988 when Waldo C. Graphic, the first computer generated Muppet, was created for the television show *The Jim Henson Hour*. The upper body waldo drives a realtime computer generated image or character during the performance and at the same time the proprietary software captures the performer's movements. The recorded motion can later be used to generate fully rendered images.

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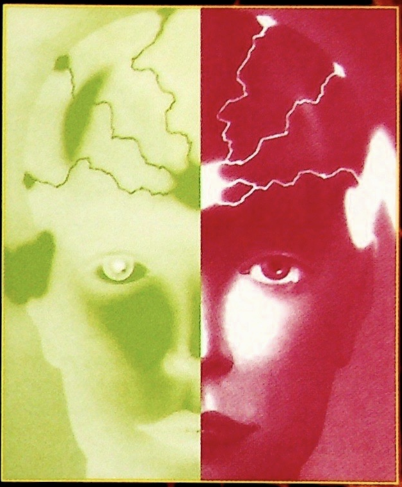

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ROLLINS: No Beer or Pistols

David Turin

"The Way of the Samurai is death. In a 50-50 life-or-death crisis, simply settle it by choosing immediate death. There is nothing complicated about it. Just brace yourself and proceed."

—Haga Kure: Hidden Among The Leaves, *Jocho Yamamoto.*

"Don't think about it, do it !" —*Rollins*

Fourteen hours before being willingly bludgeoned to death, Henry Rollins sits in his backyard, tattoos flaring in the Venice sun poison. He is championing the Phoenix-bird lifestyle—immolation/reconstitution, over and over again. For Rollins, tomorrow's pummeling—which he will endure masquerading as Vanilla Ice for the 3rd Bass video "Pop Goes the Weasel"—is just a metaphor for the way life should be.

Formed hours after the demise of Black Flag, the Rollins Band has jack-hammered out four albums, including Lifetime *and* Turned On*. Recently signed to the major Imago label, the band has entered the stadium circuit in the past year, getting good marks in the Lollapalooza Festival Tour.*

Outside the band, Rollins runs extensive spoken-word tours, reading from his ten volumes of published poetry and relating humorous, pain-full vignettes infused with his own violent fairness. His story about "The Immortal"—the sweet multiple-suicide guy with graphic displays of his failures—always shuts the house up. Rollins by-laws: live forever in each moment. Destroy yourself frequently, re-create yourself constantly. Enjoy good, clean, healthy self-immolation—no beer or pistols. Sheer honesty. Eat Out More Often. If you see the Buddha on the road...

"The compromised climate of today, when one may neither live beautifully nor die horribly..."

—Haga Kure

Today the discussion veers around the topics of Mars—destruction, annihilation, diligence, honesty, death. Peerless photog Steve Stickler prowls for the best shot like Michelangelo circling David with a chisel. But as Rollins explains himself, I'm remembering him... Stormy night in Toronto outside the Silver Dollar Club. Pearly neon splattering the wet pavement, a line of barbaric leathers queued in the glitter, waiting.

Crouched outside the Silver Dollar's mouse-hole entrance, wearing only black running shorts, Rollins stares in serpentine catalepsy. Those who don't recognize him are wankers. Those who do know not to approach.

"Isao sat upright upon the damp earth, his legs folded beneath him. Then, with a powerful thrust of his arm, he plunged the knife into his stomach. The instant the blade tore open his flesh, the bright disk of the sun soared up and exploded behind his eyelids."

—*Mishima*

As I pass the figure kneeling on the drenched pavement, the old Conrad brainchip fires: "Kurtz, Stein, Brierly, Vere..." the full roster of Conrad's human peninsulas.

Rollins is harder to make sense of than half-erased toilet graffiti—a neo-ascetic, part-Marine, samurai-rocker terrorist guru poet. The T-shirts they sell outside the Silver Dollar say "Part Animal, Part Machine" right where the alligator is supposed to go.

That night, someone's boot comes down on someone's upper lip. The wounded party, grinning, slaps his blood on our bare backs. It's ugly, but fitting.

Other primordial punks jellified into new acoustic rockers or anthemic liberals. Black Flag turned into business. Rollins stays on his path: search and destroy.

—*David Turin*

Stephen Stickler

Number 6

The Company: CIA, etc.
- Ain't it a bitch when you finally win WWIII? Lucky for them they finished the Project before all their Nazis died off.
- Do you think they could execute a successful head-shot on the President, when they couldn't manage to off Castro? What do you expect from a bunch of Yalies?
- Soon to be wearing fezzes (see Illuminati).

MONDO 2000: You're a hard person to put together. How would you interview yourself—or *would* you interview yourself?

ROLLINS: I do. Read my books. It's all self-dissection. I'm not Stephen King. I fail miserably at fiction, but I'd love to write a novel.

M2: You fail!?

R: I've tried and I'm horrible.

M2: But the vignettes you come up with in your books are potent.

R: They're the truth, though. I've got no problem serving the truth. I mean, I can tell you a great story if I was there. But I would love to be locked away in a place where I didn't have a phone and be possessed by something that would take me two years to write. Something that would torment me—the way Melville was haunted by Moby Dick. I would love to be that driven by something.

DYING TO WRITE, WRITING TO DIE

M2: It drove him to his death, though.

R: God damn, I wouldn't mind if I could have such a cathartic release. I have such a short attention span—due to lack of discipline and brain damage—that I can't come up with a concept that I can write on every day. That's why, for longer periods, I go for journal entries. My attempts to rewrite *Black Spring* and *Tropic of Cancer* failed.

M2: That's no reason that you can't write a novel.

R: I'm trying. As the years go by I write less, but I like the stuff I write better. I reckon it to an airplane—when it takes off, it's loaded down with fuel. To get way up there to the thin air, you use a lot of fuel. When you get really high up, though, you can go faster and burn less fuel because you've gotten rid of so much. I had a lot of boy-girl stuff to hack through, and now I'm burning with a little cleaner fuel. The stuff I write is shorter, less wordy, barely any adjectives. Hopefully it hits harder.

> **I have said, "Blood is thicker than water.** ***Cum is thicker than both." I'm crass enough to put that in a book and sell it to you for five dollars***

M2: Conrad didn't get published until he was 38.

R: Miller didn't write *Black Spring* until he was 39.

M2: Is that one of your favorite books?

R: Yeah, because it was a real turning point for me. See, I've always wanted to express myself with writing. I'm not an artist. I've just got a lot of stuff in me all the time—since I was like fourteen. I read a lot. And I lived alone a lot. I'm not really Joe Socialite. I never really felt at ease at parties. I was always in my room with the music. I play music as soon as I get up to when I go to bed. I go without meals to buy the CDs.

Anyway, I always wanted to write, and when I started I would throw the notebook across the room, very frustrated. Because I thought writing had to be a certain way. I was damaged by high school. No one ever gave me a Miller book or a Selby book when I was seventeen. Fuck, I'd probably be dead by now if someone had given me *Tropic of Cancer* in high school. I would have torched the place, gotten arrested and died in prison. When I read *Black Spring* in '83 I thought, "Wow, you can just write."

Obviously, Miller was outrageously talented and I'm not comparing myself to him. I'm just saying that here's this book about a guy *living*. There's no vampires, no huge love stories. It's straight up, almost journalism. But it was so flagrantly honest and direct. I thought, "I'm not a talented writer but I can certainly aspire towards that honesty." I'm not afraid to talk about anything personal. I mean, I got no personal life.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING AFTER THE ART?

M2: So you consider yourself a journalist ?

R: Yeah. I'm not into Art. Because to me art is something that you do for a while, and then you take your artist cap off and get real. I'm an artist from nine to five and then I like to loosen up...

M2: One of my favorite pieces of yours is one that I think is really artfully done called "A Good Shot" in *Art To Choke Hearts*, where a black kid beans you on the back of the head with a rock.

R: True story, though. That's all it was. Oh, it was such a good shot.

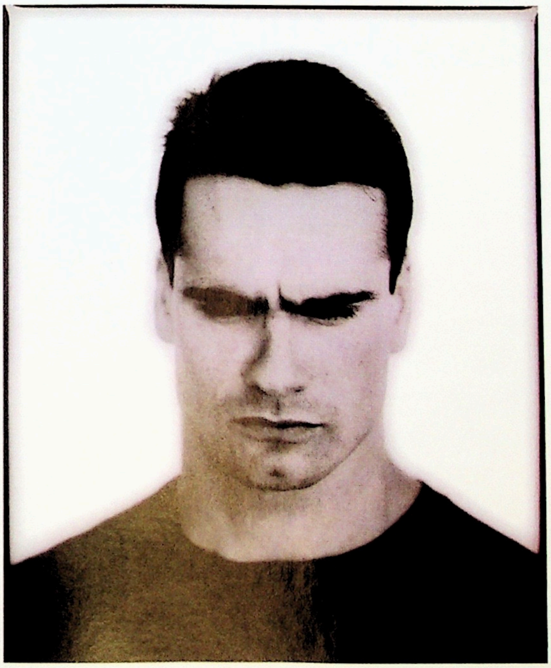
M2: So the social commentary is just imposed by the reader?

R: Bukowski said it best. He said he likes writers who really carry energy in their lines, and I've always kept that with me. He said, "What I like to see is one good sentence after another." To me the most beautiful thing is a good line. And the only thing better than that is a good paragraph. A beautiful paragraph is just like... Mmmmph [*Italianesque kissing of bunched fingers*].

M2: So it is Art in a sense.

R: Well, if you're going to have to use these symbols that we call words, it's all a series of combinations, it's all the colors on your palette. These clumsy words. You've wanted to kill yourself before, right?

My best lyrics are
"Aaaaaagh"



Stephen Stickler

It's easy to hammer me.
You might limp home, but you can do it

M2: Just once.

R: Okay, but it was very real when you thought about it. The thought was very strong in your soul. I mean, you felt it—you can't fake that, it was there. Now put that into words. All of a sudden this feeling that was so direct, like a gunshot, like lightning. All of a sudden you have these slippery pebbles in your hand and you're trying to get them to stand on top of each other. Those are words. The good wordsmiths are ones who can use the words as little myelinated synapses so the impulse can go—*Bam*—right to you, no matter who you are.

M2: You've published your own books. So you must feel that what you've written is something others can understand.

R: ...Or that other people will like. You have to think a lot of yourself. I have said, "Blood is thicker than water. Cum is thicker than both." I'm crass enough to put that in a book and sell it to you for five dollars.

M2: Or more.

R: Sure, charge you double. [*Laughter*] I write for myself. And when I'm totally honest, I can put it out and really get behind it. As long as I'm dead honest with you, your not liking it is not a judgment against me. I got nothing personal against you if you say, "Henry, you're a good man but I hate your writing." OK, fine. But what you hated was the whole deal. I wasn't fronting on you.

THE EMERGENCY ROOM OF LOVE

M2: Do you reach a point where there aren't words for what you're feeling, the feelings are so new? You have to grunt or groan?

R: Sure. That's why I'm so into jazz. These guys can't talk. That's why they blow that horn. The horn will say things that words will never get to. I hear Coltrane and all I can do is keep my mouth shut. [*Coltrane comes over the stereo*] That's amazing. Or Miles—he just goes "Whooot" and you're like "Ahhhh," colors.

M2: One note kills you.

R: Yeah, and he knows it too. He's evil, that guy. He's from hell, he knows he's fucking with you. I face that all the time. That's why sometimes all I do is scream. My best lyrics are "Aaaaaagh." People say "Why do you yell, Henry?" I say, "That's not yelling man, that's *I love you right now!*"

M2: Like that guy in Czechoslovakia who kept spitting on you and told you it was his way of showing his love for you.

R: Sure, he was expressing himself—just like when I busted his front teeth out. I was just reacting to his soulful interpretation of what I was doing. When I punched his fucking lights out, that was free jazz expressionism.

PERFECTING ONE'S CHOPS

M2: When did the emphasis on honesty start to form? When did you start to say "This is what I am. This is what I'm not. This is what I want to do?"

R: Well, it's the same with everyone. You grow up. You learn things. You hack through the bullshit of others. You hack through your own—that's the only bullshit that matters. The smell is your own. It took me years to get through my own dense undergrowth, and I'm still hacking. I have a lot more direction with others now—my blade cuts sharper. I can just cut your head off. I don't need to hack your arms off so you bleed to death. I can just kill you like *that*.

M2: Whereas before you had to *struggle*, with hands and feet...

R: Sure, bands, songwriting, relationships with women—you know, "Whoops, [*chopping noises*] sorry."

M2: Have you always been singled out as someone who was different?

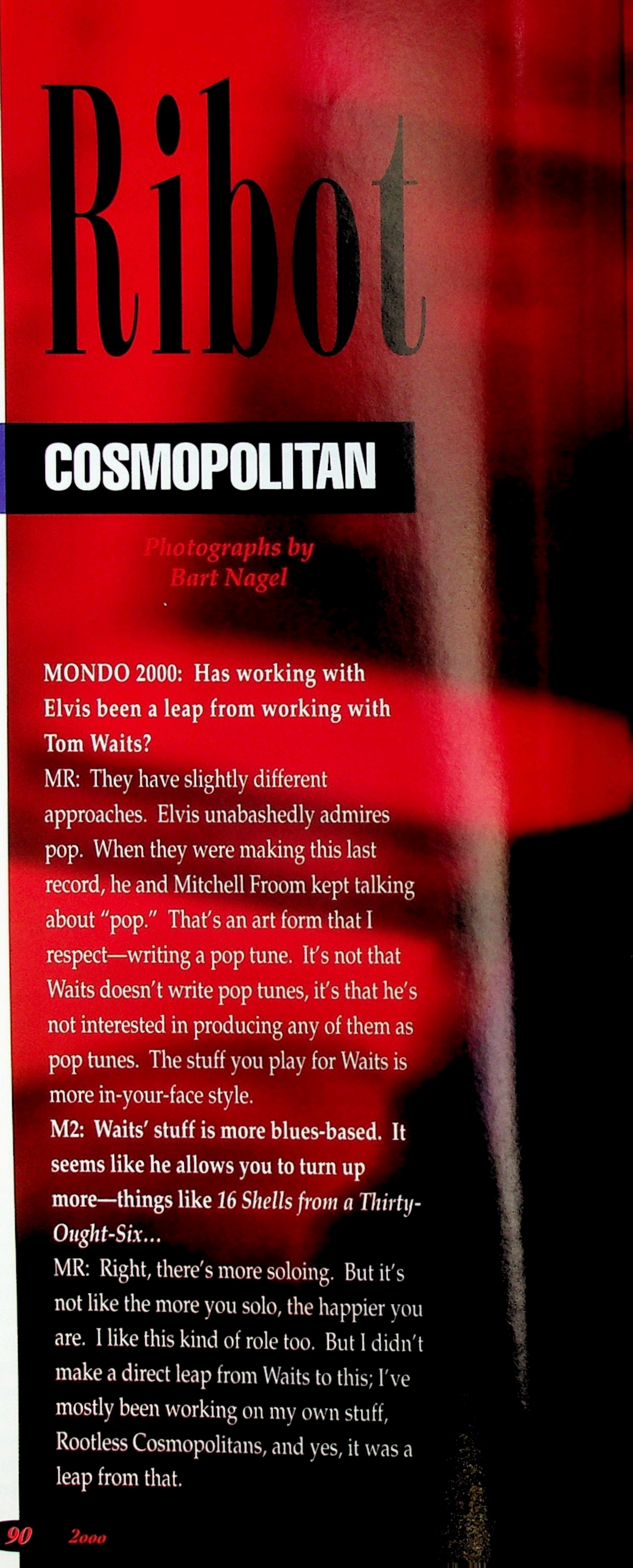
R: Oh yeah, from high school on. A lot of times it was to my detriment—like getting my ass kicked a lot at school. It's easy to hammer me. You might limp home, but you can do it. But anyway, people get into music 'cause they're freaks, you know—all the way from Chopin to Hendrix to Jane's Addiction. George Clinton, everybody—they can't hang. I mean, I can't work at Domino's Pizza. I got something else I gotta do. I gotta find it. M2

Marc Ribot

Rootless COSMOPOLITAN

in conversation with
Andrew Hultkrans
& St. Jude

Photographs by
Bart Nagel



Marc Ribot's guitar playing suggests the graceful chaos of a prize fighter in a china shop. Intentional deconstruction. The spiky filigrees of Hubert Sumlin (Howling Wolf's favored foil) delivered with Ornette Coleman's scattershot intuition. His insistent, off-kilter sound has made him a much desired commodity in the biz. He was a charter member of John & Evan Lurie's influential avant-jazz unit the Lounge Lizards, was tapped for Tom Waits' most fertile period (culminating in the excellent concert film Big Time*), and recently recorded and toured with another musician with a chainsaw fetish, Elvis Costello. He has also been known to have fueled the brilliant madness of John Zorn and Allen Ginsberg.*

Marc's latest project, Rootless Cosmopolitans (Stalin's term for the ideal lifestyle), unites him with No Wave guitar mentor Arto Lindsay (who praises Marc's humour as having "high moral standards") and several other notorious jazzpunks. It's his music, his band. This album is the sound of a once-captive pit bull on his first night out. And remember, pit bulls are intelligent. *Raw industrial jazz vamps with guitars and saxophones soloing under duress are interspersed with oblique acoustic meanderings. Arto calls it "free range music," and he's right. Frank Purdue, it ain't. No artificial* anything.

—Andrew

MONDO 2000: Has working with Elvis been a leap from working with Tom Waits?

MR: They have slightly different approaches. Elvis unabashedly admires pop. When they were making this last record, he and Mitchell Froom kept talking about "pop." That's an art form that I respect—writing a pop tune. It's not that Waits doesn't write pop tunes, it's that he's not interested in producing any of them as pop tunes. The stuff you play for Waits is more in-your-face style.

M2: Waits' stuff is more blues-based. It seems like he allows you to turn up more—things like *16 Shells from a Thirty-Ought-Six*...

MR: Right, there's more soloing. But it's not like the more you solo, the happier you are. I like this kind of role too. But I didn't make a direct leap from Waits to this; I've mostly been working on my own stuff, Rootless Cosmopolitans, and yes, it was a leap from that.

IRONY IS THE BEST POLICY

M2: What's the music like on the Rootless Cosmopolitans' album?

MR: It has two sources—punk and jazz.

M2: Are there vocals?

MR: Yeah, we use the lyrics from *The Wind Cries Mary* over an industrial vamp.

M2: Is it still that tempo?

MR: Musically, it has nothing to do with the original. The idea was to have all-purpose vamps and then steal whatever lyrics we needed at the moment. But then it ossified into just using the lyrics to *The Wind Cries Mary.* I also did a couple of solo 4-track things on it. I did a version of *While My Guitar Gently Weeps* that I was proud of.

M2: Speaking of avant-jazz, is your current stuff an extension of your work with John Lurie and the Lounge Lizards?

MR: Well, that was a definite influence. I worked with the Lizards for five years. I developed a lot of what I do while I was working with them.

M2: That's a very different style of playing from Waits.

MR: Right, but they have something in common.

M2: Their movies together…

MR: Yeah, but what they have in common is an ironic distance from their material. This is truer five years ago than it is now, but *Rain Dogs*-era Waits and early Lounge Lizards… Waits had this ironic distance from the blues.

LONG DISTANCE EMBRACE

M2: And Kurt Weill…

MR: Well, that's tricky. Brecht is as much distance as you can go, but that's why that comparison came up so much, that's why Waits took naturally to the Brecht-Weill stuff.

M2: Is one of the reasons you're concerned about detachment…

MR: Detachment is not how I would describe it. Irony does not mean detached. Well, somewhat, but it doesn't necessarily mean coolness, and it doesn't mean satire. It's not like Frank Zappa—"This is stupid but I'm doing it anyway." Irony means that the thing that you love the most is also a little ridiculous. It's like when Waits does blues or the Lizards do jazz—there's a certain distance.

M2: Those are mutations.

MR: Right. I think with the most recent Lounge Lizards stuff—where Lurie started using African influences—he was looking for a way out of that. It's hopefully a temporary state. I don't think you can be ironic forever—though in my case it *might* be terminal—but eventually you pose the question, "What could you play that wouldn't be ridiculous? What could you embrace without distance?" We're in the process of working it out on this next record.

I tend to play power notes *rather than power chords*

A GUY FROM THE WRONG SIDE OF THE BRAIN

M2: Rather than comping on chords, you usually play one note or skeleton notes around the chord, or you indicate a progression but don't really play it.

MR: Yeah, I'm trying to play less. Where do you mean?

M2: Some of the stuff from *Big Time*, when you're playing behind Waits while he's singing.

MR: Well, Waits himself does that. It's not something that either of us invented. Howling Wolf and Hubert Sumlin did that.

You know, I don't think ironic distance is great, but sometimes it's a necessity; sometimes it's the only way to keep playing.

When I was coming up in New York there were all these exquisite guitarists—people who could really play, chops like never before. But then I'd go hear Arto Lindsay and he sounded better than any of them. I'd listen to DNA, the whole No Wave scene. There was no comparison.

Years ago if a composer wrote something in 32nd notes, the only way to hear it was to have a tremendously skilled musician to play it. Now, any composer can program it on a sequencer that costs $400, and it sounds great. You can program in degrees of fallibility so it sounds human. So having chops is not automatically a good thing. You're wasting time unless you know why you have them.

M2: Were you turning on to Hubert Sumlin early on?

MR: No, I wish I had been. In a way I wound up sounding like him. I'm left-handed but I play with my right hand. If I wrote my signature with my right hand you'd see it was jerky and spazzy. It finally occurred to me that I *play* with that hand. That explains the whole thing. You don't have to go on about ironic distance, it's just the wrong side of the brain.

TIME TO EAT THE PROFESSIONALS

M2: Your playing to me has a lot more to do with feel, with sound, than it does with technique, even though there are times with the Lounge Lizards when you're playing very technically complicated stuff.

MR: That was a choice I made, after listening to Arto. He literally doesn't know how to tune a guitar; he uses it like a percussion instrument. I just decided that it was better. So it was a collision with the future, or with the *present*. Most people are paraphrasing famous quotes; they have their eyes in the rearview mirror. It's a tough position though, because I've spent all these years learning to play guitar, and it would be a bit disingenuous of me to act more naive than I am.

We were listening to Daniel Johnston; he's a singer/songwriter who spends a lot of time in a mental institution. Daniel's music consists of extremely naive, primitive guitar playing, and repetitive songwriting—simple, minimalist. You have to assume that everything everyone does in music is intentional. I mean, Arto Lindsay could have learned to be a bebop guitarist. Anybody with reasonable intelligence given about six or seven years could learn to play those licks. Professionalism itself is what's questionable.

There are two aspects of professionalism. When you go to the doctor, there's the possibility that they'll do some good. But anyone who's been in a hospital knows that it also has to do with the exercise of power. It's the class power difference which has as its rationalization that they actually *do* something for you. This is fine when you go to a doctor, because if you decide to fuck the professional class, if you're sick, you might die. But with musicians it's less of a justification. I think every ten years or so rock 'n' roll kills all its professionalism.

M2: That's why punk was necessary.

MR: It devours its professional class, and it does so for a very good reason. The local union of which I'm a member has as its motto "We're the professionals." I want to change the motto to "We get paid to make noise."

JEWISH HARDCORE IN NUREMBERG

M2: What other artists are you throwing money at lately?

MR: I've been looking for this Throbbing Gristle record all over America. I bought that Young Gods record; they're sort of industrial. I wanted to check out Skinny Puppy. And I bought Nazi marching songs. In fact we did a cover version of one of them. We changed the words for when we played in Nuremberg with the Rootless Cosmopolitans. There's a song called "The Black SS and the Brown SA," and that went, "When the SA and the SS go marching into town with a step so firm, a step so firm, one two three four everyone wants to join…" We changed the words to "When the Rootless Cosmopolitans go marching into town…" It went over really good in Nuremberg. They recognized it. We did it in a medley with two other tunes—a militant Jewish hardcore tune called "Yo, I killed your god," and Howling Wolf's "Commit a Crime."

M2: When I first heard your stuff with Waits I thought immediately about Hubert Sumlin crossed with Ornette Coleman—this spiky, sparse sound. You throw in these dissonant notes that are very purposeful, but they sound almost unconscious.

MR: What I'm doing is no stranger than, say, Public Enemy, or a lot of sampled stuff. Why is it that someone can put a big band sample in the middle of a rap tune in a completely different key and nobody blinks, but if you play those same notes on the guitar, everybody goes, "Oh my god"? There's a lot of polytonality and atonality happening on top 40 dance music because of sampled stuff. It's not like people have never heard it.

We did a militant Jewish *hardcore tune called "Yo, I killed your god." It went over really good in Nuremberg*

M2: At times you're choosing *not* to play stuff that you could play in terms of speed or technique…

MR: I'm glad you think so. That's the economy a real good blues player should have. A good blues player should know how to *not play*. People think guitars are trumpets. They think it's harder to play a really high note on the guitar than a low one.

NOW TELL US ABOUT YOUR SEX LIFE

M2: Your playing also reminds me of Al Green's old soul sides. He sounds like he's holding back slightly. He never really tears it up. It's like blowing up a balloon to its capacity and letting a little air out and doing it again and again. Some of your solos are like

> **What could you play that wouldn't be** *ridiculous? What could you embrace without distance?*

that. Are you aware of this? Or maybe you should just tell us about your sex life and we can extrapolate from that... [*laughter*]
MR: No, I'm not aware of it. But you're right. Howling Wolf gives it all to you, but Al Green, he has that kind of intensity, but under wraps. It percolates through the song and you're more on edge than if he was blowing you away. It might be because it wasn't until fairly recently, like six years ago that I learned to play with a pick. I played classical style and rock 'n' roll—horrible classical style—but with my fingers, and because of that there were a lot of things I couldn't play. I would be great the first day and then I would break my fingernails.

Have you read Charlie Mingus' autobiography? It's really his life as pornography. I'm not sure it's all true, but if a quarter of it is, he had an amazing life. He describes the good way to have sex—he says you have to make them beg. You have to wait until she's begging and pleading. I don't know if that's what he actually does, but it's certainly what he does rhythmically. If you translate that on a micro level into what to do with each beat and on a macro level with the whole arrangement, that's a pretty good statement about it. It's not just him; it's a general black music thing.

AGAIN, ONLY STUPIDER

M2: Who's somebody you'd like to work with, in any field of music?
MR: I'm looking for a good anarchist political rapper. The reason I say anarchist is because most rappers are such heavy nationalists, which is fine, except there wouldn't be much of a reason for me to exist in that context. But I'd really like to collaborate with a serious rap and sampling thing. Sort of a rap Gang of Four.
M2: Like the Bomb Squad, Terminator X, Public Enemy production...
MR: I like that a lot. Some of the impulse behind sampling is not so terribly different from the retro-impulses of the Lizards. I was having a great drunken conversation on the back of a bus with Larry Knechtel and Elvis. I was saying that there's a continuum between Elvis and people who have completely done away with self-expression in playing by having completely sampled things. That may on the surface be very different from what Elvis Costello is doing, but to me there is a continuum.

When he started out, his music was not completely about "This feels sad; now I'll play a sad note. I feel happy; now I'll play a happy note." It was also about quotes and repetitions. It was about having the guitar sound like Buddy Holly, and for that matter wearing the clothing. All the retro stuff was introducing an element other than self-expression, an element of putting quotes around things.

It's a continuum from there to Negativland, constructing things completely out of sounds, materials. One thing that Rootless Cosmopolitans get into is trying to build more solos out of quotes, but to play really stupidly and repetitively.

ECOMUSICOLOGY

M2: Give me an example of a series of quotes you use for a solo.
MR: I have a tune which is nothing but one line from "Michelle," the bass line from "Under My Thumb" and the moving saxophone line from "A Love Supreme." You treat them all like you can rearrange them, make things out of them. It's more ecological. I don't really have much of a desire to make new things. Somehow it's more satisfying to piece things together from a bunch of old things. There's a certain collective embarrassment when you see someone standing up there and saying, "This is my creation!" There's something anachronistic about it. It also implies that whatever's in your soul is much more difficult than what gets put in there. I mean, what's in your soul is just chunks of things that you've ingested anyway. It's more satisfying to recycle.
M2: Elvis talks about that. He says in his *Girls, Girls, Girls* compilation, describing this song "This one is taken from an old Ventures riff." It seems like every fourth song was taken from another Ventures riff.
MR: Well, the Ventures were an inspiration for us all. I have one of the finest collections of Ventures records, about twelve of them.
M2: I love the pictures on the backs of their albums. They're all wearing V-neck sweaters and tight-fitting polyester pants, standing around looking overweight.

NEON MEAT DREAMS OF A OCTOFISH

M2: Do you secretly like embarrassing stuff? Do you ever, in private, turn up your amp "to 11" as in *Spinal Tap*, and eviscerate yourself with distortion?
MR: It's a good method of writing. I find there are only three things that give me a kickstart when I'm jamming: one is to sit there and do nothing, to be quiet until you feel like writing. Another is to really make noise. Suddenly inside that noise you start hearing little things. The other method is to play something over and over until it suggests something else. If it takes all day, it takes all day.

I just thought of something embarrassing. The most satisfying things to play on guitar really gotta be distorted, heavy metal power chords. I don't like to listen to them, but I have a secret desire to play them. I'm getting to play more wild things on this tour, actually.
M2: How are people responding?
MR: I don't know. They can't hear me in the mix anyway.
M2: You must allow yourself to be cranked up in your *own band*?!?
MR: No, I tend to play power *notes* rather than power chords. Let's face it, every guitarist, even Joe Pass, wants to get one of those really hot pick-up guitars and stand there with a Marshall and bend notes and get a Wah-Wah pedal. He probably *really* wants to do that. But there's a difference between what you really want to do... I mean, that's wanking. I enjoy both, but if I got a grant... I don't know.
M2: What you're doing is very postmodern—like Burroughs doing pop music.
MR: At the same time, that's only a piece of what's going on. There's also looking for something that can be said without feeling dumb. You do that by continuing to make noise and waiting.

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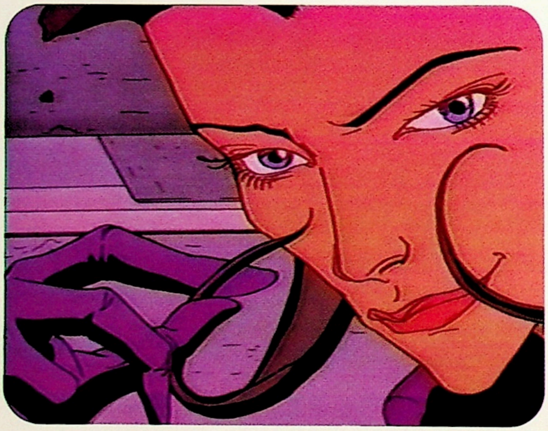
Peter Chung of Aeon Flux

Richard T. White



Did you see the Edward *commercial? Yeah, weird: ad as art as ad. That was Peter Chung's self portrait. Okay then—have you seen* Aeon Flux*? Then you've seen his tortured anima side too.* Aeon *is the American Japanimation of your dreams, the east/west synthesis we* need. *It packs the body insights and eeriness of* Totoro *with the satiric detail of* Marshal Law. *Its characters speak and write an incomprehensible language, but we understand everything. It's beautiful, it's funny, it's vicious… it makes ethical points.*

The serialized Aeon *was the star turn of MTV's* Liquid Television *last season, and its sequel is coming soon. You may have missed* Liquid Television *altogether; it was stuffed away in an inconvenient time slot. It's only art, in a despised medium—animation. Sunday midnight is when TV lets the adults watch cartoons.*

Aeon Flux *is actually a cyberdelic morality play, a weird spin on the hero metaphor. The blood rains. Viewers find themselves glorying in over-the-edge carnage, rooting for a female hero with exaggerated Marvel-comic moves who turns out to be a villain—or merely the star of a foot fetish mag—or maybe only* irrelevant, *in Peter Chung's composed world.*

Chung has a precise, studied way of talking that you usually associate with science nerds or the pathologically self-conscious. His art demands precision, and is manic in its pursuit. Aeon Flux *took three months for a twelve minute sequence of idea-overloaded cel animation that had Chung putting in shifts up to 72 hours long.*

The result is a bravura synthesis of precision and passion. Some have called Peter Chung the Hendrix of animation, but Hendrix with a saber-sharp edge.

—Richard White

Aeon Flux images frame-grabbed at Diaquest

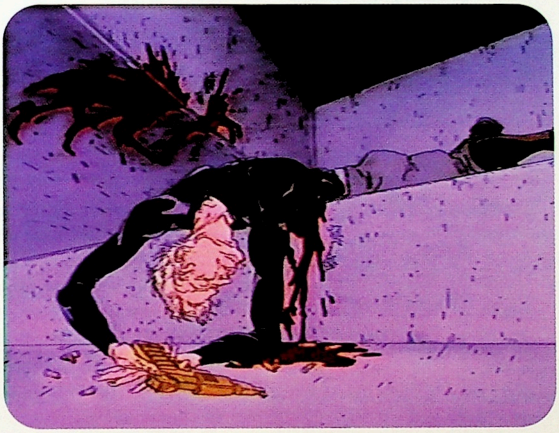
MONDO 2000: Your Levi's spot with the "Edward" character had a definite Sci Fi edge. Does that sort of futuristic theme lend itself to animation?

PETER CHUNG: I don't think so. To me *Aeon Flux* isn't necessarily futuristic. There's nothing in it that couldn't happen today, or even twenty years ago. I definitely want to make films that respond to contemporary issues as opposed to reaching for some kind of classical iconography like Disney.

M2: One of the things that stood out with *Aeon Flux* was how you supplied the narrative without any dialogue. What was your reason for doing that?

PC: I didn't want it to be culture-bound. When you inject dialogue—word choices, inflections—you have to choose: "Are they Americans? Are they going to speak with a British accent, a European accent?" I didn't want it to have that kind of culture specificity. I also wanted it to feel like a dream. A lot of *my* dreams are like that. I wanted the viewer to work a little harder. It was a way of getting them to look a little bit deeper into the imagery.

My approach is to think of my work in the context of live action film-making—not to ghettoize it as a separate art form



Maybe Aeon Flux is running around killing people because she's sexually frustrated

M2: Are there particular illustrators or animators who have been an inspiration to you?

PC: I keep an open mind—I'm influenced by everything. Although, what inspired me to get into animation was Japanese work. As much as I enjoy what they call "Classical Animation"—Disney, Warner Brothers, et al—it never inspired me. What really triggered my desire was watching Japanese cartoons as a kid in Korea.

M2: What sort of thing?

PC: My favorite was *Tiger Man*, which never made it over here. It was about a professional wrestler who wore a tiger mask. *[Laughing]* But what appealed to me about the Japanese work was the spontaneous approach. Most American animation is belabored—it's handled very preciously, and sometimes worked to death. It lacks the spontaneous touch of the animator. In Japanese work there's a looser, freewheeling approach that I like because it expresses the hand of the animators as opposed to a seamless illusion of something alive. You could say it's more modernist.

SILLY RABBIT, SCHTICKS ARE FOR KIDS

In terms of technique, in American animation the goal is to create a completely believable illusion. They apply all of the laws of physics; they obey the laws of gravity. Whereas the Japanese approach is to create a graphic *impression* of something.

American viewers seem to miss the fact that Japanese animation comes out of a completely different artistic tradition. Traditional Japanese painting is graphic and stylized, and traditionally it's flat. Asian art in general follows particular *gestural* forms. There's an internal language of gestural use, technically being able to depict a leaf with one stroke as opposed to rendering it. The tradition in Western art is that you try to duplicate nature, and you try to make the technique invisible, so that you convey the object as opposed to conveying the artist's activity of rendering.

When we came to Modernism and Impressionism, Western art took on the idea of the spontaneous gesture—which I think was partly influenced by Asian art.

Animation is not just a graphic medium but also a narrative or dramatic medium. The theatrical traditions are very different, East and West. If you look at the old shorts like *Looney Tunes*, they come out of the vaudeville stage performance. For American animators it's key to come up with characteristic tics which set one character apart from another. They give each character *business.*

In the Japanese tradition, theatre is much more stylized, pared down, and has less to do with that schtick kind of approach—the personality quirks and mannerisms. Their film acting style is also very different, and that carries over to the acting you see in their animation. A lot of the Japanese character animation comes across looking very stiff—but the Japanese animators use their medium in a more completely cinematic way. More in the way of visual storytelling as opposed to creating performances. American animators consider themselves to be performers by and large—character animators. And they often take on their characters.

M2: You worked with Ralph Bakshi for a while—did you bring away anything from that experience?

PC: That was my first experience working in a major studio. It was actually a bad place to start because Ralph was not the most organized and professional person to work for. But the big plus was getting to work with Frank Frazetta, who wasn't really interested in animation. *[Laughs]* I think he saw film as an opportunity to promote *his* work.

BURY THE WALRUS, AND HIS FALSE PUPPETS

M2: Do you have particular themes that aren't being reached by other animators?

PC: For me, the great animated film hasn't been made yet. I don't look back on, say, the Golden Age of Disney, and lament the passing of the best era in the art form at all. The people at Disney are obsessed with trying to go back—they think *Pinocchio* represents the height of what can be achieved. For me animation is an opportunity to do things with film that *haven't* been done. My approach is really to think of my work in the context of film in general—live action filmmaking—and not to ghettoize it as a separate art form. I don't like the double standard engendered by people in the industry themselves, who want to keep animation apart from being discussed with live action filmmaking.

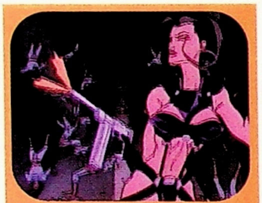
In that sense, my influences aren't animation films. I look to Antonioni, Tarkovsky, Buñuel, or David Lynch. I'd like to use the flexibility of animation to approach those kinds of subjects.

JONESTOWN, INDIANA

M2: You also play with assumptions. I think the instant assumption about Aeon Flux is that she's the "good guy," but maybe that's not so. In your student work there's a similar situation where a ringmaster apparently butchers a horse in the Big Top, but suddenly two actors emerge from a severed costume of a horse. It seems like there's conscious misdirection of the eye and mind.

PC: That's the observation I wanted. *Aeon Flux* came out of my reaction to a lot of recent Hollywood action/adventure films in which the direction is so biased towards one character. The one film that really bothered me in that respect was *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. That film seemed to be glorifying a character who was totally unscrupulous. He wasn't what I would consider moral in any way. He's going around stealing other people's treasures, killing people, being a jerk all the way around.

There's a scene in *Aeon Flux* that makes a reference to *Raiders*. That guy is about to attack Aeon Flux and she pulls out her gun and shoots him, and the other guy reacts by laughing. My twist on that is that she comes up to the laugher and kicks him. Which is sort of the way I felt watching *Raiders*.



The great animated film hasn't been made yet. I don't look back on the Golden Age of Disney and lament the passing of the best era in the art form

I was doing that in *Aeon Flux* partly because of what we were trying to do in *Liquid Television*. Most of the program was made up of parodies of existing genres, so this was my parody of a heroic action film. Just pushing it to its ultimate limit. The gratuitousness of the violence becomes absurd, obviously impossible—piles of bodies, and she never runs out of bullets.

SEXY GIRLS & SEXY GUNS

PC: That was the main thing that I was trying to do in *Aeon Flux*—glorify a character who wasn't necessarily doing good things, and then try to get the viewer to make up his own mind about the character.

M2: There is a fair amount of sexual imagery in this film. What was your reason for that?

PC: That has to do with the character of Aeon Flux. I always found it frustrating in films that there is a side of the character—especially with these mythical heroic characters—that you never get to see. The intimate, maybe slightly embarrassing side of their lives. Like, what they do when they're alone—are they sexually frustrated?

M2: Yeah, that scene where she's fellating her gun is pretty incredible.

PC: *[Laughs]* It's supposed to be. That was an opportunity to show that maybe this character's running around killing people because she's sexually frustrated. *[Laughing]* Then when she finally dies, she goes to heaven, and her sexual fantasy is fulfilled.

M2: Is that heaven?

PC: Well, that's *her* version of the afterlife. It functions also as a joke, in that the film has been glorifying her all the way through. The idea is that even after she dies the film continues to glorify her. It's a little esoteric. Mainly it was meant to show that everything she did in life ultimately was futile, and that she might as well have pursued a life of sexual indulgence.

There is a lot of stuff in there that gets lost because of the limitations I was under. That *is* supposed to be a picture of her on that foot fetish magazine at the end. The idea is that after she falls off the building, they destroy her body and her living quarters. All that's left of her is that photograph on *Foozwax* magazine.

M2: Are you that cynical?

PC: Well, as an artist I like to think I can make a difference in our culture. But when Ollie North becomes a hero…

THE OBLIGATORY COMPUTER QUESTION

M2: Your method of animation, I'm assuming, is that you do most of your stuff by hand, drawing and coloring your own plates and cels. I understand that you worked on *Aeon Flux* up to 72 hours at a stretch. What do you think of the electronic imaging process, and the introduction of computer animation? Does it bode well for animation?

PC: I think it's terrific—it just expands the possibilities. I'm not in any way a purist, I look forward to being able to combine drawings with computer-generated imagery. Unfortunately though, it seems the public is much less willing to accept it, so far. Just from talking to people there seems to be a real resistance to combining the two.

M2: What kinds of projects do you have on the board right now, what's your next film?

PC: Colossal Pictures and MTV are preparing a new season of *Liquid Television* that will include a series I'm doing. It's stylistically a follow-up to *Aeon Flux*, although it involves new characters. The setting is the same. In the first *Aeon Flux* I was looking at the problem of exploiting gratuitous violence in movies. In this film, I'm trying to explore the exploitation of violence in society. For me, it's a progression. I'm trying to break away from just doing a parody of another genre. The new one is more political. It deals with police brutality, war, torture, that kind of thing. But don't worry, it's basically a surreal satire.

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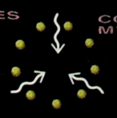
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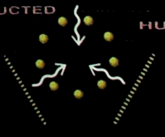
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Cyborgin

BODY POLITIC

Mark Dery

I have seen the future, and it is morphed.

Morphing is the computer-based image processing technique that gave *Terminator 2: Judgment Day* its technodazzle, enabling the T-1000, a killer android, to dissolve seamlessly from a slight, feline policeman into the sinewy, taut-strung heroine, Sarah Connor.

This same process makes possible the tour-de-force transformation scene in Michael Jackson's otherwise unremarkable music video, "Black or White." Through the video equivalent of plastic surgery, a white woman with curly red tresses dissolves into an ursine Rastaman, a square is transmuted into a hipster, an occidentalized colonial into an orientalized Other. In a later, unintentionally ironic sequence, the chemically bleached Jackson becomes a black panther. Digital lycanthropy transforms an assimilationist into a potent symbol of 60's-style Afrocentric radicalism.

"Black or White" harks back to the "brotherhood of consumption" theme popularized by Coca-Cola in its "I'd Like to Buy the World a Coke" spots and refined by Benetton in its faux multicultural "United Colors of Benetton" campaign, in which doll-like moppets from many nations cuddle in apparent agape. Jackson's video is easily read as a conflation of Bank of America's "It's a Small World" with the Human Genome Project, a Disneyland-style celebration of ethnic unity (read: deracination) through multinational capitalism in an age of genetic engineering, whereby DNA is textualized, reduced to coded bits which can be shuttled to and fro in transnational data storage systems.

But "Black or White" tells another story, one told by *Terminator 2* as well: that of the cyborg, a postmodern monster whose physiology reconciles technoculture and nature, dystopia and Arcadia, simulacrum and original. The cyborg signifies biology morphed by technology, a playfully perverse notion that permeates technocultural discourse.

The term "cyborg" was coined in 1960 by research space scientist Manfred Clynes, for whom recent advances in biomedical engineering—rechargeable pacemakers, synthetic knee and hip joints—dramatized the permeability of the membrane separating organism and mechanism. "As each of these mechanical devices becomes a functioning part of a human, it becomes more and more difficult to characterize the assimilated object as a human or as a machine," observes David F. Channell, in *The Vital Machine: A Study of Technology and Organic Life*.

If the myth of the man-machine is the Ur-text of the late 20th century, "Black or White" invites interpretation as a bedtime story about morphogenesis told by Michael Jackson to himself. Jackson is a fey creature whose familiar is a chimpanzee (an incunabular form of Homo sapiens, not yet morphed by evolution) and whose best-known eccentricity is his attempt to purchase the bones of the Elephant Man (a hapless individual morphed by neurofibromatosis).

Widely believed to have lightened his complexion, altered the shape of his eyes, thinned his lips and exchanged his formerly Negroid nose for a pert, puckish, decidedly Caucasian model, he has reimagined himself as a gene splice of Diana Ross and Peter Pan. Through the agency of cosmetic surgery, he has altered not only his race and his apparent age, but very nearly his gender. Nor does he stop there; Jackson seeks, ultimately, to escape the human condition through technological means. In a looking-glass reading of Sarah Bernhardt, who slept in a coffin to remind herself of her mortality, Jackson was once rumored to have slept in a hyperbaric chamber in a bid for immortality. This all-too-believable fiction, since discredited, remains poetically appropriate. In his privileged ability to transmogrify himself, Jackson lives in the future. It is altogether fitting that the steel vessel in which the

Khyal Braun

pop star was supposed to have spent his nights resembles the high-tech sarcophagi used in science fiction movies by intergalactic travelers in suspended animation.

As novelist William Gibson observes, in *Cyberpunk*, a video documentary about the literary genre that has mushroomed into a countercultural lifestyle, "Part of the world's population is already post-human. Consider the health options available to a millionaire in Beverly Hills as opposed to a man starving in the streets of Bangladesh: The man in Beverly Hills can, in effect, buy himself a new set of organs; the man in Bangladesh is still human, a being from an agricultural planet. The man in Beverly Hills is something else. [For him,] the future has already happened."

Hollywood's exploitation of the Freudian *subtext of a sweaty woman squirting hot lead from a throbbing rod could hardly be called empowering*

In *Terminator 2*, as in "Black or White," morphing affords a metaphor useful in decoding the stories encrypted in the decoy narrative. The *Terminator* series, like the *Alien* series, stars a pumped-up, lock-and-load, post-feminist heroine whose empowerment, in a patriarchal world, is attained not through political activism but through the instrumentality of weight-training machines.

An *Entertainment Weekly* cover story on the film includes a fawning sidebar on Linda Hamilton, the actress who played Sarah Connor. Headlined "A New Body of Work: Linda Hamilton Gets Tough in *Terminator 2*," it might have been titled "The Morphing of Linda Hamilton." We are told, in fetishistic detail, of her "washboard stomach and marathoner's legs," her aerobic workouts, her frolics in co-star Arnold Schwarzenegger's on-location gym. "She looks like a sweet young thing in her sundress," the copy cautions, "but don't be fooled. Linda Hamilton can bench-press 85 pounds as easily as she swings her Evian bottle. She can pump-load a 12 gauge shotgun with one arm and run eight miles before lighting up a Camel. [...] She has metamorphosed into a fierce, humorless commando. And she has transformed her softly feminine physique... into a hard-body even a five-time Mr. Universe can admire."

All that flabby femininity has been flensed away like so much blubber, revealing the masculine, mechanical "hard-body" of a technophallic, homoerotic Sergeant Rock. "Hard," in this context, is a semaphore signalling the machine age cult of the man of steel with the iron will. This sensibility is exhaustively documented in Klaus Theweleit's *Male Fantasies*, a two-volume anthology of writings by and about members of the German *Freikorps*, anomic paramilitary outfits whose ranks included former imperial infantrymen, drifters, adventurers, and crypto-fascist, anti-Communist youth. "In Volume II," informs a blurb in *Amok: Fourth Dispatch*, a catalog of mail-order literary esoterica, "we are shown how the [male] body becomes a mechanism for eluding the dreaded liquid and the 'feminine' emotions associated with it. Armored, organized by mental and physical procedures like the military drill, the male body is transformed into 'a man of steel.' As Theweleit shows, only in war does this body find redemption from constraint."

The Menschmachine's pathological fear of the glutinous feminine goo that will gum its gears is manifest both in *Terminator 2* and *Aliens*, given ironic spin by the fact that the masculinist protagonist of each is in fact a woman. Mark Crispin Miller treats this classically Freudian theme in his afterword to "The Robot in the Western Mind," in *Boxed In: The Culture of TV*. "*Aliens* (1986) played on that same loathing of female sexuality which had earlier pervaded *The Exorcist* and the horror tales of Brian De Palma," he writes, "although the later film, unlike its predecessors, was actually touted for its 'feminism.' Whereas the earlier films merely play on the manifest 'evil' of Woman as a frightful, sticky mess (a device that pops up also in the infamous *Fatal Attraction*), *Aliens* divides the female in two: there is Ripley, the tough guy heroine, played cool and capable by the deep-voiced, strong-jawed Sigourney Weaver, and then there is her nemesis, the repulsive Mama Alien, all screams and tentacles and dripping maw (so to speak), discharging endless smaller monsters from a prolific womb. [...] Finally, Ripley manages to snuff the Alien only by turning herself hyper-masculine/robotic: she encases herself in a mammoth robot-exoskeleton, which—powerful and dry—allows her to crush the shrieking mother-figure as if it were a giant, juicy bug."

The Cloaca Concept, in which the female genitalia is conceived of as a noisome, pestilential sinkhole, percolates through *Terminator 2* as well. But while the Swiss artist H.R. Giger, who designed the visual effects for the *Alien* series, imbues those movies with a nightmare aesthetic derived from *Grand Guignol*, Grunewald, and heavy machinery, the look of *Terminator 2* owes more to Silicon Valley. In that film, soft, squishy evil pours itself into the mercurial shape of the T-1000, a polymorphous perversity made of "mimetic polyalloy." The T-1000's quicksilver quality speaks loudly, in Jungian and alchemical terms, of mercury, a lunar, mutable element associated with androgyny and hermaphroditism. The robot is indeed polygendered: In its original state, it is unequivocally male, resembling an elfin-eared Oscar or a Bauhausian dildo, but it can assume any sex.

Then, too, there is more than a hint of caricatured S/M homosexuality in the android's chosen incarnation: a smallish, vaguely effeminate policeman with a tart, thin-lipped smirk, whose favored method of dispatching his victims is by poking stiff, pointy objects into their holes—a blade-shaped arm through a man's mouth, a stiletto-like finger through a male prison guard's eye.

In the movie's final moments, both Terminators are consumed in a vat of molten steel, where their mettle is revealed: The technetronic Teuton, Schwarzenegger, slips into the boiling goop with a chivalric wave of the hand worthy of a Wagnerian hero; the T-1000 squirms and shimmies, mouthing silent, Edvard Munch-like screams in a most unmanly fashion.

There is more than a *hint of caricatured S/M homosexuality in the android's chosen incarnation*

Linda Hamilton, morphed into a *Freikorps* cyborg, triumphs over the feminine aspect embodied in the T-1000 with the aid of the male principle manifest in the Schwarzeneggerian model. An argument could be made for the recuperation of the gun-happy Hamilton as a feminist heroine, but the convenience of such a move renders it highly suspect. Hollywood's exploitation of the Freudian subtext of a sweaty woman squirting hot lead from a throbbing rod could hardly be called empowering. The sexual current running through scenes of Hamilton "whacking" her enemies is uncomfortably reminiscent of the necro-erotic appeal of *Sexy Girls and Sexy Guns*, a video that features bikini-clad "Southern California beauties firing some of the sexiest machine guns ever produced," according to a mail-order catalog published by Loompanics Unlimited. Testimonials to the contrary notwithstanding—"With a gun I have more control over potential events around me, and more personal power," declares a female shootist in Patrick Carr's *Gun People*—technophallicism remains at odds with technofeminism.

Of course, cyborgs are not confined to blockbuster sci-fi films or Michael Jackson videos. Ours is an age of engineered monsters, a partial listing of whom would begin with all who have undergone prosthetic surgery, their bodies augmented by pacemakers, cochlear implants, artificial kidneys, or myoelectric limbs. It would also include the transsexual "Tula," featured in a recent *Playboy* pictorial; former Mr. Universe Steve Michalik, who used anabolic steroids—a hormonal technology—to transform himself into an androgen-addled android whose chest and arms measured 60 and 23 inches, respectively, and whose eyes, according to a recent *Village Voice* cover story, "went as red as the laser scope on an Uzi" when he was angry.

They and their ilk populate a cultural landscape in which the human body is increasingly the site of what might be called micropolitical power struggles between an information-rich, technocratic elite and the information-poor masses. The dialectic of body politics touches on abortion rights, surrogate mothering, AIDS treatment, the ethics of genetic engineering and fetal tissue use; even state-sponsored cosmetic surgery for prison inmates.

Not coincidentally, there have arisen oppositional and alternative cultures whose common project is the re-mapping of corporeal territory. The rituals of resistance practiced by these micropoliticians include the mock autochthonous body art—piercing, binding, "tribal" tattooing, and ritual scarification—exhaustively documented in *Re/Search* magazine's "Modern Primitives" issue.

Chief among these body artists is Stelarc, an Australian performance artist known for techno-primitive rituals called

In its original state, the T-1000 is unequivocally male, *resembling an elfin-eared Oscar or a Bauhausian dildo, but it can assume any sex*

"suspensions" in which he is hoisted heavenward by cables attached to hooks imbedded in his skin. More recent performances have featured a powerful, dexterous robotic hand which, when strapped to his own, amplifies his movements.

"In this age of information overload, what is significant is no longer freedom of ideas but rather freedom of form—freedom to modify, freedom to mutate your body," writes the artist, in "Strategies and Trajectories," an essay appearing in *Obsolete Body/Suspensions 1976-82/Stelarc*. "The question is not whether a society will allow freedom to express yourself, but whether [it] will allow you to break the bonds of your genetic parameters—the fundamental freedom to determine your own DNA destiny."

Haunted, perhaps, by the spectres of eugenics and social engineering that shadow his argument, Stelarc invokes a vision of individual "bionauts... launched on multiple evolutionary trajectories to experience different and perhaps significant biological landscapes. The artist can become an evolutionary guide, extrapolating new trajectories," he enthuses, "a genetic sculptor, restructuring and hypersensitizing the human body; an architect of internal body spaces; a primal surgeon, implanting dreams, transplanting desires; an evolutionary alchemist, triggering mutations, transforming the human landscape." The morphogenesis envisaged by Stelarc conjures the "post-humanist" universe of Bruce Sterling's *Schismatrix*, in which Mechs (cyborgers) and Shapers (genetic engineers) struggle over the future of the human form. It suggests, as well, the "post-biological" age prophesied by roboticist Hans Moravec, in which we will slough off our weak, encumbering shells and transfer our brains to ageless robot bodies.

Donna Haraway, a biologist and feminist historian of science, examines the theme of the body as contested zone from another perspective. "By the late 20th century, our time, we are all chimeras, theorized and fabricated hybrids of machine and organism; in short, we are cyborgs," she writes, in *Simians, Cyborgs and Women: The Reinvention of Nature*, her coruscating critique of feminist strategies regarding science and technology. "The cyborg is our ontology; it gives us our politics. In the traditions of 'Western' science and politics... the relationship between organism and machine has been a border war. The stakes in the border war have been the territories of production, reproduction, and imagination."

Technologies possess either repressive or liberatory potential, depending on who controls them, reasons Haraway. All who would remain in control of their bodies in a cybernetic society must free themselves from the locked loop of the technophile-versus-technophobe debate by coming to terms with the essentially cyborgian nature of lived experience in a technoculture. Cyborg imagery, concludes Haraway, is useful in illustrating the argument for "refusing an anti-science metaphysics, a demonology of technology." It can "suggest a way out of the maze of dualisms in which we have explained our bodies and our tools to ourselves."

The techno-literate, politically-articulate use of cutting-edge technologies to wage what Haraway's colleague, cultural critic Andrew Ross, calls "a communications revolution from below," is exemplified by the cyber-theater of Survival Research Laboratories. A loosely-knit, San Francisco-based organization, SRL stages what might be called mechanical theater of cruelty—scary, stupefyingly loud spectacles in which infernal machines armed with buzz-saw blades and bear-trap jaws do battle in a murk of smoke, flames, and greasy fumes. They are war games in the literal sense—a combination of killing field and carnival midway, meant to explode popular myths about surgical strikes and collateral damage in an entertaining way. More importantly for our purposes, they tell stories about biology morphed by technology; the body as locus of postmodern power relations; and the realpolitik of retrofitting and refunctioning in a late capitalist society predicated on ceaseless consumption, planned obsolescence and inexhaustible resources.

Number 7

The Enlightenment Illuminati (Ret.): Philosophes, Whigs, The Founding Fathers (Ret.), Anti-Federalists (extinct); Masons, Shriners, etc.

- In the late 18th C., they launched a conscious, well-organized conspiracy to violently overthrow the government of every nation-state.
- In Europe, their almost total success fomented 200 years of war and revolution, only now winding down. (For extra credit: Which long-running conspiracy escaped?)
- In North America, their total success reduced them to philanthropic drunks in fezzes.

Mark Pauline, the group's founder and director, has read Haraway, and takes her cyborgian myth literally; he once told this writer that he "would like to be a robot." He later qualified that statement, observing, "There are contingencies, of course, but I can see a lot of benefits to being non-organic, one of which would be that you could adapt to new situations by retrofitting yourself. Adaptability is the secret of being human, anyway, right? So I don't see why [our options] shouldn't be extended by not being tied to the human form. Android technology has the potential to redress the inequality between the sexes and races. If everybody was a [cyborg], then the barriers created by outside appearances would be overcome and we could get down to the distinctions that have nothing to do with the body."

For Pauline, as for Haraway, the cyborg is not a humanist's worst nightmare but a beautiful monster whose natural/denatured habitat is, as Annette Kuhn points out in *Alien Zone: Cultural Theory and Contemporary Science Fiction Cinema*, "an 'integrated circuit' of technologies, images, simulacra and social relations, in which all fixed notions of subjectivity and difference are banished." It is, as Haraway notes, a post-phallogocentric place in which "people are not afraid of their joint kinship with animals and machines, not afraid of permanent partial identities and contradictory standpoints." In this possible tomorrow, the physical body is intertextual and endlessly recombinant, offering itself, like the bits that make up computer memory, for read/write activities.

Pauline's end-of-the-century liberation theology of Homo sapiens-as-Transformer robot is characterized by the disintegrated self and vertiginous, unhinged *jouissance* that hallmark the postmodern condition. It embraces the Other—even if the Other is a machine—and is sanguine about prosthetic appliances, neuromuscular interfaces, and brain plugs, apparently untroubled by Freudian phobias about castration or penetration.

But another, less charitable reading discloses a liminal narrative uncomfortably close to the gynephobic fable recounted by the morphing of Linda Hamilton from a 70's-style earth mother into a 90's-style post-feminist "hard-body." The exfoliation of the effeminate exterior, baring the Terminator "endoskeleton" lurking beneath, fulfills the masculinist, mechano-erotic fantasies percolating through the diary entries of *Freikorps* soldiers.

Andrew Ross addresses this notion in *Strange Weather: Culture, Science and Technology in the Age of Limits*. "Consider how the cyberpunk image of the techno-body played into the crisis of masculinity in the 80's," he writes, in "Cyberpunk in Boystown." "In popular culture at large, symptoms of the newly fortified contours of masculinity could be found in the inflated physiques of Arnold Schwarzenegger and Sylvester Stallone, and a legion of other pumped-up, steroid-fed athletes' bodies. [...] Cyberpunk male bodies, by contrast, held no such guarantee of lasting invulnerability, at least not without prosthetic help: spare, lean, and temporary bodies whose social functionality could only be maintained through the reconstructive aid of a whole range of genetic overhauls and cybernetic enhancements—boosterware, biochip wetware, cyberoptics, bioplastic circuitry, designer drugs, nerve amplifiers, prosthetic limbs and organs, memoryware, neural interface plugs and the like. [...] Such a body would be a battleground in itself, where traditional male 'resistance' to domination was uneasily coöpted by the cutting-edge logic of new capitalist technologies."

Nonetheless, the ideological short circuits in the myth of the cyborg bring to mind the "transgressed boundaries, potent fusions and dangerous possibilities" of which Haraway has written. Ideologically troublesome as they may be, the cyborgian yearnings of cybercultural bricoleurs such as Pauline are bracketed by notions of individual possibility and popular desire not found in the technocratic monotheism of "hard" science's obsolete tomorrows or the disempowering Edenic longings of New Age Luddites. "I would rather be a cyborg than a goddess," concludes Haraway at the end of "A Cyborg Manifesto." The next century, a teratologist's dream of magical beings morphed by technology, seems not such a bad place to be.

Mark Dery is a cultural critic whose writings appear in The New York Times, The South Atlantic Quarterly, *and* Semiotext(e). *He is currently at work on* Cyberculture: Road Warriors, Console Cowboys and the Silicon Underground, *a panoramic survey of cybernetic subcultures.*

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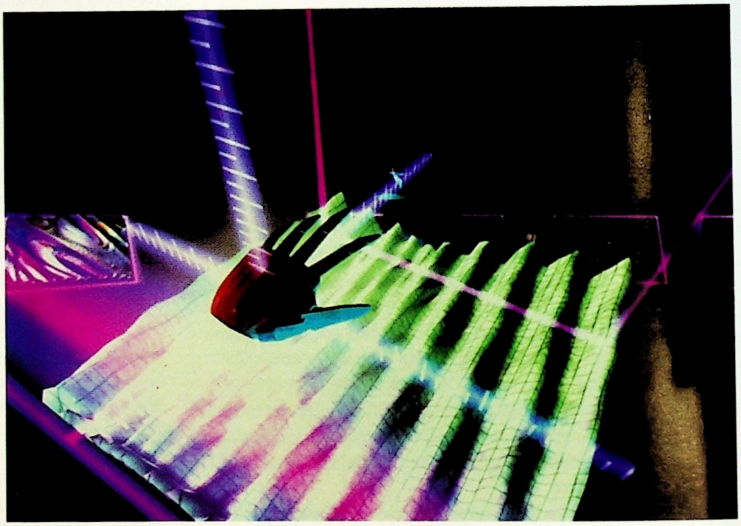
VR Goes to Hollywood

a chat with Brett Leonard



The Lawnmower Man *isn't exactly a movie made for Mondoids—it's more a movie made* about *them. See, this sub-intelligent guy has his intelligence boosted by VR technology and noötropic drugs, in a bathological melodrama about assisted mutation. Problem is, it's being* done *to him by the* bad *guys.*

The Lawnmower Man *is Hollywood's first feature film on Virtual Reality. It's a vehicle for a concept that's still novel to a large tract of the population. VR has gone from the cordoned-off obscurity of military telepresence technology to the hottest new buzz in Hollywood. Director Brett Leonard has a foot in both camps—Hollywood, where he's a young director-on-the-rise—and Santa Cruz, where he hangs with the hacker crowd. His perspective is sophisticated and informed—yet, as he protests, "I didn't make this film for the VR community."*

The Lawnmower Man *is being distributed by New Line Cinema and should be in movie theaters everywhere by the time you're reading this.*

—R. U. Sirius

MONDO 2000: I read a posting on the WELL where someone predicted that the movie would do to VR what *The Trip* did to LSD. Do you have any comments on that?

BRETT LEONARD: *The Trip* did nothing but positive things for LSD. Look, this is a stylish movie that deals with virtual reality. We're not making a docudrama. We're using it as a dramatic device in a mythological story that essentially has the structure of the classic Mary Shelley *Frankenstein*, as a cautionary tale about the abuses of technology.

M2: A cautionary tale?

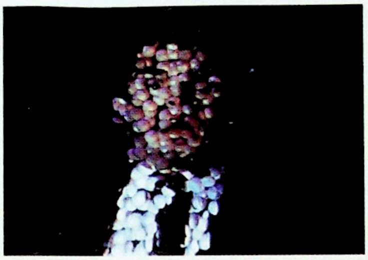
BL: As a storyteller, I'm dealing with both the positive and negative potentials of the technology. The potential for abuse of the machine-human interface is even more insidious than the abuse of technology that took place during the industrial revolution.

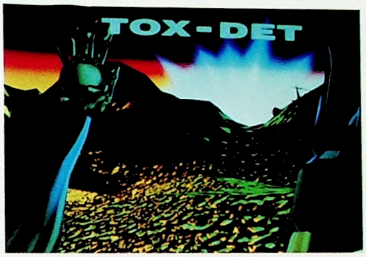
M2: What about pre-empting the technology, programming one's own mutation?

BL: It's very easy to lose perspective from within our little circle of cybernauts, but the average person isn't going to be at the controls. Personal evolution with technological and pharmaceutical means is a positive thing in general, but I think there's also great potential for abuse—especially given that the technology will probably be controlled by the powers-that-be.

Listen, this film will be the first time many people are exposed to the concept, and it is shown in a dramatic and very evocative form. I didn't make the film for the VR community. *And I welcome controversy!* M2

Behind the Production Scenes





Allan Lundell

If you grooved on the computer-generated special effects in *Terminator 2*, you'll find three times as much in *The Lawnmower Man*. In all, twenty-two minutes of the most whiz-bang algorithms to blitz your visual cortex. These effects were created at Western Digital in San Francisco on "the Harry," the ultimate in modern day image creation tools. Harry's not cheap, and is generally the exclusive domain of big ticket players like Honda commercials and Lucasfilm productions.

THE AWESOME HARRY MACHINE

Entering the sanctum of the Harry is like going onto the bridge of the Starship Enterprise. There are control surfaces, both real and virtual, everywhere. Monitors, curved consoles, and a luxurious captain's chair with personal screens survey the whole operation. It takes only two people to run the bridge of this starship, powered by a mainframe Qantel computer. Sitting in the captain's chair is the director of *The Lawnmower Man*, Brett Leonard, and manning the controls is Jimmi Simmons, the Harry operator/artist. Under Brett's direction, he combines visual layers of computer graphic effects with live action sequences.

"The Harry is a bridging tool for digitally compositing layers of cinematic effects. It's particularly good at combining live action with digital effects to create a fantastical cyber aesthetic," notes Brett. "With the Harry, the boundaries between fantasy and reality can be easily and convincingly blurred."

For instance, there's a scene where a couple of characters are departicleized. All their body molecules are moved apart, causing them to separate from atomic to cellular levels of organization. The Harry allowed Brett to convincingly portray this scene from multiple perspectives by seamlessly editing together computer graphic animations of molecular/cellular dynamics with live action footage of the actor's bodies as they were departicleizing.

Another sequence portrays a chimpanzee with cyber-helmet in action, scanning infra-red through walls, recording acoustic prints, extending vision and hearing. To achieve this effect, Brett used VHS and Macintosh imagery, 3/4" D1 component video, 35mm live action film footage, and thermographic video images, all combined in the Harry and then finally taken back to film by the Gemini process at the Post Group. That's about as multimedia as filmmaking gets.

CYBERSEX

The film's animated cybersex scene delves into dark and shadowy areas of the human psyche. The sequence uses the new shape-shifting morphing techniques made famous by Michael Jackson's "Black or White" video to illustrate the multiplex chaos of the human sexual imagination.

Says Brett, "Only with CGI can you generate a complete 3D human form that looks real and at the same time is fantastical. We have these two vastly different elements rubbing against each other, creating dramatic friction."

SACRED BRAINSTEMS & BACKFIRE IN THE BRAINPANS

For the "sacred brainstem" scene, they hired a sacred geometrist to draw ancient spiritual iconography, which they then animated with computer graphic techniques. The images were so compelling that the artists animating them at Xaos would put coats over their heads and stare at their screens for hours to fine-tune the psychic effects of the imagery. "It was a print when they really got synaptic backfire in their brainpans," says Brett.

Talk Nerdy to Me

Techno-Culture Slang

Gareth Branwyn

geek out v. To temporarily enter techno-nerd mode while in a non-hackish context, for example at parties held near computer equipment.

Modern (and pre-modern) language was based on the model of absolute right-or-wrong and a tight coupling of the name with the thing named. Dictionary committees and networks of academics joined to combat the invasion of the lexicographically incorrect. Words had to pay their dues, hang out, until they were allowed to take their places in the great Book of the Word. *The balancing of conservatism versus flexibility, necessary to any functioning ecosystem, was unquestionably tipped towards conservation.*

By comparison, language in our post modern world is fast, funky, novel, and experimental. The pendulum has swung wide in the opposite direction. And isn't it goood?

For anyone who likes to have slippery, elastic fun with language, this is a time for celebration. Every subculture, youth gang, corporate enclave, and leisure/sport society has its own cool lingo. And all these separate dialects have leaky borders, flowing into one another.

While this could ultimately turn out to be as boring (and limiting) as the lexical imperialism of the past, there's plenty of time for fun and games, here in the panic interzone between the language of the past and the languages of the future.

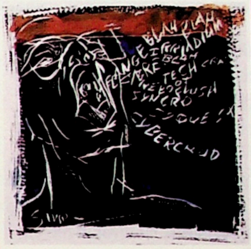
For a radiant moment, everything is permitted.

Computer and techno-culture is becoming a significant force in our society. The sophistication of micro-technologies makes it fun and empowering for people to get personal *with their tech. Out of their desire to name totally new experiences and modes of operation, a new language is emerging.*

Several recent books from MIT Press examine different facets of techno-culture language. Technobabble *by John A. Barry takes a rather stuffed-shirt approach to our culture's romance with techno-speak. This book focuses on the misuse of technical jargon and slang by technology sales and marketing people, journalists, and the culture at large. While many of Barry's observations and criticisms are valid, he almost ignores the richness and cleverness of techno-lingo when it is used* properly.

The New Hacker's Dictionary, *edited by Eric Raymond, could be your usage manual. This is an updated, re-edited version of the Jargon File, which has been floating around the nets for years. It is not only a useful guidebook to very much* un-official *technical terms and street tech slang, but also a de facto ethnography of the early years of the hacker culture.*

Flashback? Remembrance of nerdiness past? This book got my appetite up, and I looked into the current Jargon File, which is now immense. Just listen to this:



cybercrud n. Obfuscatory tech-talk. The computer equivalent of bureaucratese.

All Illustrations: Sebastian Hyde

zipperhead n. A person with a closed mind.

Big Room, the n. The one with the blue ceiling and intensely bright light during the day and black ceiling with many tiny night-lights at night, found outside all computer installations. "He can't come to the phone right now; I think he's out in the Big Room."

bit rot n. Also bit decay. Hypothetical disease whose existence has been deduced from the observation that unused programs or features will often stop working after sufficient time has passed, even though in the interim *nothing has changed.* The theory posits that bits decay randomly, as if they were radioactive.

casters-up mode n. Yet another synonym for broken or **down**.

cruncha cruncha cruncha interj. An encouragement sometimes **muttered** to a machine bogged down in a serious **grind**.

documentation n. The multikilos of macerated, pounded, steamed, bleached, and pressed trees that accompany most soft- or hardware products. Hackers seldom read paper documentation and often resist writing it; they prefer it to be terse and on-line. A common comment on this is "You can't **grep** dead trees." (See also **soft copy** and **tree-killer**)

drool-proof paper n. Documentation which has been obsessively "dumbed down," to the point where only a **cretin** could bear to read it, is said to have been "written on drool-proof paper." For example, this is an actual quote from Apple's LaserWriter manual: "Do not expose your LaserWriter to open fire or flame."

examining the entrails n. The process of grovelling through a core dump or hex image in the attempt to discover the bug that brought a program or system down.

feature shock n. A user's confusion when confronted with a package that has too many features and poor introductory material.

flame war n. An acrimonious dispute conducted by **flamers** who are **flaming** one another with **flamage**, especially when staged on a public electronic forum such as USENET.

fuggly adj. Emphatic form of ugly—funky + ugly. Unusually for hacker slang, this may actually derive from black street jive. To say it properly, the first syllable should be growled rather than spoken. Usage: humorous. "Man, the ASCII-to-EBCDIC code in that printer driver is *fuggly.*"

geek out v. To temporarily enter techno-nerd mode while in a non-hackish context, for example at social gatherings held near computer equipment.

Godzillagram n. [from Japan's national hero] 1. A network packet that in theory is broadcast to every machine in the universe. The typical case of this is an IP datagram whose destination IP address is [255.255.255.255]. Fortunately, few gateways are foolish enough to attempt to implement this! 2. A network packet of maximum size. An IP Godzillagram has 65,536 octets.

grep [from qed/ed editor idiom: Globally search for this Regular Expression and Print lines containing it] vt. Rapidly scan a file looking for a particular string or pattern. By extension, to look for something by pattern. "Grep the bulletin board for the system backup schedule, would you?"

hamster n. A particularly slick little piece of code that does one thing well; a small, self-contained hack. The image is of a hamster happily spinning its exercise wheel.

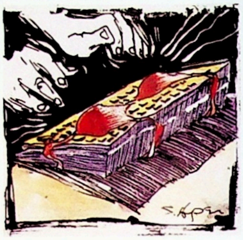
heisenbug [from Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle in quantum physics] n. A bug that disappears or alters its behavior when one attempts to probe or isolate it. Antonym of **Bohr bug**. See also **mandelbug**.

Helen Keller mode n. State of a hardware or software system that is deaf, dumb, and blind, i.e., accepting no input and generating no output, usually due to an infinite loop or some other excursion into deep space. (Unfair to the real Helen Keller, whose success at learning speech was triumphant.)

liveware n. 1. Synonym for wetware. Rare. 2. [Cambridge] Vermin. "Waiter, there's some liveware in my salad…"

lunatic fringe n. Customers who can be relied upon to accept your release 1.0 versions of software.

mandelbug [from the Mandelbrot set] n. A bug whose underlying causes are so complex and obscure as to make its behavior appear chaotic or even totally non-deterministic.



tits on a keyboard n. Small bumps on certain key caps to keep touch-typists registered

marketroid [alt. **marketing slime**, **marketing droid**, **marketeer**] n. A member of a company's marketing department, esp. one who promises users that the next version of a product will have features that are not actually scheduled for inclusion, are extremely difficult to implement, and/or violate the laws of physics (see **vaporware**). Derogatory. Used by techies.

mickey n. The resolution unit of mouse movement.

Microsloth Windows n. Hackerism for Microsoft Windows, a windowing system for the IBM-PC which is so limited by bug-for-bug compatibility with **mess-dos** [MS-DOS] that it is agonizingly slow on anything less than a fast 386.

Mongolian Hordes technique n. Development by gang bang (poss. from the Sixties counterculture expression

Mongolian clusterfuck for a public orgy). Implies that large numbers of inexperienced programmers are being put on a job better performed by a few skilled ones.

mouse droppings n. Pixels (usually single) that are not properly restored when the mouse moves away from a particular location on the screen, making it appear that the mouse pointer has left a trail of scat.

neophilia n. The trait of being excited and pleased by novelty. Common trait of most hackers, SF fans, and members of several other connected "leading-edge" subcultures including the pro-technology "Whole-Earth" wing of the ecology movement, space activists, many members of Mensa, and the Discordian/neo-pagan underground. All these groups overlap heavily and (where evidence is available) seem to share characteristic hacker tropisms for science fiction, music and oriental food.

nyetwork [from Russian *nyet* = no] n. A network, when it is acting flaky or is down.

pain in the net n. A **flamer**.

sagan [from Carl Sagan's TV series *Cosmos*; think "billions and billions"] n. A large quantity of anything. "The U.S. spends sagans on bombs and welfare—hard to say which is more destructive."

shelfware n. Software purchased on a whim (by an individual user) or in accordance with policy (by a corporation or government), but not actually required for any particular use. It is installed only on a shelf.

sneakernet n. Term used (generally with ironic intent) for transfer of electronic information by physically carrying tape, disks, or some other media from one machine to another. "Never underestimate the bandwidth of a station wagon filled with magtape, or a 747 filled with CD-ROMs."

troglodyte mode n. Programming with the lights turned off, sunglasses on, and the terminal inverted (black on white) because you've been up for so many days straight that your eyes hurt (see **raster burn**). Loud music blaring from a stereo stacked in the corner is optional but recommended. See **hack mode** and **larval stage**.

wave a dead chicken v. To perform a ritual over crashed software or hardware which one believes to be futile but is nonetheless obligatory so that others may be satisfied that an appropriate degree of effort has been expended. "I'll wave a dead chicken over the source code, but I really think we've run into an OS bug."

wirehead n. [prob. from SF slang for an electrical-brain stimulation addict] 1. A hardware hacker, especially one who concentrates on communications hardware. 2. An expert in local area networks. A wirehead may be a network software **wizard** too, but will always have the ability to deal with network hardware, down to the smallest component. Wireheads are known for their ability to lash up an Ethernet terminator from spare resistors, for example. M2

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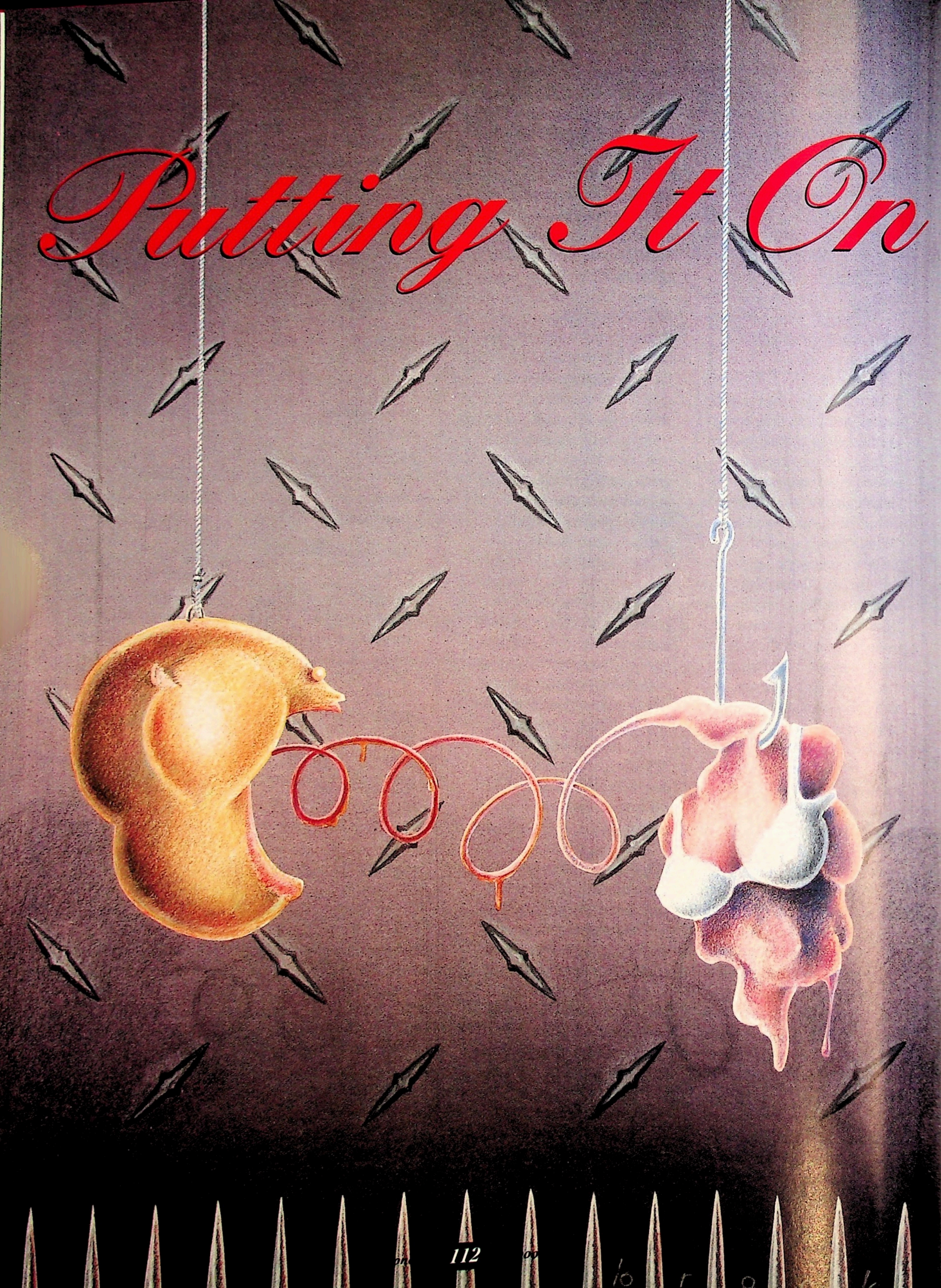


The Line

Men demand illusions… they consciously give what is unreal precedence over what is real. And we know why—the real world is simply too terrible to admit.

—Sigmund Freud

Ahh… my leather fits tight around me, my whip is always beside me, you want the same thing every day, I'll teach you to love a different way, you'll learn to love me, and my sweet pain.

—Posting on a Kentucky BBS

Melissa Petrek with St. Jude

Hello. Tonight my name is Faireday.

Why? Well, it's Friday night, and I'm convinced I have no life. Otherwise, I wouldn't be sitting in front of a Macintosh monitor chain smoking and drinking my fifth coke of the evening.

I light a cigarette and switch the modem on, then kick up the comlink program and watch insipid status icons invert in sequence as my modem signal links with a local node, is routed through decaying phone lines, then bounces off ComSat to receiving hardware—hardware I can only guess at, maintained by Anonymous.

A little squirt of incoming data triggers a voice sample in the resource file on my hard disk and a hearty, yet dorky "Welcome" blurts from my tinny Mac speaker. Welcome to The Hired Wire. Welcome to a hormone-soaked geek mockup of cyberspace.

Nobody told me that the point 'n' click menus of The Hired Wire (name changed to protect the perverse) would lead me into a bizarre closeted sexual community.

A BOY AND HIS DOG AND SOME NUNS AND BIKERS AND

THW reminds me of the subterranean Topeka, Kansas in *A Boy And His Dog*. You remember this movie—adolescent Don Johnson, mobbed by gingham-jumpered, rougecheeked morons smiling over their spermatozoa-sucking machine?

THW has the same aesthetic—candy sweet, a virtual Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood, where chatterers all over the nation can talk about their local weather and their lamer tech problems while suspending each other from chains in the Bondage Room.

Where, like the wee chittering fauna that served Snow White, *guides* peep in with a happy greeting and beam a ":)" to all the manacled participants.

(This ":)"—one of THW's many vertical smiley symbols—is instantly recognizable to a giant squid.)

HELLO BAAAYBEEEEEE

I make a beeline to People Connection, the online chat area. Here the brash opinions, cabin fever, ultra-nerdiness and kinky desires are always buzzing; here the Bible-thumpers, cybercops, queermo meat puppets (of the pocket-protector kind), and virtual crossdressers feverishly interConnect.

It is 2:05 a.m. and I decide to HELLO into the Bondage Room, where coy conversation and electronic footsy are non-stop, and IMs—Instant Messages, like notes passed in study hall—hover like souls of the unborn. There are no guides here—yet. But what is this? Divagations in the Bondage Room:

"HOW 'BOUT THEM BRAVES?" bellows WikDipp. (Capital letters indicate an online bellow).

"Go BRAVES," gushes BTBoob. Giggling, lash-fluttering and blonde jokes come to mind, sight unseen.

"Where are you from, Boob?" WikDipp asks, taking the bait.

"Atlanta," and BTBoob—I can tell—simpers: "That's in Georgia. ;)" That's a smile with a wink, for you non-squids.

AN INSTANT MASSAGE, WITH EXTRAS

I have been in the room for all of 30 seconds when a syrupy harp sweep signals the HELLO of another soul searching for real romance. It's Bruce1212 with an Instant Message: "I'm horny. Wanna go private?"

Who is this person? I imagine that bellying up to the keyboard is a 280-pound, unshaven sex hog gnawing on a chick-a-stick. Not discouraged by my silence, Bruce pursues, "Do you like sex? Do you masturbate?"

Things are electric tonight, all right: two IMs hit my screen with etheric fanfares.

"Like your name. How 'bout a massage? With extras?" This is MC1234.

"Wanna play doctor? I've got some great tools!" This is HardDoc. Meanwhile in the real world—er… our virtual room—there is still no bondage, but the public chat's gone hostile:

"Peeper's an asshole," whines LookN4Babes.

"Watch yer language," grouses Methuselah.

Tim Brock

Are you thinking of subscribing to an on-line service? We've put together a quick clip 'n' save desk reference of on-the-wire jargon to aid the boggled mind. Hell, we've even made up a few ourselves:

Public rooms—Interactive areas in which two to 23 users can blither about the Braves and their kids' report cards while passing IMs.

IM—Instant Message. A realtime note passed from one user to another which is invisible to other users. Frequently sent from male to female, often beginning with "I'm horny," usually ignored.

TOS—Terms Of Service. Guidelines issued for on-line behavior, e.g., do not curse or make racial slurs, do not make obscene references to body parts and other stuff that you normally learn about in Bible school.

Topekan—User that actually adheres to TOS; may be found in the Parents-R-Us, Born Again and Trivia rooms. Strong tendency to tattle on offenders.

Cybercop—(Also known as a "guide"); excruciatingly cheerful employee that picks up a paycheck for perusing the interactive rooms and making sure that users' language is clean and that topics are noninflammatory and uneventful. Can get rather nasty if a user persists in using forbidden vernacular. Usually goes by handles such as "Guide Mom," but sometimes cruises around incognito in suggestive names such as "Miss Heels."

Nap time—The period in which a guide is in the room monitoring the conversation, occasionally interjecting an inanity like "So hey there, WikDipp—I'm from Saratoga too!"

Flare—A user who logs on with the specific intent of violating every guideline by blatant cursing, obscene references and the initiation of dicey topics; the archenemy of the Cybercorps [sic].

Shelley—(as in Percy Bysshe) User who takes a melo-romantic, Camelotian handle, e.g., LadyHawke or Swain. Says things like, *Hark, Alas,* and *Woe unto you.*

MORF—male or female? The most commonly asked question via IM.

Androgemorphy—The act of deliberately choosing a sexless handle in order to confuse other on-line users and deflect potential IMs.

Androgemorph—One who employs a sexless handle—Pat, Kit, MSB1782.

Virtual cross-dressing—Using a blatantly feminine or masculine handle of some inappropriate gender in order to work havoc on the psyche of other users.

Going private—The act (usually following IM discourse) of creating a private room, wherein two or more users may engage in cybersex, and then exchange doubts as to whether the other person/people actually achieved orgasm, as claimed.

BTW—By the way. Likewise, **FYI** = for your information.

LOL—Laughing Out Loud.

LMAO—Laughing My Ass Off. An intensive of LOL.

ROFLMAO—Rolling on Floor Laughing My Ass Off = that was actually funny.

Modem jerk —Klatsch of male users who expropriate a public room in order to discuss the size of their genitals, debate acceptable breast dimensions, etc., and feign masturbation.

:) —Smile
;) —Smile with a wink and a nudge
:(—Frown
>:) —Smile with horns. Indicates spunky, devilish spirit.
—<—<—@ —Rose. Sometimes proferred in the Romance Connection rooms.
8===D —Erection (rude), sometimes brandished in Public areas.
(.) (.) —Breasts (rude)
)|(—Vulva (extremely rude)
)*(—Butthole (extremely rude)

"Okay then. He's a faggot," LookN4Babes concedes.

"You're not gonna last long on this board, son." It's Methuselah, showing his age.

"Well then, I'm leaving," pouts LookN. He goes BYE.

"Whew, I'm glad he's gone!" says PrissE10.

"Better be nice to me, Priss," LookN reappears, "or I'll hang around forever."

THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT

The people who run THW are a little unclear conceptually, you see. THW, in terms of services rendered, falls a poor second to that other "family-oriented" service, but it still likes to see itself as a cozy Disneyesque medium. There's Mom, Dad and kids at the family Mac playing interactive Trivia games in a tableau of wondering innocence.

Think again, guys.

The news, entertainment and hobby boards are informational, yet superfluous, as any THW subscriber knows. It's mostly about s-e-x.

MILITANTLY GUIDED FANTASIES

To try to keep everything family-rated, guides bustle into rooms randomly, with all the stuffed-shirt verve of a gameshow host. They bust up controversial topics and police the English vernacular—which means brush up on your gosh-dangeds and hecks and shaddup about feminism, homosexuality and racism or be temporarily booted out of the happy THW Romper Room. This is stated explicitly in the Terms Of Service section:

"Any action by a member, that in THW's SOLE OPINION, restricts or inhibits other members from using and enjoying The Hired Wire (such as, but not limited to, the use of vulgar language, inappropriate screen names, committing, or discussing with the intention to commit, illegal activities), is strictly prohibited," and even further, "...any defamatory, inaccurate, abusive, obscene, profane, sexually oriented, threatening, racially offensive, or illegal material... " And on and on.

And yet—woo-woo! Catch the posts on the message boards within the Romance Connection: "New club forming for pantywaist persons," "Luv to suck female toes—finder's fee offered," and "Much older man seeks teenaged girls."

Cyberlust.

THE SENSUOUS KEYBOARD

Why, you might ask, would any sane person drool over typed text on a crummy low-res video monitor? What?! Fifty lashes with a modem cord!

You see: on any adult BBS the Desired One is waiting—guaranteed. And even better, you become the hunk or bimbo your sick ego's hankered to be. Hey, that's what member profiles are for. Just a little creative self-description and you're set to go.

Mel Gibson in a box? No problem. And adolescent males can dial up their fantasy Cherry 2000 with that added magical element—an actual unknown *person* on the other end of the connection.

The good part of online surreality is that you may meld to the psychic core of that other living, breathing, tax-paying person in Kalamazoo... But watch it guys—chances are that the brainy 'n' bubbly, 25-year-old redhaired female Harvard med student is actually a member of your very own gender out for a belly laugh.

And how might I know, gentle reader? You see, online I myself metamorphose into a mythical creature called Fairedaye. Fairedaye's a real lady champ. She alternately spouts Tennyson and Bukowski; she's either a coy Rita Hayworth barracks pinup or a gal in a Harley Davidson ad. With breathy little ellipses she prattles on about J.R.R.Tolkien or feminism, propagandizes for the Dadaist manifesto or abortion rights. She's read the *Tao Te Ching* **and** *American Psycho.* Is she *ready?*

I'M NOT THAT KIND OF CYBORG

Actually she's not: the waft of pheromones that bounces off satellites and seeps through the modem like a sewage leak is repellent to Fairedaye. Please! She comes from the Olde Schoole of Romance. Her idea of interactive foreplay is burning more incense and putting on a Peter Gabriel CD. So what does Fairedaye do when the Wire gets hot? Well, she turns the computer over to her good friend Alien.

Alien's a pro at handling sexual IMs—he's made a teen-something Idaho chicklet see Jesus and all 12 disciples vamping like Chippendale dancers. He takes over at the keyboard and I sit back and pop the tab of my next Coke. It's a long night.

Since this Bondage Room has taken on the ambience of a post-Thanksgiving family bitch-fest, Alien cruises over to Naughty-Naughty, which might contain fun. The absence of the cybercops inspires ambient vulgarities from *flares* —flaming buttheads, whom any decent User from Topeka flees on… er, sight. However, Fairedaye/Alien is happy to take 'em on.

"I'm up for a blow," Jeraldo says furtively. "What about the rest of you guys?"

"All right kids…" CirclJerk announces benevolently, "MODEM JERK TIME!!"

"Tell me, Circl," Turbofuk says, "Izzit hard to type with one hand on the k-y?"

"Are there any… er… *ladies* in the room?" Circl asks.

Alien swiftly hails him with a coy, cute IM and Circl takes the bait.

Fairedaye/Alien IMs to hook him deep: "I'm so horny… " s/he gushes. "Please, Circl, take me and do with me what you will. Wanna know what I'm wearing?"

Circl *does* want to know—yes! With the mastery of a *Penthouse* letter faker, Fairedaye/Alien hurls IM after IM: Circl is saddled, bridled, and whipped into crawling around the room, then clamped into handcuffs and slathered with hot toffee topping. To his buddies in the Naughty-Naughty room, Circl proudly displays a "8===D"—that's an erection, in squidspeak.

REAL WOMEN DON'T WEAR JACK BOOTS

Meanwhile, the original Fairedaye, inhibitions relaxed by a sugar rush, hovers over Alien's shoulder, chorkling [sic] hysterically.

"Ah, come on, " I tell him. "Real women don't play like that. When we want sex, we open a bottle of blueberry wine. We drop *The Hunger* into the VCR. We ask for a back rub. Hell, some of us still bat our eyelashes."

"Hey," Al shrugs, gloating over the keyboard. "They're *buyin'* it. I'm giving them what they want—a beautiful horny girl stripping off black leather lingerie. In jack boots. With a riding crop."

Minutes later, the flurry of IMs subsided, we're all smoking cigarettes.

"Fairedaye, I think I'm in love with you," Circl moans. "Tell me—what do you look like?"

Alien dryly issues his final IM of the evening: "Well, Circl, I look like a 22-year-old male."

In the Naughty-Naughty room, there is a virtual stung silence.

"Turbo… Jeraldo… uh, there's something you gotta know about Fairedaye," Circl hedges. "SHE'S A GUY!! AUUGGGHHH!!!"

Bludgeoned by this nifty infoid, the citizens of Naughty-Naughty tersely call it a night, BYEing out en masse. I claim the keys and tap over into a different room—HELL.

WHY, THIS IS HELL, AND I AM NOT OUT OF IT

"HELL, yes! But which circle is this?" Here's LeatherFem.

"This is the Sewing circle," perks PollyMorF.

"It's hell, all right!" And LeatherFem goes BYE.

An IM twinkles out: "Fairedaye—where ya been? Are you ever gonna answer me? I know we both want the same thing," Bruce1212 wheedles. Tired from the evening's festivities, I want only to nuke him into oblivion. I brutally hit CANCEL.

"Women must fight tooth and nail to get to where straight white males are today," continues NyrFace.

"Chill, Face," urges PollyMorF. "Focus. Anger is debilitating."

"Fuck off, MorF," Face snaps. "And quitcher goddam LOVENOTES, Bruce!"

"I didn't create this room for people to abuse each other," huffs FMFatale. "I'm going to find a guide." And *poof*—there she is on the BYE list .

"Great. She's off to get the cybercops," PollyMorF sighs. "Happy, folks?"

"Wow! What's the topic here?" gawks GrinNFool, new to HELL.

"Something about homophobia, I think," DZChain blandly replies.

"Are there any 13-year-old chicks here?" Grin asks happily.

Welcome back to Kansas.

Pantechnicon's
TextureSynth v1.1

figure 8

Macintosh Background Texture Synthesis Program

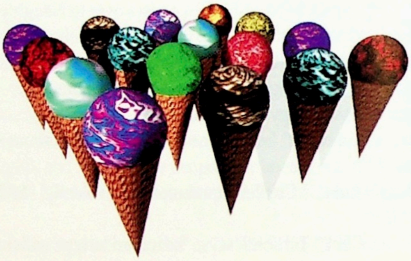


figure 9

Massiv D'mage

figure 6

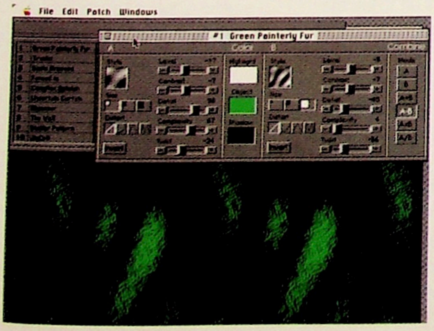


figure 2

For years, photographers weren't considered by painters to be Real Artists—it's just point and click, right?

Then came computer-generated images, which were jointly trashed by painters and photographers: this is not Real Art—it's just point and click again, *es true?*

And it *is* true that computers make the generation of Art Garbage easier than ever. But those video artists—along with emigré photographers and painters—who sweat to perfect an image that could not have been drawn or photographed—know it's Art regardless of the tools used to create it.

What the fuck, the more things change, tra la la… Right now, the r/evolution is happening in the tiny sub-multimedium known as Background Textures.

In the Beginning, artists drew their own patterns to project upon and behind their polygons, and to this day sell them to others for a pretty new yen or two. When color scanners got within the range of most credit chips, scanning (and selling scans of) photographs became a hip way to "create" those textures.

But now, Technology brings us an alternative: a program that will let *anyone* synthesize an infinite number of personalized, often undrawable or unscannable textures from scratch for a one-time fee—Pantechnicon's TextureSynth. This is cyberpunk street tech and desktop democratization applied to graphics—I love it.

ON-THE-SURFACE TEXTURE

TextureSynth is a Mac program that can create a wide variety of high-resolution continuous-tone background visual textures ranging from photorealistic images to retina-burn abstractions. They can be saved as files or seamless-edge tiles in 8- or 24-bit color PICT or TIFF or 8-bit grey-scale TIFF formats, for importation into any compatible program as area fills, masks, bump maps, or for later further perversion.

Some TextureExamples may be seen in Figure 1.

TextureSynth is not a drawing, painting, or image manipulation program—it's an image *synthesis* program. You start with one or two of the supplied abstracts, mutate and modify them with a series of math functions, and composite two altered images in a variety of ways. A color palette is provided; you can alter any entry in the palette using color models RGB, HLS, or HLB—and TextureSynth will interpolate between these as it paints the final picture.

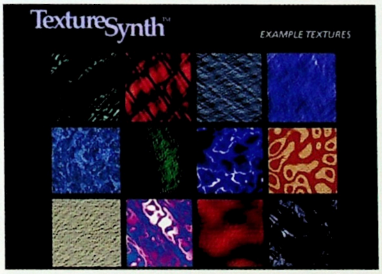
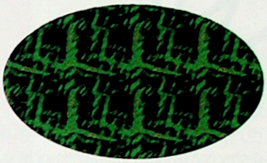


figure 1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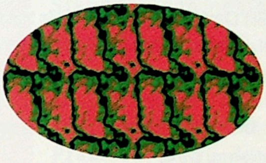
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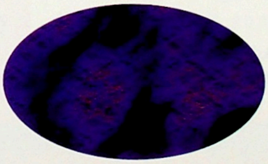
figure 5

DEEPER...

The parameters you use can be saved as Patches, which take up only a handful of bytes apiece and can be later re-opened for further tweaking. A Patch File holds forty Patches plus a custom color selection palette; up to four Patch Files (and therefore, 160 Patches) can be open at one time without having all the RAM in a Cray One supercomputer.

Patches can be easily Cleared, Cut, Copied, Pasted, Duplicated, Initialized, Randomized, and Renamed within and across Patch Files. This sort of flexibility encourages the chasing down of tangents without worrying about available time and computing resources.

While you're working, you have a re-sizeable window that displays the current texture. When you decide it's time to release it into the free world, you can save it in any of the aforementioned formats as either the size of the open window, a 640x480 pixel image (same real estate as a 13" RGB monitor), or a 256x256 pixel repeatable tile that can be seamlessly laid end to end in another program to make as large an image as you want.

TOUCH THAT DIAL

TextureSynth presents itself as three screens: the Image, the List, and the Patch. It's multiple-monitor friendly (so you can move the List and the Patch out of the way of The Image), and you can hide obstructing screens on demand. Figure 2 is a typical screen.

You have eight basic "styles" to chose from—these are the pattern raw material you'll permute. Unadulterated, they look wave-, cloud-, or plaid-ish. They are themselves tiles, with seed sizes of 64x64, 128x128, or 256x256 pixels. You also have two Layers to work with—A and B. They have identical features, but B is usually a subordinate to/operator on A. (You can copy one to the other later if you blew it.)

The sliders and buttons that modify them can be grouped into Color and Shape manipulators. The Color manipulators are pretty straightforward, including *Level*, *Contrast*, and *Invert*.

The Shapers include *Detail*, *Complexity*, *Twist*, and *Distort*. *Complexity* decides how mellow or intense the image is (sort of a Quaalude-to-Caffeine ramp, although it's hard to describe). *Twist* decides how much the texture is rotated about itself. These two controls have discontinuous jumps in their ranges, so getting the desired effect may be a Zen sort of experience until you've spent enough hours to become One with The Program. *Distort* is a sort of last-chance warpage, with four settings—linear (kinda soft-organic), exponential (washed out), triangle (sharp organic), and double-whip (usually hallucinogenic).

THE FINGERS OF YOUR BRAIN?!

With so few controls, you'd think you'd get bored quickly (yeah, right—I've heard people say the same about Adobe's Photoshop). In reality, there's a good balance between parameters that slightly tweak the image, and those that slam it into an alternate universe—meaning that the possibilities diverge rather than converge the deeper you dig in. For example, the only difference between the zoomed-in cloth in Figure 3 and the acid trip of

Avital Ronell

CRACK WARS

Literature/Addiction/Mania

"This is a very important book, raising the question of addiction and self-destruction seriously from a philosophical point of view." – Sander L. Gilman, author of *Disease and Representation* (1988). *Crack Wars* demonstrates that far from being a region of aberration, addiction has been inspired and supported by a culture that is itself dependent upon the creation of destructive desires. Ronell appeals to literature as the most advanced and sensitive measure of this immensely difficult dilemma. $25.00

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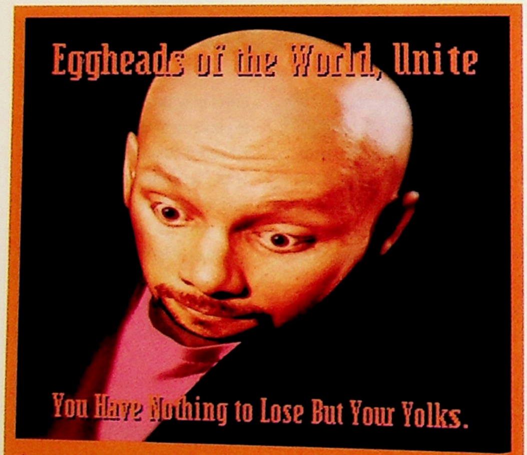
Eggheads of the World, Unite
You Have Nothing to Lose But Your Yolks.

This is your brain on Bite the Wax Tadpole's latest cassette release, Satan, Oscillate My Metallic Sonatas.

Bite the Wax Tapole — the thought-scramblers whose tapes have been called "wonderfully funny...a wild and wooly trip through bizarre minds" (Factsheet Five), "stunningly original...and...disturbing" (Option), and, simply "masterpiece[s]" (Ear).

Now, bite the Wax Tadpole serves up Satan, Oscillate My Metallic Sonatas (spell it backwards), an 11-cut, 60-minute brain soufflé featuring guest appearances by Chunk's Samm Bennett, turntable player Christian Marclay, and neuroscore composser/guitarist Elliot Sharp.

Satan, Oscillate My Metallic Sonatas. Songs about a stogie-chomping businessman who wants his employees to squeal like piggies, a la Deliverance ("Big Business"); a tribesman born with a hungry wolf in his belly ("Emperor Worm"); an assembly-line drone who loses his fingers to an infernal machine ("Skinner Box"); and a night clerk in a hotel haunted by the ghosts of senile dementia ("Whoops and Cries Up Above the Sun"). Songs propelled by fuzzbox trumpet, hardcore banjo, hexaphonic guitar, steel drum, hip-hop beats and enough media bites to give Marshall McLuhan a migraine.
Satan, Oscillate My Metallic Sonatas.
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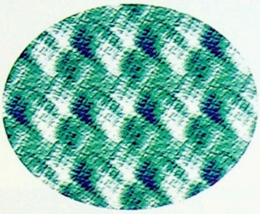
figure 7

Figure 4 is a single click of the Distort control. Not only can you fry all your optic cones on demand, you can create some damn near photorealistic images ranging from animal skin (Figure 6—"Leopard") to paint-on-burlap (Figure 7—"Coarse Silkscreen") to some eerily familiar-but-strange textures that your brain just can't put its finger on (Figure 8—"Dark Grain").

The Combine Modes offer different ways to juxtapose between your two layers. For example, "A+B" picks the brightest pixels of the two layers; "A-B" is a true difference between pixel brightness, but can go through zero and rebound if pixel B is brighter than Pixel A, etc., etc. Now forget it and just click, because this too is a Zen thing. Figure 5 ("Spooked") is a good example of layering a blurred image on top of a detailed one.

Speaking of Zen, the program is thankfully a blur to use. On a plain vanilla Mac IIcx, operations and screen redraws happen in a couple of seconds or less, which makes hacking painless and rewarding.

TUNED IN OR DRIPPED ON?

Okay, so I'm just a hack that enjoys cool things to stare at. Is TextureSynth really just Visual Masturbation?

Wrong. The real fun—and usefulness—comes in when you use the textures in other images. Figure 9 shows an example of mapping various textures onto ice cream cones (via Infini-D). If you've watched any cable channel, you've zoned out on endless flying computer-generated slabs coated with their program IDs.

Still-image synthesis is a hip idea. Having a program that allows you to create an unlimited number of unique, customized images sounds like a certain miracle with self-replicating loaves and fishes. One could excuse the first implementation of this idea if it weren't very polished.

But TextureSynth *is*. Hot damn.

TextureSynth requires a Mac II or Quadra series computer running System 6.02 or later with at least a 8-bit color or grey-scale monitor.

GESTALT

To understand where TextureSynth is coming from, it helps to know a bit about its author—Joshua Jeffe. Josh originally studied film and the electric guitar. After a few years trying to crack the film industry (starting as a delivery truck driver in New York), he got a gig at Mattel/Los Angeles doing sound design for video games. This led to a couple of jobs at music synthesizer manufacturers, where he had a hand in some of the cooler instruments in recent years, such as the Prophet VS and the E-Mu Proteus.

A lot of TextureSynth's concepts come from the world of music synthesis—namely: take a few raw elements, modify and layer them in various ways, save the basic parameters, and let the synthesis engine crank out the final product on demand. Alien to painters, but easy to learn… and powerful.

32-bit QuickDraw or a math co-processor are not required, but the patches to QuickDraw do help. The program is not copy-protected, only 125K in size, and defaults to 1 Meg under Multifinder. Patch Files consume only 5K each; final image size depends on bit depth and number of pixels selected. M2

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Phone: (408) 427-1687

Demo version is available. *(And by the way, I've heard of scum-feeders who make 72 dpi screen dumps of the displayed image while working from the partially disabled demo version of the program. Pantechnicon is not Microsoft!—it's one dude who has created an incredibly hip thing here. If you have a use for it, buy it and help keep a roof over his head. Or your TRW is history, man. —MaD'm)*

MONDO 2000 T-SHIRTS

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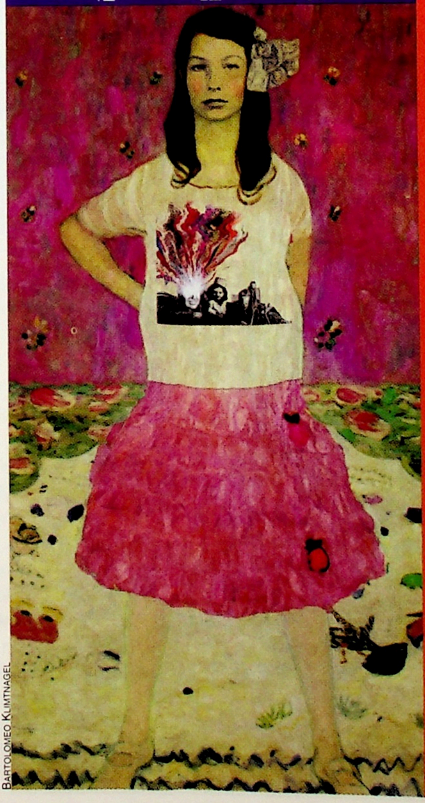
Liz Zivic

1▲ 2▲ 3▼



Bartolomeo Klimtnagel

The **original** Mondo T-shirts are one hundred percent **cotton**, black, and are triple silk-screened in white, with a choice of two graphics:

Number 1. The traditional "How fast are you, how dense" underneath our Cyberbaby's head,

— or —

Number 2. "We're a Pirate Mind Station" underneath our Pirate-baby's head.

Number 3. Mondo's latest T-Shirt: The stupendous **JFK Psychedelic President Shirt**, designed by **Eric White**—featuring the same illustration that appears on this issue's **cover**. This handsome all cotton white shirt is **emblazoned** (yes, emblazoned, just like the haute couture T-shirts you normally buy) with Eric's **four color** illustration. As a Mondo reader (or even if you're just skimming) you can buy this fine T-shirt for less than the cost of a subscription to MONDO (but, get both).

To order any, or all of the Mondo 2000 T-shirts, specify model and size—**small** through **extra extra large**—and send check or money order in the amount of $16.00 for **models 1** or **2**—$20.00 for **model 3** + $2.50 Shipping/Handling for each T-shirt (California residents add 8.5% sales tax). For **international** orders add $10.00 per order for shipping and handling.

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Visa/MC also welcome

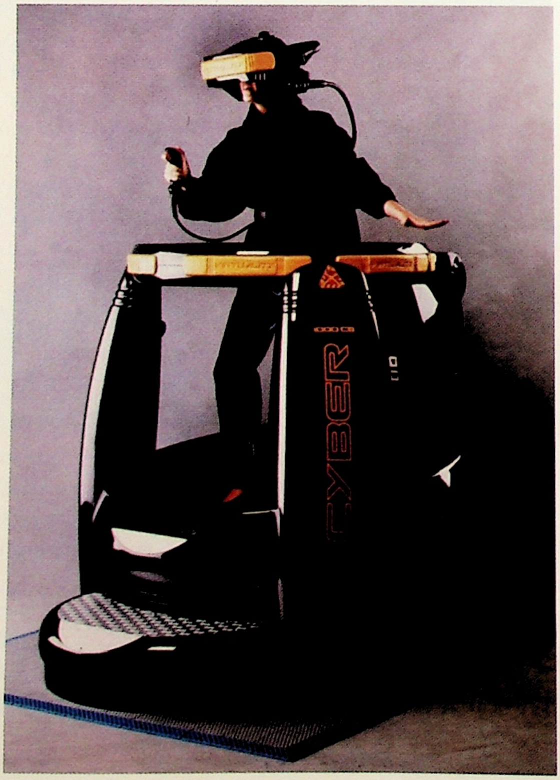
Cyberspace in the Mall

Dave Cravotta

The game is Dactyl Nightmare, a virtual reality experience designed for video arcades. The companies responsible are Horizon Entertainment, the exclusive U.S. distributor of Virtuality™, Spectrum HoloByte, an Alameda, California computer game company, and W Industries of Leicester, England (the manufacturer). The Virtuality™ machines render 30,000 shaded polygons per second, from a 553-megabyte CD rom and 100-megabyte hard disk. They sell for about $65,000.

THE MACHINE BECKONS...

Insert credit, it suggests in a deep, murky voice—somewhere between Don Pardo and Darth Vader. *Awaiting opponent*, it impatiently repeats, until the willing victim steps up. It's canned cyberspace—four bucks for 180 seconds.



The machine doesn't have to do much *awaiting*, but its opponents—mostly zealous Nintendo-nerds—have plenty of time to get interactive with the mall as they wait to enter *another* virtual habitrail.

At last, just as you finish scraping the grape Bubble Yum off your Nikes, you get to step onto a small round platform with a waist-high ring (to keep cybertyros from spazzing out and busting the head-mounted-display [HMD] on the arcade floor). Up to 12 of these units can be networked to link you with Joey, his pitbull kid sister and that dude with the Mötorhead tattoo.

As you strap on the joystick holster and slip on the one-size-fits-all HMD, you hear that all-too-familiar greeting: *"Time to die."*

No sooner than you can say Marky Mark, you're on a checkerboard the size of a football field, two levels connected by stairs and a floating disc. You walk by facing a direction and clicking the top of your joystick. Your objective is to sniff out Joey's kid sister and other skate rats and pump 'em full of virtual lead.

"The bullets travel a lot like a softball. They go about 20 feet and then gravity begins to stop them," says Marty Luepker, a Virtuality spokesperson. When

VIRTUALITY
1
VIRTUALITY
VIRTUALITY

you get whacked, your point of view blackens and your body parts do the Humpty Dance (that's Dumpty, *not* DU) until their miraculous reassembly a few seconds later.

While y'all are making like Slade in Checkertown, you've gotta watch out for the anachronism with a grudge—swooping pterodactyls. A graphic of the beast flashes green at the top of your point of view. *"Birdy's coming,"* the machine taunts. A pterodactyl can roach your buzz for a few seconds, but it also yanks your POV out of your body for a bloodgelling *bird's eye view* of your own bushwhack.

It's time to mollify those pterodactyls. Steve Lochmoeller, who worked with Luepker, predicts "The future of arcade games is moving toward linked, social play." "Virtual Reality may become more like exploration. There's no reason combat has to be the dominant mode," he added, nodding at the evisceration of some computer-generated people on a monitor behind him. No reason, Steve? You think VR *Twister* would bring out the Nintendo lemmings? M2

VIRTUAL REALITY CHECK

Listen up, virtualophobes and cybercynics: it's finally real. In *MONDO* #2 (Summer, 1990), I predicted the first consumer VR system would use a souped-up Amiga 3000, combining animation and video. W Industries, a British R&D firm, has done exactly that in its impressive Virtuality™ total-immersion interactive multimedia/multiprocessor system, coming to a VR simcenter near you.

The core of the system is the EXPALITY™ (Experience Provider for Virtual Reality) computer, which uses a specially modified Amiga 3000 motherboard (sporting a 25MHz 68030 processor plus 68882 math coprocessor) to drive two parallel-pipeline TI 34020 graphics processors turbocharged with two 40MFlop TI 34082 RISC math coprocessors, which create up to 30,000 independently shaded polygons a second at 30 frames per second on your visor's dual liquid-crystal color screens. Translation: realistic and real fast.

Polhemus 3D sensors (one in your helmet and another in your 3D joystick or glove) indicate which direction you're looking and firing in and direct the quadraphonic digital sound tracking system. A 550MB CD-ROM and 100MB hard disk store the game's visuals, music, voice, sound effects, and virtual-world database. Up to 12 of these $65,000 Virtuality stations can be connected together, linked by an Ethernet network. A 110-degree wide-angle visor is also in the works.

The first game available is a shoot-em-up called Dactyl Nightmare (hint: for a great ride, let the pterodactyl pick you up). Scheduled for March installation is Dactyl II, a "Capture The Flag" game in which combatants get to maul each other with crossbows, shields, and axes and conspire with teammates via a realtime digital voice synthesis system that changes your voice to simulate the character you've selected. You discover which players are teammates by yelling back and forth. Also coming in March: CYBERQUEST, a Dungeons & Dragons-type role-playing game in a medieval setting with a nice sci-fi touch: you buy private plug-in keys that keep track of where you are in the game, the character you've chosen (elf, warrior, dwarf, hobgoblin), and how many playing credits you have left.

Other games available now (but not yet planned for installations) are HERO (hang gliding) and four sitdown games: BATTLESPHERE (3D space battle), EXOREX (exoskeletal armored combat vehicle), VTOL (mission in Harrier vertical takeoff jet plane), and TOTAL DESTRUCTION (stock car race). Future games will include texture mapping (for realistic landscapes, etc.) and later, a combination of video and animation.

Cyberstudio (a joint venture of Spectrum HoloByte, W Industries, and Horizon Entertainment) is also developing the ultimate VR games: the Electronic Battlefield series (high-fidelity battlefield simulation, with air combat vehicles and infantry battlefield simulations).

Virtuality inventor Dr. Jonathan Waldern predicts "The future of VR as an entertainment media is coöperative role-playing. Passive viewing is history once you try VR."

—Wes Thomas

You can experience the amazing Virtuality machine at The Quarters, Kirkland, WA; Timeout, Springfield, VA; Forest Fair Mall, Cincinnati, OH; Adventure, Crestwood, MO; SmithHaven Mall, Long Island, NY; and U.C. Berkeley, Berkeley, CA. (Call 1-800-ILLUSION for updates.)

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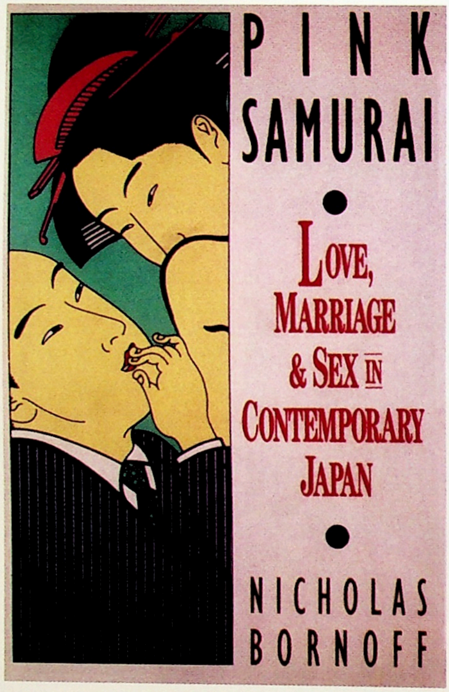

Pink Samurai
by Nicholas Bornoff
Pocket Books, 1991
$22.95

by Gracie & Zarkov

> *"There is one omni-purpose taboo in every tribe. That taboo stipulates that sexuality shall not be unregulated by the tribe. Every tribe has its own set of… thou-shalt-nots, but no tribe allows the individual to choose his or her own set."*
>
> —R. A. Wilson, *Prometheus Rising*

Our friend the extra-terrestrial anthropologist dropped by the other night. Flipping through our library with hir tentacles, s/he peered at us with hir eyestalks.

"What is this *Pink Samurai*?"

"It's a new book about sex in Japan."

"Why pink?"

"*Pinku* connotes sex to the Japanese, just as 'blue' does for us."

"Do Japanese humans do sex differently than American humans?"

"Well, not physically, but socially there are many differences."

"500 pages of differences?"

"Bornoff takes a thorough and fascinating historical-anthropological approach."

"Does that mean religion?"

"Yes, he recounts ancient Shinto myths, and fertility rites. And he shows how the Confucian tradition of separating boys and girls at school age makes it hard for them to find a mate."

"Why is that?"

"It's hard to explain to a hermaphrodite, but they might almost be different species. The typical Japanese marriage is an absentee *salaryman* and a bored housewife."

A nudo gekijo performer may hand around a magnifying glass for open steegi or invite a lucky member of the audience on stage for honban manaita, real sex

"Where *do* they meet?"

"Through family *omiai* (introductions), sometimes in college, at corporate parties."

"And do they do sex in cars, like American juveniles?"

"No, Japan has *rabu hoteru* (love hotels) where couples go to make out; some of them do have beds shaped like cars, or other fantasy decor."

"Hmmm. What does the historical part consist of?"

"Sex in the literature of the *Heian* period, sort of a Japanese Camelot. And he explores the *Oku* harems of the feudal *Edo* period."

"I have noticed that human sexual dimorphism encourages males to both protect and exploit females."

"Sometimes it's hard to tell the difference. The *Yoshiwara* brothel slaves of *Edo* times were only slightly more exploited than wives and concubines."

"Does he write about commercial sex? It is such an interesting human practice."

"Yes, the bulk of the book details the *mizu shobai* (water trade, *demimonde*) from *oiran* courtesans and geishas, down through call girls, the sirens of Soapland, and *pinku sarons*."

"Are Japanese humans voyeurs?"

"Maybe even more than Europeans. In addition to the usual dancing, stripping and posing, a *nudo gekijo* performer may hand around a magnifying glass for *open steegi* or invite a lucky member of the audience on stage for *honban manaita*, real sex. They also have look-but-don't-touch establishments, like hostess bars and *no-pan kisa* (bottomless cafés)."

"What about fantasy and kinkiness?"

"The usual human taste for sex and violence, as in SM sex shows and *ero-manga* comics, plus distinctly Japanese obsessions with schoolgirls, with ghosts and with spider-like devouring women."

"Are they looser than American humans?"

"That's an interesting question. The Japanese are not burdened with the Western Christian "sex is sin" hangup, but the concept of individualistic "free love" is foreign to them too. Rigid Confucian social propriety and sex roles make relations between the sexes much more strained than in the West. They are less uptight about talking about sex, about sex toys and *masutabeshan*, but the government censors the last pubic hair out of print or off the screen."

"Hmm. So is the book worth running my eyestalks over?"

"Definitely. There's lots more, like Bornoff's amusing first-hand encounters and his interviews with real characters in the sex trade. He also covers socio-sexual topics: homosexuality, exploitation of foreign girls, the AIDS situation, and the recent political sex scandals."

"May I take it with me?"

"Only if you promise to review it for *MONDO*." M2

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The Revolution *Will* Be Televised

Video Anarchism in America

Allen Hines

Video is the nearest you'll ever get to an electronic molotov. Go out and throw one. Cause the cathode ray tubes to resonate and implode. You are your own screen.

—Genesis P-Orridge, 1985

Psychic TV

Far beyond the fringes, a small number of hardcore videographers and musicians are trying to hack the future. These techno-anarchists—scary, eh?—make *music videos.* You can't see their work on MTV. They rely on a slowly emerging Cyberpunk video underground to seed their message, much as large-scale underground distribution of audiotaped speeches helped evict the Shah back in '79. This smallish but fervent cadre of video terrorists might be described as an Anti-MTV movement—what MTV seeks to numb, they aim to rub raw.

The whole premise evokes leather-clad, mirror-shaded cassette smugglers or the demented CRT addict in *Slacker.* In reality, their actions involve media accessible to all of us: cable access TV shows, video in Industrial dance clubs, dubbed tapes passed amongst friends... along with the occasional expropriation of satellite transmissions. It's an aggro-technophilic revolution for the TV generation.

Most of the videos you want to know about are available to the general public through mail-order at reasonable prices. But the easiest and least expensive way to see them is, of course, to join the movement.

It's simple:

1. *Get a forum.* Cable access shows usually work best, as video distributors are used to dealing with them.
2. *Make phone calls* to the appropriate record companies.
3. Then *get inundated* with tons of free videotapes, most of them trite garbage... with a few precious gems thrown in. You might even be so lucky as to get your hands on...

ANYTHING BY GENESIS P-ORRIDGE OF PSYCHIC TV

P-Orridge was among the very first to try his hand at "hacking" television, recognizing early on its hypnotic effect on the viewer. His video sculpture therefore attempts to make more of a psychological imprint than a symbolic statement—sort of a non-chemical retuning of the neural nets. At its best, P-Orridge's videography is the ultimate mindfuck.

Widely regarded as the founder of Cyberpunk video art—way back in the days of Throbbing Gristle—P-Orridge has pushed the envelope further than anyone. He has written brilliant essays on the concept of video cut-ups, a format which most Cybervids emulate—Burroughsian chop-tape editing designed to alter the viewer's perception of reality. Recommended reading: *Esoterrorist* summarizes the intent

of the whole movement, available from Cyberpunk Books By Mail. Recommended viewing: everything. Psychic TV's latest 60-minute video compilation, *Joy*, is an excellent place to start, but they have a tremendous back catalog of material.

Two exceptionally effective works are *Joy*, the title track from a 60-minute live Psychic TV performance, and *Unclean*, the most artful of the videos included on their *8 Transmissions* tape. Wild flurries of disturbing, psychotic, sexual, colorful, ecstatic imagery. Like LSD, don't bother to describe or explain—experience it.

SKINNY PUPPY

From the dark corner of the Cyberpunk manor, Skinny Puppy commands a place in every aspiring video terrorist's archives.

Nettwerk Records, Skinny Puppy's Canadian label, has two videos available via mail order for about $30 each. The first is a 70-minute live performance which may crush the soul of a Cybervid novice. *Ain't It Dead Yet?* hits you with a live Skinny Puppy concert.

STORIES OF O

Frontman Nivek Ogre emerges onstage dripping with his own blood—just to get your attention—and thrashes into heroin addiction, AIDS, planetary decay, corporate slavery, forced religiosity, and neo-fascism. In the audience, no one dances, no one smiles—a young woman sobs openly, the rest stare awestruck.

As a performance artist, Ogre is a brain-stun. But watch with your VCR patched through your stereo—cEvin Key and Dwayne Goettel will stun you too. A word of caution: if you don't know the songs—most of them from the *Mind: The Perpetual Intercourse* and *Cleanse, Fold and Manipulate* CDs—you'll have a hard time following anything but the naked emotion.

The same is true with the second video from Nettwerk—*Attitudes*, a compilation reel that includes the Skinny Puppy back catalog: *Testure*, which is against animal experimentation; *Dig It*, in which "It" refers to one's own grave; and a black-and-white short of the instrumental *Stairs and Flowers*—easily their best and darkest short film.

Dig It contains intense visual subplots edited to intertwine with an icy dark precision. And better cinematography than most mainstream films.

SEQUELS OF O

Two additional Skinny Puppy videos are (sadly) absent from the *Attitudes* tape but are available to underground music video programs—and that's you, right?—directly from Capitol Records. The first is the infamous, resolutely banned *Worlock*. Both the song and the video are an expression of raw pain: Ogre splices together quick cut-edits of bloody brutality excerpted from films such as Dario Argento's *Suspiria* and John McNaughton's *Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer*.

The video world *freaked* when it came out, vowed never to show it—the mainstream couldn't recognize brilliance if it bit 'em on the ass, which this pretty much did. In the liner notes of the CD single, Ogre wryly comments: "A video for *Worlock* does exist." Indeed it does... in the underground.

Worlock's brilliance lies in its subtle, complex composition. Amid all the horrific gore, Ogre throws in a flash of a tear rolling down an anonymous face here, a millisecond of a Crucifixion scene there, and O himself being beaten and tortured throughout. The result illuminates this beautiful composition—one of Skinny Puppy's best.

> Boiling up from the trenches is the shared disgust of a generation of modern revolutionaries

The second video—their latest—is *Spasmolytic*, about heroin addiction. Disturbing, complex, *Spasmolytic* examines this taboo with the intensity of a Burroughs novel, neatly placing itself outside the realm of MTV acceptability. A quintessential Cybervid.

THE WAX TRAX PROMOTIONAL SAMPLER

A find for amateur video-art aficionados and underground subversives alike, this compilation—available via mail order in early 1992 for about $30—contains some of the best Cybervids out there, including:

ClockDVA: *The Hacker*. The purest Cyberpunk video ever. A mind-searing cut-up sculpture that incites revolutionary insurrection via computer. Through thousands of lightning-fast edits, *The Hacker* sings the glories of "binary time bombs" and exhorts all able viewers to hack and presumably eradicate CIA files. Very seditious. It's a miracle that its creators (H-Gun Video of Chicago—the best commercial videographers in the nation) haven't been neutralized yet.

My Life with the Thrill Kill Kult: *Sex On Wheelz* and *Kooler Than Jesus*. With the release of their latest CD, *Sexplosion*, Thrill Kill Kult rapidly became one of Wax Trax's major draws, after years of building up a "Kult" following in the acid-soaked underground. MTV actually played *Sex On Wheelz*, a mock-sleazy, obnoxiously great little vid, but... you get the impression that MTV really has no idea what they're getting into here. This is perhaps *the* drug band of all time. *And* they write brilliant, hardcore songs like "The Devil Does Drugs" and "A Daisy Chain 4 Satan."

Notice that MTV does *not* play *Kooler Than Jesus*. It's a loud, long, twisted—or, if you're a fundamentalist fascist, patently

Skinny Puppy

obscene—brain-blower featuring cut-ups of Renaissance-era portraits of Christ and Satan, weird 1950s-style advertising clip-art, leering women in gaudy attire, and biting samples such as "I'm the Electric Messiah… The AC/DC God." Definitely one of the best videos—and groups—around. Get on the bandwagon before it runs you over.

Psychic TV: *Joy* and *I.C. Water*. *Joy*, the title track from the aforementioned PTV compilation, is classic P-Orridge video sculpture—it will definitely mess with your mind. *I.C. Water*, P-Orridge's homage to Ian Curtis, is just Genesis wandering on a beach watching dolphins, but the music—from PTV's *Toward Thee Infinite Beat*—is beautiful with the visuals.

MISC VIDS TO GET NO MATTER WHAT…

Like the later Skinny Puppy videos, these are hard to get—you have to give the record companies a reason to send them to you—but they're all worth the effort.

Ministry: *Stigmata* and *Flashback*. More H-Gun videography. Two of the most disturbing and intense videos ever from arguably the most aggro band of all time. *Stigmata* pretty much summarizes the entire Industrial genre (frontman Al Jourgenson running crazed through the streets of Chicago, getting dragged behind a truck, getting strangled by a robot, having a seizure on a pile of jagged rubbish, sobbing), while *Flashback* is a horrific cut-up nightmare of ultraviolence (bombs, gunfire, soldiers, corpses, time-lapse, machinery, etc.). Most record stores carry a live Ministry concert video entitled *In Case You Didn't Feel Like Showing Up…* that is well worth the $25 bucks or so.

Lush: *Sweetness and Light* and *Deluxe*. Two beautiful, captivating videos from far and away the best band to come out of the current scene in Manchester, England (no kidding—all other Manchester bands *suck*). The videography is superb, very non-conventional (although several mainstream hacks have since tried to rip off the style) and the music is just inimitably… *lush*.

Deee-Lite: *Groove Is In The Heart*, *Good Beat*, and *Power Of Love*. Okay, so MTV jumped all over them at first. But it's pretty obvious that those morons in programming didn't pick up on the multitude of obviously psychedelic-influenced imagery throughout Deee-Lite's video art (or, indeed, their entire concept). Otherwise, it's doubtful they'd have played it to anywhere near the degree that they did. More Cyberdelic than Cyberpunk, Deee-Lite characterizes the fun, lighthearted, fuck-cynicism-let's-all-drop-acid-and-dance side of the mindset.

These are all just examples—it's almost impossible to run out of material, so much is out there.

Or, you can create your own. Wonderful new toys such as NewTek's Video Toaster are doing for video what the MIDI

The Western Military-Industrial Complex [?]: Most of the Fortune 500 and their European counterparts †, Junkers and their successors, The Trilateral Commission, etc.

- Ike recognized it first. DeGaulle insisted on one of his own. The end of the Cold War leaves them in a market panic.
- Cal Tech, the Stanford Masons and the O. T. O. are the missing links between the Military-Industrial Complex and Silicon Valley.
- The best hope for world peace is for these guys to realize that in a high-tech information-based consumer culture, war is *bad* for business.

Lush

keyboard/sequencer did for music, allowing creative intuition by eliminating the switches and dials. The impact is sure to be profound.

The music video, as evidenced by MTV, can be a powerful means of spreading a mindset. For too long, and in too insidious a medium, the mindset has been patently safe, mindless and dead. The Donny-and-Maries of the 90s are all MTV stars. Their target audience is the gang from *Beverly Hills: 90210.*

But boiling up from the trenches is the shared disgust of a generation of modern revolutionaries. The Video Liberation Front is here and the corporate media monopoly *will feel it.*

Unfortunately, we are not yet everywhere. We at the Global-Jungle Intuitive Magick Company—an Austin-based Cyberpunk artists' conglomeration—offer this guide to Cybervids in hopes of getting them out into greater dispersal (where they can do more damage, heh heh.)

Information about Psychic TV and Temple Ov Psychick Youth, as well as catalogs, albums, T-shirts, videos, books, and other stuff can be ordered by sending a SASE to:

TOPYUS
P.O. Box 18223
Denver, CO 80218

More Cybervids and Info can be garnered from:
Nettwerk Records
Attn: Mail Order
1755 Robson Street
Box 330
Vancouver, British Columbia
V6G3B7

Wax Trax Records
1659 North Damen Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60647

Global-Jungle IMC
Attention: Distribution
11901 Swearingen, Box #76
Austin, Texas 78758

Number 10

The Drug War Machine: All governments party to 1971 international drug treaty, corrupt government subgroups (Mexican army, Noriega's boys, CIA), free-lance thugs (Mafia, Yakuza, other mobs and cartels), BCCI, BNDD (extinct), DEA, growers, dealers and users.

- Global addiction to Prohibition-inflated profits corrupts governments, funds clandestine activities and makes thugs rich. The biggest bank fraud of all time is a drug scam.
- Anti-drug propaganda cons electorates into indulging governments' police state fantasies and tolerating racist wars against the poor.
- Ever notice how drugs discovered or designed by CIA chemists, or grown in areas of covert activity, inevitably became fad drugs in the U.S.?
- Every conspiracy but one on this list is in on the action. The situation re[illegible] [illegible] powe[illegible] [illegible]an stupidity.

MUSIC IS OBSOLETE!

The Audience Has Disappeared!

and been replaced by...

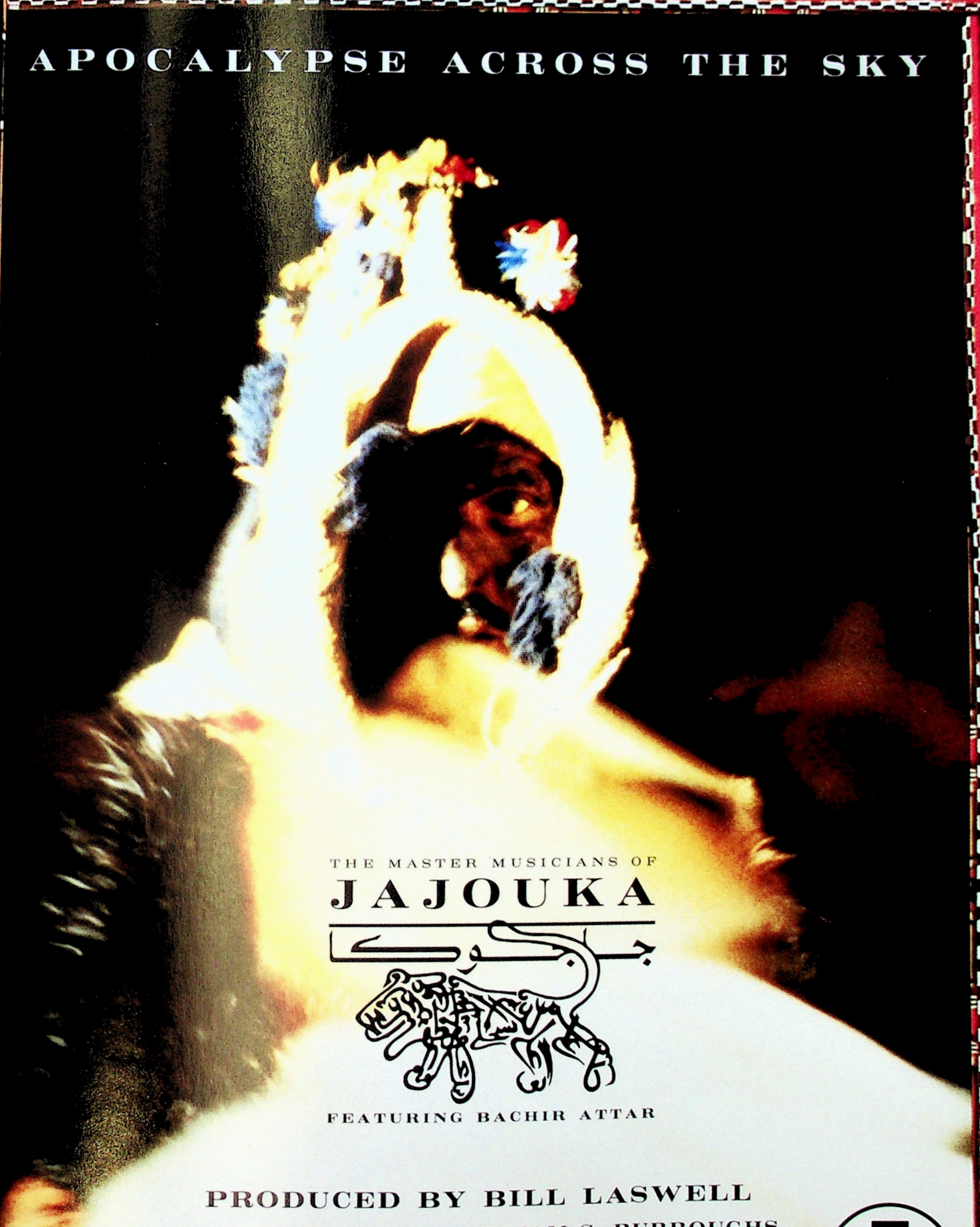
BOB's MEDIA ECOLOGY

a souvenir from a ritual-in-progress

Toronto-based project PRODUCERS FOR BOB announce the highly anticipated release of "Bob's Media Ecology" (DOVe 144) . The album is a transmutation of pop-culture sounds and the almighty spoken Word, as assembled from media guru Bob Dobbs' radio broadcasts between 1988 and 1991. Bob will update your consciousness on the control which the mythic governments exercise over our lives, and prescribes much needed antidotes to overcoming these powerful forces. This will be required listening for those who want to know how to avoid the countdown to captivity, and those preparing for future employment. BOB's MEDIA ECOLOGY is perceptual dogma for our times.

Available now on compact disc for $18, and cassette, $12.
CREDIT CARD ORDERS MAY PHONE 416.766.9612 or FAX 416.766.1041, or send cheque/money order made out to
DOVentertainment • 2 Bloor St. W. #100-159 • Toronto Canada • M4W 3E2
Prices are post-paid and in U.S. funds for residents outside of Canada.
Distributed by Silent, TCI, Record Peddler, Cargo and DOVe. For further information on Bob's previous releases and other aural delights, send for the free full-length catalog.

APOCALYPSE ACROSS THE SKY



THE MASTER MUSICIANS OF

JAJOUKA

FEATURING BACHIR ATTAR

PRODUCED BY BILL LASWELL

INTRODUCTION BY WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS

MAGIC CALLS ITSELF THE OTHER METHOD
FOR CONTROLLING MATTER AND KNOWING SPACE
— BRION GYSIN

ISLAND

AXIOM

"The Best Memory Manager"

It's an easy claim to make, but we have the facts to back it up:

Our new QEMM-386 version 6 is the best way to get the most out of memory. It 'pools' all your memory so that it's available in whatever form your programs need—expanded or extended. You don't even need to know the difference. QEMM does it all for you. Instantly. Whereas DOS 5, for example, requires you to figure out what you need, then manually allocate memory and re-boot every time you need to change.

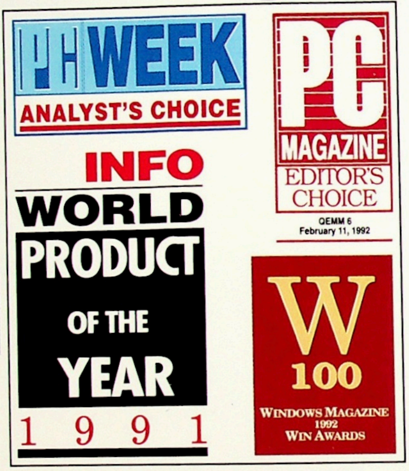
> "It's nothing less than a dream come true"
> —*Steve Gibson InfoWorld 8/26/91*

As for the all-important 'conventional' memory area, our new version 6 increases the amount of memory freed-up. Our exclusive 'optimize' feature automatically seeks out TSRs and device drivers and moves them into high memory—the area between 640K and 1 megabyte. All you need do is type 'OPTIMIZE'.

PC Week Ratings	All Charge 386 3.2	Netroom 2.10	QMAPS 2.0	386Max/ BlueMax 6.00	QEMM 6.01 Analyst's Choice	Memory Commander 2.1
Software Compatibility	◒	●	○	◒	●	◒
Hardware Compatibility	◒	●	◒	◒	●	◒
Reliability	○	◒	○	◒	●	○
Ease of Use	◒	●	◒	●	●	◒
Memory Management Flexibility	◒	●	◒	●	●	◒
Quality of Documentation	◒	◒	◒	●	◒	◒

● GOOD ◒ SATISFACTORY ○ NEEDS IMPROVEMENT

PC Week rated QEMM 6 the best memory manager.



Our latest awards.

QEMM-386 v6 finds more high memory than any other memory manager. *Byte Magazine's* tests showed it produced net memory gains of 21K to 132K over DOS 5.0 alone, for instance.

Stealth takes you to network and TSR heaven.

Our breakthrough 'Stealth' technology makes available areas normally taken up by ROM. Areas that QEMM-386 can use to load memory-hogging drivers and TSRs. Big programs can get the memory they need to run fast and efficiently. And you get to have your TSRs.

Not every PC can benefit from Stealth. But every PC can benefit from *'Squeeze'*—our new feature to accommodate those TSRs that need more memory at start up and less when they're resident. Memory allocation is temporarily increased, then squeezed down after it's needed.

#1

QEMM is not only the best selling memory manager, it's the number one selling PC utility.

QEMM can use idle video memory to produce a further 96K gain on EGA and VGA systems when running character-based programs.

A priceless $60 bonus.

QEMM comes with Quarterdeck Manifest, the award-winning analysis program that shows what's going on 'under the hood' of your PC.

Manifest does for memory what Norton Utilities does for disks.

Big Benefits for Windows users, too.

Whether you're running DOS 3, 4, 5, or Windows, QEMM can improve your 386/486's performance.

OUT OF MEMORY

That means you may not need a faster CPU. You may not even need more RAM. QEMM makes your favorite programs work better by giving them more memory.

QEMM helps you get the most out of the software you own today.

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Key to comparison table: Software compatibility is defined as the product's ability to run without problems with the operating systems PC Week Labs used in testing, MS-DOS 5.0, IBM PC DOS 5.0 and Microsoft Windows 3.0, and with a variety of application software, including Quarterdeck's DESQview 2.40, Xerox Ventura Publisher 3.0 for DOS, WordPerfect 5.1 and Artisoft's LANtastic 4.0. Hardware compatibility is defined as the programs's ability to run on PC Week Lab's test hardware platform, which included a 33MHz 486-based PC and a 25MHz 386-based IBM PS/2 Model 70. Reliability ratings are based on the successful and dependable performance of each operating system and application-software package under each memory manager. Ease of use is based on ease of installing and configuring each program, based on support for automatic loading features and the intuitive narure of the interface. Flexibility in managing memory is rated on the range and quality of the product's features in optimizing system performance and handling special-case installation. Quality of documentation is judged by the clarity, comprehensiveness and helpfulness of the documentation provided with the product, based on the organization of the manuals as well as the thoroughness of definitions, directions and explanations, and the inclusion of troubleshooting information.